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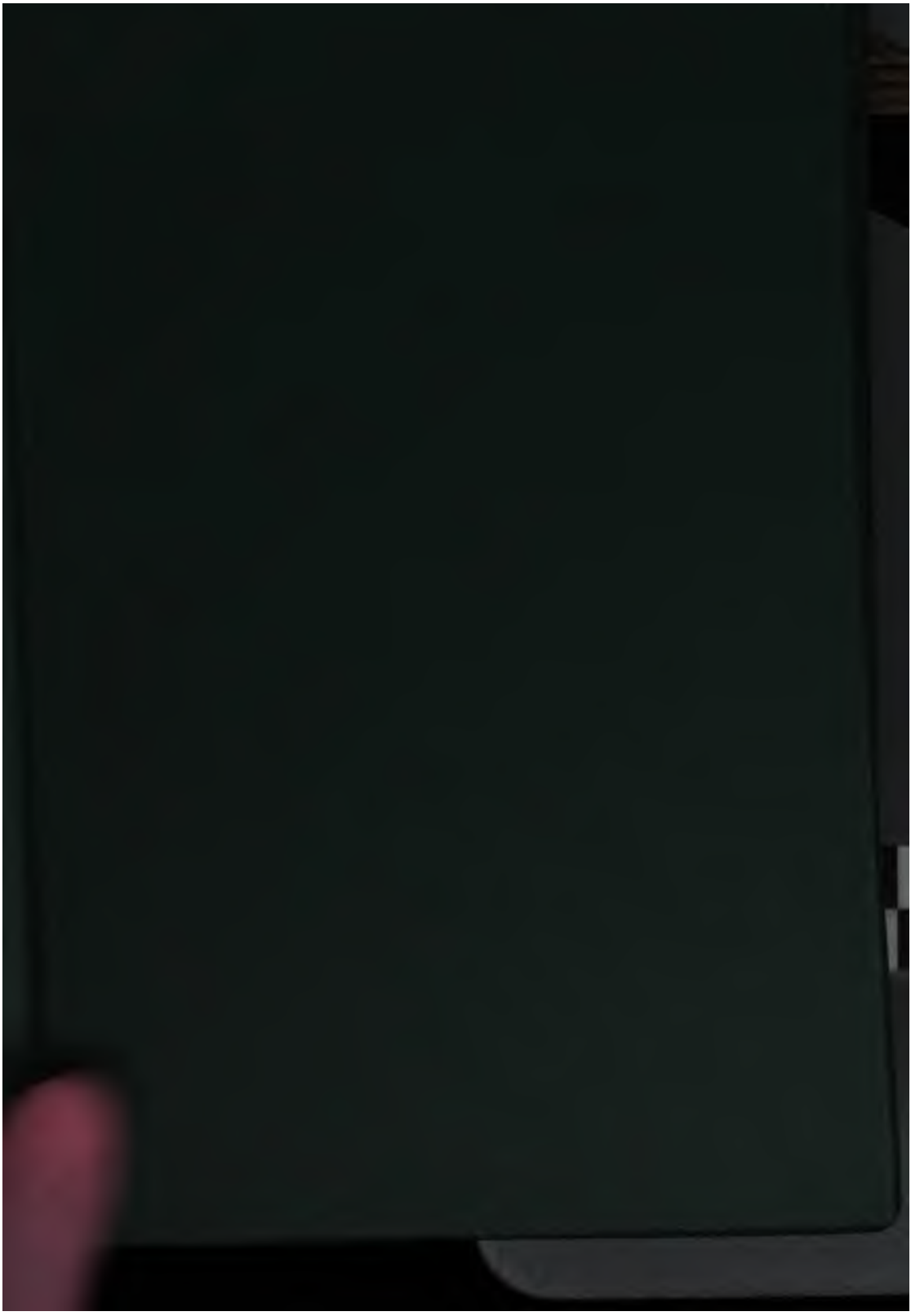

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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1892.

"L'HOMME PROPOSE: DIEU DISPOSE."

BY IDA MAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE same thought had occurred a dozen times a day to the two brothers during the week following their father's death, but it was only on the day after the funeral that the elder reluctantly put it into words.

"We can never think of marrying," he said; "the likelihood of our ending our days in a lunatic asylum is too strong. Besides, as a family, we must be stamped out, like hydrophobia or the slave-trade. Of course, our poor mother might have recovered her reason if she had lived. The doctors say it is not unusual for women to go mad after the birth of a child, and yet be perfectly sane once more in a few weeks. But our father's case is not so easily disposed of."

"No, indeed," answered Peter Heriot; "it is unfortunate, but we must face the situation. For my own part, I don't fancy I shall ever wish to marry. I am quite satisfied with my savage isolation in the Argentine Republic, and I couldn't possibly ask any woman to share it with me. Besides, she would be so frightfully in the way. But it is different for you, old fellow. You have heaps of friends, and will certainly be wanting to get married if you don't put yourself beyond the reach of temptation."

Stephen gave a little impatient sigh. "Thank goodness," he said, "that I have not already fallen a victim to some charmer to whom I should have to go now and pray her to excuse me. Poor little Alison! it is rough on her. But we needn't bother the child

about it now. Matrimony is as far from her thoughts as it could be from an archangel's or a schoolboy's. Suppose we join you in the *Estancia de los Alamos*? Alison would be out of harm's way, and perfectly happy; and I suppose I should get used to it. What do you think? Would your 'savage isolation' be utterly spoilt by the introduction of a tame domestic petticoat?"

"Not a bit. Alison is different. There's not a creature of either sex within thirty miles that either of you would care to look at twice, and if you can endure the exile, I see no reason why we shouldn't all three live and die there in single blessedness. Alison is the only girl I know fit for the life; we have to thank the poor governor's fads for that. Spelling isn't necessary, but riding and cooking and perfect health are; and she hasn't her match in those. Marriage is the greatest humbug. She'll be out and away happier with us two, whom she knows, and who are her best friends, than with some fellow from Heaven knows where, who might be ill-using her and drinking himself to death before they'd been married a year."

"Poor little Alison!" said Stephen again, thinking more of the lonely life to which she was being condemned than of the cruelties the husband of Peter's imagination would perpetrate. "Poor little girl! It *is* rough on *her*." But, then, Stephen was looking on ahead to the time when riding and cooking in the wilderness should have lost their charm, and roughing it become a terrible trial, and isolation an unbearable grievance.

Chapter II.

Alison was not of those who borrow trouble, as the Americans say. She enjoyed her present, invested the dreariest episode of the past with a kindly halo, and saw the future not simply in rosy hues but in dazzling sunshine. Peter's *estancia* had been, ever since he went to South America, Alison's Promised Land, for had he not said that "some day" Alison should go out and be his housekeeper?—a cheap way patronising elder brothers have of earning their little sister's gratitude. Such promises generally come to nothing, but this one was to be fulfilled, and Alison's joy thereat vented itself now and then in gay laughs and birdlike whistlings, and in a running up and down of stairs two steps at a time, all highly indecorous in a house of mourning, and looked coldly on by the servants, who were deeply sensible of all that their brand-new black "russell cords" and "paramattas" (according to their station) implied, and behaved suitably.

It was nearly sixteen years since Alison's mother had died, leaving her—a baby of a week old—and the two boys, then aged

eight and thirteen, to the care of her somewhat eccentric husband. Stephen was at school at the time, and his education, physical as well as mental, taken out of his father's hands; but Peter and the baby were brought up from that day with a view to preserving their minds from undue strain and developing their bodily powers to the highest possible degree. Mr. Heriot had proved himself competent so far as the latter object was concerned, but he had carried the idea of not overtaxing his children's brains farther than was altogether wise. So that the difficulties presented by the competitive system were to Peter insurmountable, and the deficiencies in Alison's education became a stumbling-block to her friends, a thorn in Stephen's side, and, I am afraid, a cause of unholy exultation to the naughty little girl herself, for whom the glories of passing Oxford and Cambridge Locals (whatever that might mean) had no charm.

Mr. Heriot's busy mind required more occupation than the training of his children could afford him, and in an evil hour he became interested in the working of lunatic asylums. In the pursuit of information concerning them he travelled far and wide. From a hobby this became a mania, then a monomania. By Alison's fifteenth birthday he had himself become an inmate of a private asylum, and within a year he had died there.

When his father was "placed under restraint," as the phrase goes, Stephen was serving with his battery in India; but on Alison's account he bade good-bye for ever to his beloved regiment, and hurried home to take care of her, Peter joining them from South America shortly before Mr. Heriot's death. When, some months later, the lease of their house in Harley Street ran out, Stephen found himself unfettered by either town or country residence, and the possessor of something like fifteen hundred a year. His mother's fortune of £12,000 fell to Peter, and Alison's share amounted to five hundred a year. It was thus quite unnecessary for them to adopt the life of settlers, or any other entailing privation and exile; and many were the hands, and voices too, uplifted in horror over the Heriots' decision to bury themselves in South America fifty miles from anywhere.

"Crazy, of course, but what *can* you expect?" whispered the British matron, who could hardly witness unmoved the self-expatriation of two non-detrimentals; and her circle of listeners tapped their foreheads in a sort of dumb chorus.

No music-printer in all the world can have had amongst his type a "hairpin," as we used to call the *crescendo* marks, large enough to express the ever-increasing delirium of Alison's joy at this period.

One day it was riding-habits, another it was cooking-stoves, and on a third Peter took her with him to make inquiries about the Royal Mail steamers. When they were fairly on board the "La Plata," and Alison had discovered that she was a good sailor, it seemed as if the open end of the hairpin had been reached; and with her usual happy blindness to the corresponding *decrescendo* that must some day follow, Alison was like nothing so much as an incarnate sunbeam. Her hair of half a dozen shades, from dark-brown to pale-gold, curled all the more wildly under the influence of wind and spray, instead of hanging in limp "drake's-tails," as ordinary hair is only too apt to do on sea-voyages. Her very freckles reminded one of the sun which had brought them, and her smiling gray eyes, her seductive dimples, which as a baby she had called "cups to keep her kisses in," her well-knit figure and springy step, made her a delight and a tonic to her fellow-passengers; her obvious unconsciousness—not the least charming thing about her—acting as a safeguard when idle youths showed a disposition to make tender, or at least complimentary, speeches to the pretty child. Not the only safeguard, though, for Stephen watched over her with a somewhat pathetic anxiety, ever haunted by the fear that she might learn, before she reached the haven (or prison?) to which they were hurrying her, the meaning of love—that love which she, although so lovable, was to live and die without knowing, supposing always that they could so order her fate.

Chapter III.

But Alison's awakening was not yet; and the three reached the *estancia* in safety, with a sense of relief, as far as Stephen was concerned, which with him supplied the place of any keener feeling of pleasure. It was a large *azotea* house—as any two-storied, brick-walled house with a tiled roof is called in South America—commonplace enough, but not quite hopeless. It was not long before Alison had laid out a simple garden, in which she sowed her English seeds, and where oleanders and the sweet-scented verbena flourished mightily. Indoors she managed to invest the barrack-like rooms with a certain air of decency and propriety, taking all the pride of a very young housekeeper in her domestic arrangements, and appreciated and applauded by Stephen. Peter, on the other hand, might have been a genius, if one judged by his incapacity for observing the efforts of his womenkind to make him comfortable. Stephen, like his brother and sister, was fond of horses, and liked riding for riding's sake, not

merely as a hunting-man does for six months of the year. But riding, after all, is a poor substitute for the society of one's friends, and as the months rolled by he found himself less resigned than he had hoped. Habit had accustomed him to his new life, but he did not enjoy it as Peter did, much less revel in it like Alison. Something more was wanting: and then it was impossible to help regretting the past. He had been a keen soldier, and a favourite in society, and who at twenty-nine cares to forego all thoughts of love, glory, and comradeship? His brotherly fondness for Peter was by no means all-sufficing, but rather of the kind one feels for a purely outdoor human being, or perhaps a very intelligent dog—a creature, in fact, from whom one expects no sympathy whatever in intellectual matters. A fine sunset was simply a weather-sign to Peter Heriot, while he termed all novels indiscriminately "pretty average rot," classics, mathematics, and a good many of the sciences being lumped together as "infernal bosh" —the stronger adjective being wrung from him by the recollection of what a bad time they had given him during the brief educational period which preceded his banishment to the *Estancia de los Alamos.* The non-matrimonial question troubled him not at all. Women—all but Alison—were a nuisance; indeed, there was no situation in which he could imagine them useful, much less indispensable. Their humanising influence had never been felt in his own home after Mrs. Heriot's death, for they were curiously bereft of relations, both parents having been only children.

Alison, to please Stephen, used to read a little every day of something "improving," for he was determined that she should not grow up a mere illiterate amazon, and it was when the two talked over what she had been reading that they were brought into closer intimacy than had yet subsisted between Stephen and his little sister. At first she was shy of telling him her ideas, which, indeed, were queer, crude little growths enough; but after a while she got bolder, and Stephen was honestly interested in the child's efforts to understand her Greene or her Helps. He carefully avoided all allusions to matrimony, and was relieved as well as amused when, one day, Alison proceeded to lay down the law on the subject in a spirit highly antagonistic to the holy estate.

"People who value their freedom have no business to get married," she said. "I would far sooner work for my living than promise all those things in the Prayer-book. It's all so plain. If you vow to love, honour, and obey a person, you've got to do it. A vow is a vow, and a girl of honour is bound to keep it, only most girls don't seem to know what honour is. The great thing is not to make the vow;

where the temptation to do *that* comes in I cannot understand. Can you?"

Stephen answered vaguely that some people found the married state attractive. It depended a good deal on circumstances; which reply Alison disapproved of as weakly tolerant.

Chapter IV.

Before they had been a year in South America Stephen satisfied himself that, so far as the guardianship of Alison's affections was concerned, Peter was quite competent to look after her at the *estancia*, where from month's end to month's end they saw no European strangers. Her reading could go on without him, and her health was, as it had ever been, admirable. Things being so, why should he not go up to Buenos Ayres for a while, and at least see some fellow-creatures, go to the theatre, and enjoy the sensation of being dressed like a gentleman for a week or so? He broached the matter to Peter, who was disagreeable enough to tax him with his unfitness for life in the wilderness, and to warn him of the temptations to forget his vow of celibacy which civilisation would offer. "My dear boy," returned Stephen loftily, "I don't pretend to have *chosen* this barbarous existence; I am simply here as Alison's guardian; and if you will kindly relieve me of the responsibility for a time I can go wherever I please and look after myself, I fancy, quite as well as most men of thirty."

"All right, old chap," answered Peter; "didn't mean any harm; go and enjoy yourself."

Nor was Alison very much surprised to hear that Stephen was off to Buenos Ayres. But when a week later the news reached them that his agents had handed him a telegram requesting his presence in London on legal business—business which he alone could transact—she was decidedly disconcerted. Still, she and Peter agreed that poor Stephen—"poor" because he did not love their wild life as they did—would be all the better for a run home, and they soon became used to their *solitude à deux*. Alison bravely struggled to keep up those little decencies and amenities which her elder brother had never abandoned or allowed her to shirk, though Peter would never have noticed their absence. The conversation, however, in spite of her efforts, became more and more horsey. To ask Peter to turn his attention to other topics would be to silence him completely, so she let him discourse, and but for a little unacknowledged ambition somewhere deep down in her mind to remain womanly in

spite of her surroundings, she might have degenerated then and there into a "pretty horsebreaker" pure and simple. Her books helped her not a little, and also the fact of their being limited, for she read them over and over again, and thought of them till new lights appeared, and she really longed for Stephen to discuss them with. His return was postponed more than once, and six months had grown into nine before it was at length definitely fixed. Meanwhile a strange thing had happened. An Englishman—a boy, rather, of twenty-one—had appeared at the *estancia.* He had come to grief in his first venture in farming and offered his services to the Heriots for the usual pay of a *peon* till he should have saved enough money to get home and start afresh. He would not write home for help, for though it would doubtless have been forthcoming it would have been coupled with sarcastic words, perhaps even hampered by conditions that Dermot O'Hara, as stiff-necked and impetuous as any Irish king of the long list from A.D. 4 to A.D. 1172, and descended from quite half of them, would not have accepted in what is called a proper spirit. He was shabby and unkempt indeed when he arrived, and if Peter thought for one moment, before accepting his offer, of how his presence might affect Alison, it was to fear that she would be disgusted by the boy's ragged and unshorn appearance. There was no doubt about his being a gentleman. He had no more of a Limerick brogue than is quite compatible with an education at an English public school—that is to say, as little as may be; and when he had shaved and tidied up a bit he was not a bad-looking fellow at all, with a thin sunburnt face, Irish blue eyes with a great twinkle in them, short nose and well-cut mouth—though, perhaps, the upper lip was a trifle long—hair crisp and almost black, long legs and arms, and a fine big frame of his own with as little as possible on it.

"You see," he explained in smoking confidence to Peter, "I'm my father's youngest son, and not a spoilt child at all—things mostly do go backwards in Ireland—for my eldest brother had a grand time, and was brought up as the heir. That means he was to do nothing but loaf about and get into mischief until such time as my father made room for him. Now the entail's broken and my father's broke, and so my poor brother's profession is gone entirely. My second brother scrambled into the army, and hasn't cost my people a penny since he joined his regiment in India. I'm bound to say they didn't offer him an allowance; and here am I with three years at Charterhouse and my outfit for my fortune, and I've run through it in six months (that's the outfit I mean, for I haven't had the least occasion to want my Latin and Greek!)"

"You won't want them here, thank goodness!" exclaimed Peter, who never missed an opportunity of crying "Down with book-learning," "and, as far as clothes go, I dare say I shall be able to rig you out somehow."

"Thanks; that's awfully good of you. I think, perhaps, trousers for knickerbockers, and long stockings would about suit the case, I don't take what they call a 'stock size' by any means. Your sister will think me a regular savage, I'm afraid. I may have forgotten how to behave in ladies' society, for all I know."

"Oh, she's all right," said Peter; "you needn't be afraid of her."

Still, when Dermot found himself seated at dinner beside a tall and graceful young lady in a black evening gown he was decidedly abashed and *embarrassé de sa personne*, and that for quite five minutes. But in ten he was laughing and talking as if he had known the Heriots for years. It was a blessed change from Peter's farm talk, and Alison began to wonder whether there might not be something to regret in having turned one's back on such social intercourse for ever and a day. Dermot was a clever fellow, remarkably quick rather than endowed with solid ability, and before many days had passed Alison and he had found a hundred points in common; besides, her admiration for his fearless riding, his ready wit, and his quickness in emergency, made her quite blind to the faults in his character which were hardly less salient. If life had been made up of emergencies, Dermot would have been one of the greatest men of the age. Uphill he was first-rate, downhill he rattled regardless of consequences, but the level beat him. To do the work of six men for half a day was nothing, but his own daily round was more than he could manage. Ballast was what he wanted, and if ballast ever comes to this class of Irishman it comes very late, and in the form of bad health or continued misfortune. Then presently he gives up the fight, takes to drink, and dies.

Chapter V.

The three young people got on famously, and the further postponement of Stephen's return was felt to be less of a disappointment now that Dermot was at the *estancia*. Peter's conscience had given him a momentary pang when his elder brother wrote to remind him that a young man of her own race and class was the very last person to receive into the house with Alison. But he looked out of the window towards the *palenque* when he had read the letter and

found comfort. Dermot, after a prolonged battle with a colt of rudimentary education, had been rolled over in the dust by his enemy, who had then seized the opportunity for flight. Alison, instead of offering help or even affecting sympathy, was sitting on a fallen post laughing till the tears rolled down her cheeks, while Dermot, not in the least resenting her heartless behaviour, proceeded to shake himself and wipe the dust from his face, apostrophising the four-legged delinquent as he did so in weird and unholy language: "The devil sweep ye for an impudent thief! By the piper that played before Moses, 'tis you're the limb of Satan!" And so on, while Alison shook in helpless mirth upon her log.

"Not a bit of nonsense about *them*," said Peter with a sigh of relief. "They're both as sensible as can be—that is to say, as likely to fall in love with one another as I am to marry old Tomasa." And with that he put Stephen's letter in his pocket, and his fears along with it. And, indeed, Alison and Dermot were such capital playfellows, that Peter might have been excused his neglect of duty had the girl been differently placed. Love was the very last thing in the world the two talked of, but who was it that said "Propinquity is provocative of proposals"? Moreover, Dermot was an Irishman. Gradually, very gradually, he found himself wishing that Alison would take him seriously, and a slight attack of the fever he had got into his system before he came to the Heriots helped him considerably in this direction.

He was just ill enough to touch the pure womanly half, or quarter, of Alison's character, and from seeing him ill, and then mending under her care, the girl was seized with a tenderer feeling, half-pity, half-flattered vanity; for Dermot was very grateful, and, unlike men of sterner material, he loved being nursed and cosseted. He told her about his hopes and ambitions, confessed that he had been idle and just a little wild—which to Alison's mind conveyed the idea of playing practical jokes and not going to church every Sunday—and, finally, gave her to understand that he was now going to reform, and that her support and approval were all that he needed in order to become a great and good man.

He meant what he said at the moment. She believed him unreservedly, and suffered accordingly.

Peter was not too dense to see the change in Alison when Dermot was able to get about again. Her bright even temper became uncertain; she alternately snubbed and spoilt Dermot; she was apt to take offence with both the young men, and was constantly on her guard, poor child, lest her secret should be discovered—by Dermot, who might laugh in his sleeve over his conquest, or by Peter, who she

imagined would not hesitate to chaff her frankly on the subject. Neither of these humiliations was in store for her, for, before Peter had decided to interfere, Dermot had spoken out, and such was the glamour of his words that Alison saw nothing strange or unworthy in a declaration of love from a penniless and prospectless youth of two-and-twenty. She loved him and shyly admitted the fact, and for perhaps half a dozen hours was serenely happy ; *exaltée*, as the French say, with shining eyes and all her face transfigured with a beauty completely differing from the old expression of healthy and innocent light-heartedness.

"Poor little Alison ; it *is* rough on her!" Stephen had said, and if the task of telling her that an insuperable bar to her marriage existed in the madness of both her parents had fallen to him, it would have been more gently performed. "Alison," began Peter brusquely, as soon as he found himself alone with his sister, "I'm sure there's some foolery going on between you and O'Hara ; what is it?"

"You had better ask him," Alison was on the point of saying, and then decided that that would be shabby. "Mr. O'Hara has just asked me to marry him," she said, looking straight at her brother, though her cheeks glowed as she spoke.

"Well, and I hope you have refused him," said Peter brutally. "You're much too young, and he can't afford to keep a wife."

"I don't see that those are sufficient reasons against our becoming engaged," said Alison, indignant and yet shy of speaking so plainly.

"Then I may as well tell you that there is another and very important one which puts your marrying at all out of the question——"

Alison turned pale, and caught her breath. "Oh no, Peter! don't say that ;" and then, plucking up her courage : "besides, Stephen is my guardian," she said, "I need not mind what you say."

"Now, Alison," said Peter, nettled, "you must be reasonable. None of us can marry, as both our father and our mother died out of their minds. It is too great a risk ; surely you wouldn't let any man incur it for your sake? Stephen and I are very fond of you, and will make you as happy as possible ; so put all this rubbish out of your head and settle down as you were before. Heaps of women don't marry, and are as jolly as can be."

Not one word of Peter's attempt at consolation had Alison heard, grasping only that it was not to be—that she and her lover must live on till they grew old and died, apart. She never questioned the righteousness of the decision her brothers had made. Of course she could not let the man she loved link his life with—what? It was too

horrible to put into words. Still, she felt quite sure that Dermot would refuse to give her up.

"Will you tell him?" was all she said, all the light in her face quenched, her mouth set and her eyes averted; "I don't think I can."

"All right," said Peter on his way to the door. Then, turning towards her, he added, for he had never seen her look like this before: "I'm awfully sorry, old lady; cheer up, there's a dear, we'll all be as jolly as sandboys again when Stephen comes back."

Alison stood where he left her with no wish to move. There was no reason for doing anything any more. If she could by a word have ceased to exist, she would have said it then and there. She was as one stricken with paralysis, and for some minutes even the power of thought was suspended. Then, with all the anguish which belongs to returning consciousness of misery, she awoke and fled—fled to her bare unhomelike room, and threw herself, face downwards, on her bed, a tearless victim to circumstances, to wrestle through the long dark night alone.

Chapter VI.

It was late when she came downstairs next morning, and Dermot was already gone. He had left a letter accounting for his departure. Peter had simply insisted on his quitting the *estancia* without seeing Alison again, but had not succeeded in persuading him to leave the country, nor had Dermot promised not to correspond with the girl. As for his love, it was only deepened by the sad story of her parentage—fears for the future he had none. Moreover, he exhorted her to keep up her heart and be on the look-out for news of him. It would all come right some day, if she was brave and patient—not that he set up as an example of that virtue. Poor Alison took but little comfort from her sweetheart's letter, and dropped many bitter tears over her answer. She had known he would refuse to give her up, but then that did not alter her determination to be given up. She would always like to hear of him, and to know he was happy—this was a fine-sounding sentiment, but perfectly sincere. She even took her letter to Peter to let him see what she had said, and was not a little disappointed when he refused to look at her act of renunciation, and dismissed her with: "I knew you were a good child; O'Hara hasn't half your common sense." But with all her common sense she kissed her letter to Dermot again and again before she despatched it,

cherished his as tenderly as any love-sick maiden in that continent or any other. Sometimes her anger rose against her brothers, when she thought they might have spared her all this misery by telling her what was expected of her; and then again she was glad to have had that one short spell of happiness to look back upon. "At least," she said to herself, "the thing can never happen again. Now I am doubly safe, for, after knowing Dermot, I can never wish to marry anyone else. If he had cared for me and I had not for him, I should have been so sorry for him, and still not safe; for now I know I *can* be in love, and it might have come later on, and worse still, with some one who didn't care for me." But all this philosophy did not suffice to cheer her, and it was an Alison sadly different from the high-spirited and easily-pleased maiden he had left nearly a year before who greeted Stephen on his return from Europe.

Chapter VII.

Stephen had changed too, though not outwardly. His time in England had not been exclusively devoted to legal matters. The long delays which occurred in the transaction of his business had to be filled somehow, and on one occasion he had spent nearly a month in the New Forest, at the house of a shipboard acquaintance of the homeward voyage. Mr. Foster was kind, agreeable, hospitable, but his two daughters were charming. Mrs. Pentland, the elder, with her husband, was spending the autumn at her father's house, over which her widowed sister, Mrs. Morrison, reigned supreme. And somehow it came about that Stephen, after three weeks of constant intercourse with Diana Morrison, had reached a point whence he could not but see that it behoved him to renounce the chance—it was only a chance—of gaining her love; and his vow pressed heavily upon him. Alison had had the satisfaction of *knowing* that Dermot loved her, and her few short hours of happiness were always something to the good; but Stephen must needs fly from temptation without putting his fate to the touch, much less tasting the joy of finding that his love was returned. His visit had very nearly come to an end, but his host had insisted from the first that he should come back to them in the spring, and to this he had agreed, feeling pretty sure that he would still be in England then. So when he went to say good-bye to Mrs. Morrison in her writing-room it was understood, on her side at least, that in a few months he would be at Hayters again. "You will be with us in time to see

the forest in its spring dress," she said, with so little interrogation in her tone that he had not found it necessary to undeceive her. And when the dog-cart was announced, and they shook hands, her eyes had fallen before his as though afraid to read what might be written in them.

"Good-bye," he said.

"*Au revoir*," she corrected, and he was gone.

Of course Stephen had had to give some explanation of his change of plans as the time for his second visit to Hayters drew on, so he said that he found his presence was no longer required in England, and felt bound to return with all haste to his brother and sister in South America. This was to Mr. Foster, but he also wrote to Mrs. Morrison a letter which gave him infinite trouble, satisfied him not at all, and completely mystified its recipient. It is not very easy for a man to write and tell the woman he loves that he cannot propose to her, much as he would like to do so, without seeming to hint that she is expecting a declaration and even, perhaps, ready and willing to marry him. The paragraph that puzzled Diana, who at that time knew nothing of that hateful skeleton which was just now so harassing two of the Heriots, ran thus:

". . . And the more necessary in that otherwise I may have been tempted to say that to you which I should have bitterly regretted afterwards. Indeed, my case is hard, for I dare not even ask you to give me your friendship—and yet we were friends, were we not? and for so short a time—nor even to express a wish that we may meet again."

As she did not understand it, and dared not ask for an explanation, Diana had to be content to answer Stephen by a brief note of unsatisfactory platitudes. And it was not till he had been some six months at the *estancia*, and all communication between them at an end, that she met an old friend of the Heriots, who told her of the circumstances which had cast a blight over their lives.

Chapter VIII.

Peter took the first opportunity of informing his brother of the Dermot O'Hara episode, and if he had expected Stephen to commend the part he had played in it he was disappointed, for his elder brother did not spare him. "I should never have left the child if I had known how utterly incapable you would be of looking after her," he said. "You've behaved like a beastly fool from first to last.'

It was less easy to comfort Alison than to abuse Peter, but when Stephen found he was making no way with her he decided to tell her something of his own unlucky love affair. It did what he had hoped, and the poor child gave confidence for confidence, the affection between them being strengthened by the knowledge that each had of the other's trouble. Before Stephen's return Alison had been in the habit of meeting Dermot from time to time out riding. He had been taken on as *major domo* on the *Estancia del Arrozo*, about three leagues from the Heriots' camp, and on the other side of the river, so that occasional rendezvous were possible. They took place, of course, without Peter's knowledge, who had been keeping a strict and suspicious watch over Alison's comings and goings; but she made a clean breast of the matter to Stephen, and his gentler remonstrance, backed by several excellent reasons, did what Peter's harshly expressed veto would never have effected, and constrained the girl to give up her expeditions, which, after all, led to nothing but painful scenes between her and Dermot. He either could not or would not acquiesce in Alison's determination to enter into no engagement, while she, poor child, only consented to meet him because she thought she could influence him for good, and he was only too willing to encourage her in this belief. She had not seen him for nearly a fortnight, when a report reached the camp that he was seriously ill, and after a couple of days of intolerable anxiety Alison rode off alone, when her brothers were at the other side of the *estancia*, in the hope of at least meeting someone who could give her news of her lover. It was midwinter, and there had been heavy rain for four or five days, so that the ford was almost impassable, and the water well over her horse's girths. But though she did wonder how she was going to get back again, she pushed steadily on, heeding neither the bitter *pampero* nor the driving rain, nor yet the weight of the sodden habit-skirt which was making her feet numb with cold. It was dusk when she reached the *Estancia del Arrozo*, and, to her annoyance, she had to ride right into the *patio* before she encountered a human being. Then it was Dermot himself who appeared at the doorway, gaunter than ever, and as shaky as a day-old lamb.

"Why, Alison," he said, "what is the matter? What brings you out on such a day?"

"I heard you were ill again," she answered simply, "and so I came myself to see how you were. There was no other way of finding out. Are you better?"

"Oh, I'm first-rate now. I've just been moving my bed, for the

sixth time, to try and find a dry corner. This damp has been making my very bones chatter; but I am better now."

"Poor boy! it is horrid for you. If only—— Ah well! it can't be helped; but I do wish you could have been laid up in our house."

"Thank you very much," laughed Dermot, "I don't want to be laid up anywhere. *You* will, though, if you don't look out. Your habit's dripping, and you have two separate watercourses down your face. How did you manage the ford?"

"It was pretty bad; the *alazan* behaved beautifully though, and I didn't get very wet. But I suppose it will be worse now, and it is getting dark, so I had better go. You are really better?" she asked again with a little quiver in her voice. It was so hard to treat him as an ordinary friend.

"Rather; I shall be all right in a day or two if only this unpardonable weather will stop. Wait a jiffy and I'll come with you," he continued, and hastily saddling a horse he accompanied Alison out of the *patio*, and the two presently found themselves riding along at a hand-gallop over the sopping camp in the last glimmer of the watery twilight. Talking was not very easy, and any attention Alison could spare from her horse was fully occupied with her own thoughts—not very pleasant ones. She wanted to tell Dermot that she had resolved not to meet him again, and yet she dreaded the explosion of wrathful grief that was bound to follow, the dismal prophecies that he would go to the dogs without her, and then the entreaties that she would cast all her scruples to the winds and marry him out of hand. It was so hard to be firm and wise, and yet tender, for, no matter what she said, as long as she denied him he would be neither satisfied nor reasonable.

Chapter IX.

They were nearing the river when she began her appeal. "Dermot"—he flatly refused to answer to Mr. O'Hara—"Dermot, don't you think you had better make up your mind to go home to your people? You will never get rid of your fever here."

"Do you want me to go?" he asked, turning sharply towards her.

"Yes," she said; "but——" and then, strangling the mitigation she longed to utter, she repeated: "Yes, I do."

"It's that confounded—I beg your pardon—it's Stephen's doing, I'll lay any money."

"What does it signify? I've made up my mind that I won't meet you any more after to-day. So, you see, there's no good in your staying on here. Don't make it harder for me, Dermot. You know I am right."

"If it's right to help me on the road to destruction, you are behaving in a most praiseworthy manner. Why will you persist in blinding yourself to the fact that if you care for me as I do for you there is not one featherweight of reason why we should not marry? Sometimes I wonder whether you do care for me after all. If you did you would give up these extravagant ideas about right and wrong."

"I can't, Dermot. You know, dear, how gladly I would if I could. Did you doubt me when, not knowing what I knew later, I told you I loved you?" They had reached the river, and Dermot was trying vainly to pierce the fast-gathering gloom and catch a glimpse of the farther bank.

"Right or wrong, you can't cross to-night," he said.

"But I *must*," she pleaded.

"It simply isn't safe, and you can't do it. Do listen to me and be wise, my darling," he went on, dropping the authoritative tone. "Trust yourself to me and I will take care of you. We will find some shelter now and be off in the morning to Buenos Ayres or anywhere you like, and you will be my wife before you see your brothers again. Won't that do? You can't go home, so it's no good thinking about it."

"Don't ask me any more, Dermot; I must get home to-night."

"I want nothing but a plain answer," he persisted; "yes or no."

"Where is the ford?"

"Hang the ford! Will you answer me? Alison, think of what it means for me. Life or Death, Love or the Devil."

"Very well, then, *No*, if you must have it. Oh, Dermot! do not trouble me now; help me to get home. I will see you once more, but, remember, it must be the last time. Look! surely that is the wire fence that runs above the ford, and we generally cross about fifty yards below it. Come, Dermot, let us say good-bye now; it is no use your coming any farther."

"Great heavens! Do you suppose I am going to let you cross that alone?"

Alison looked again at the water, and for a minute her heart sank within her. The river had so far overflowed its banks that it appeared nothing but one vast sheet of water, the farther bank of which she could not see, doubly black and dangerous under the lowering clouds of the stormy evening.

"Think again, Alison; it is not too late."

"Do you think you can persuade me by appealing to my cowardice? Oh, help me, Dermot! Is that what you call your love? I say I *must* get back. It is cruel to hinder me because I am weak. I love you, and I always shall love you with my whole heart, but I cannot do this thing. Forgive me, dear. Give me your hand."

They clasped hands for a moment in token of mutual forgiveness, and then Dermot pressed on in front to lead the way. For some time the water was but little above their horses' knees, though at every step the current swept past them with greater force and the poor beasts laboured against it with greater distress. Suddenly Dermot's horse staggered forward and sank to above its shoulders, almost unseating its rider, and before the latter had recovered his balance the animal was fairly off its legs and swimming. Dermot slipped quickly off, and clutching its mane tried to turn it towards the ground they had just left, calling out frantically the while to Alison to stay where she was. But when Dermot's horse had stumbled into deep water Alison was no more than five or six yards behind. At first she reined back her horse, as the certainty flashed across her mind that they had missed the ford; then, seeing her companion almost disappear before her eyes, she urged the *alazan* recklessly forward, thinking only of Dermot's danger. It was in vain that he cried out to her not to follow; in another minute her horse also was swimming, but the weight of her habit and the violence of the stream dragged her slowly from the saddle, and an agonised cry of terror was the only answer to Dermot's warning shouts. Instantly he left his horse and struck out wildly towards her. "Alison! Alison!" he cried, as she rose once to the surface just before him only to sink again. A few more strokes and he had reached her side, but the river swept them on. Resistlessly the black waters carried them downwards under the blacker sky. Together, without another struggle, they were borne away into the darkness of the night.

. . . . . .

No years of weary waiting to dread now of living on apart till they should be old and full of years; no more impetuous pleadings to be met by the refusals which cost Alison so dear to speak. Poor children!—for they were little more—their fate was not altogether pitiable, since it solved the question which had distracted them both so sorely. Had they lived, it may be that Dermot, light-hearted and fond of change, would have contentedly mated himself with some woman perhaps better suited to him than Alison. And Alison?

Alison would sooner or later have broken her heart, never dreaming that he was unworthy such a sacrifice.

All that night both brothers were out searching vainly for Alison, but when the morning broke, and they were snatching a mouthful of breakfast before starting forth again, a *peon* came to tell them that the *alazan* with twisted saddle and broken reins was with the other horses in the *corral*.

Half a mile below the *paso*, washed up against the wire fencing, they found what they were seeking—found her clasped in Dermot O'Hara's arms! Fate had been stronger than Alison's guardians.

Chapter X.

If life at the *estancia* had been distasteful to Stephen before Alison's death it was intolerable after. Peter maddened him by constantly discussing the event in all its bearings, beginning with the arrival of Dermot six months before. To a sensitive mind nothing is more painful—even disgusting—than this pawing over of what is past; past and done for, bitterly regretted, but past talking over. Stephen bore it as long as he could, and then suddenly decided that he would suffer no longer. Peter took the announcement of his intended departure with so much fortitude that his brother repented of having delayed it so long; the fact was that a coolness had sprung up between them dating from the moment of Stephen's return from England, and poor Alison's death, as the indirect result of Peter's carelessness, had not served to draw them together once more.

So Stephen Heriot started off again for Europe—by an Italian steamer this time—and found himself at Genoa in February, not caring whither he went next so long as the country in which he was chiefly interested was closed to him by the same hateful bar which had come between Alison and her happiness. It was '84, and Egypt offered some attraction to him as a soldier, so he went on to Alexandria by a Rubattino steamer, arriving on the 3rd of March, two days after the battle of El Teb and occupation of Tokar. Cairo was in a ferment of excitement. There were volunteers begging to be taken on anyhow; wives and mothers of officers at the front painfully anxious for news; English officers in the Egyptian Army kicking their heels in enforced idleness and cursing their fate, the fate they had welcomed twelve months before (with its emoluments). And there were anxious faces on the verandah at Shepheard's, and at the "New" and the "Nil," on the Shubrah and in the Esbekieh. Everyone was on the *qui vive*, and among others Diana Morrison.

Her brother had gone down with his battery from Cairo to Suakim, and she and her father were hoping that the campaign would soon be at an end and he once more with them. She was sitting at the window of the reading-room when Stephen arrived at Shepheard's, and saw him before he had any idea she was in the same continent with himself. A smothered exclamation escaped her, causing her companion to look up. "Nothing, father dear. I thought I saw a face I knew," she answered disingenuously, for she was not ready to stand fire, and sat on, holding "L'Abbé Constantin" before her dazed eyes, her knees trembling under her in spite of the assurances she gave herself that there was no reason to be upset. She was ready in very good time for dinner, notwithstanding the custom which then prevailed of being not less than a quarter of an hour late for that meal, and was conscious of some of those tremors which accompany a visit to the dentist when she took her seat—a seat which commanded an excellent view of both doors.

The name-board in the hall had warned Stephen of Diana's neighbourhood, so that when they did meet the encounter was almost commonplace. Mr. Foster was full of good-natured scoldings for his failure to visit them before leaving England; Diana rather silent, but neither ungracious nor unfriendly. She did not accompany them on to the verandah after dinner on the plea of a headache—the *Khamseen* had been blowing all day—and retreated to her own room.

But they met the next day, and the next, insensibly drifting into the habit of walking and driving together—all three, of course—which, though pleasant enough, was tantalising, and Stephen was now and then almost inclined to doubt whether he had ever really found Mr. Foster's conversation agreeable or entertaining. Therefore, when the old gentleman slipped on a piece of orange-peel in the Mooskee and was laid up with a strained back, Stephen was discreetly glad; and though Diana would not leave her father for many hours at a time, she did not refuse the young man's escort on a ramble in the Arab streets or a visit to the Boolak Museum.

But it was in an absurd little grotto in the Esbekieh Gardens, where they were sheltering from a shower of rain, that the two came to what is generally called an understanding—a delightful if dangerous condition of things.

Diana was sympathetic, therefore Stephen was expansive, and the story of Alison and Dermot moved his hearer to an almost passionate indignation.

"You were wrong," she cried, "wrong and cruel. You had no positive proof that insanity was hereditary in your family, had you?"

"No, certainly not," answered Stephen.

"Well, at the risk of your thinking me inquisitive—meddling even—I must tell you that I met an old friend of your father's, Sir Julius Mildmay, the greatest authority of the day, I suppose, on mental diseases. We were talking of you. Shall I tell you what he said?"

Stephen nodded. Somehow he could not have spoken a word.

"'If I had been in England I should have done everything in my power to dissuade Stephen Heriot from going to bury himself in South America. There is no more solid evidence to show that insanity is hereditary in his family than there is proof of the moon's being made of green cheese. His mother's madness was a mere accident, as it were; and as for his father—well, I should go mad fast enough if I doubled my professional duties and neither ate nor slept, which was about what he did.'"

"God help me!" said poor Stephen after a pause. "Why did I never speak to Sir Julius about it all? Under the circumstances it seemed our plain duty to avoid associating others in our misfortune, and that it must always be so. Now," he went on, "can you guess why I never went back to Hayters last year?"

"What did you mean in your letter about your saying to me what you might afterwards have regretted?"

"I meant that I could not say to you what I longed to say. You know now what prevented me from asking you to be my wife?"

She was silent.

"You *do* know?" he persisted.

"I suppose I know what *you* considered a sufficient reason."

"And you?"

"What does my opinion matter? You are asking out of mere curiosity."

"No, no. I must have an answer."

"Well, then," replied Diana slowly, "I don't think your reason was a good one—not good enough to make two people unhappy."

"Two people? Then, you did care a little?"

"*Then* I did."

"And now?"

"Oh, must I *ask* you to make me happy?" Diana turned away from him as she spoke, but Stephen caught her hand and held it.

"What a fool I have been!" he said.

"And are you sure that you are wiser now?" whispered Diana.

He clasped her close to him without a word, but in the very moment of her supreme happiness Diana burst into tears. "Poor little Alison!" she sobbed. "Poor child! poor child!"

HOW TO MAKE LONDON SMOKELESS.

TO "lie like a gas-meter" is a popular expression, and, to some extent, it reflects an unjust public sentiment.

The truth is, that the general public know even now little more about one of the greatest conveniences of modern life, its manufacture and the uses to which it may be put, than did Mr. Thomas Shirley in 1659, when shown a well wherein the "water did boyle and heave" and burnt like "oyle," due to the escaping of collected carburetted hydrogen (or fire-damp) from a neighbouring coal mine, into which the well, no doubt, had formed a shaft. The same principle is magnified in the production of "natural gas," now so largely made use of in America.

Before the seventeenth century the air we breathe was the only known aëriform body; and, when mysterious deaths occurred in foul subterranean places from the accumulation of carbonic acid gas, all the blame was laid upon the spirit "Sylvester," as he was politely called by the alchemists of bygone times, much as we now, under the slightest provocation, are ready to condemn our gas companies, and apply to them uncalled-for epithets, and bring against them unjust accusations.

And as it remained to Van Helmont, one of the last of the alchemists, to disabuse this "evil spirit," and give to it the name of "gaz," so do I hope to show that, as a rule, our gas companies are not "companies Sylvester." But this is merely a side issue: the main object of this paper is to supplement what has already been said upon the important question of heating by gas as a means of making London a fit place for white people to live in, and also to give the ordinary gas consumer some hints that are the outcome of much observance and practical experience.

Such a great city cannot in one year be freed from so long-standing and so long-endured a pest, which has now well-nigh become a calamity; but much can be done where all are willing to help; and even the Cockney will lend a hand towards the general welfare, providing that that hand has not first to journey to his pocket.

In other words, to deal with such a fog as that manufactured in London, all must help, and the inducement to every man must be the prospect of an individual benefit—something tangible that he may fully realise, and, moreover, something that he may help in to his own good, financially and otherwise.

It is of no use proposing any scheme that will have extra taxation for its basis to a community already overburdened. Any such an undertaking would be justly looked upon as a personal insult.

Strangely enough, some years back, I had thought out a plan of "exhausting" the smoke away from London into the country to certain consuming stations where it might be dealt with and practically annihilated by electricity or other means. My idea was to have every chimney connected with a main that would run along the tops of all the houses, and from which it would be "exhausted" into "smoke-holders," and from them driven to the "consuming stations," in exactly the same way (but reversed) in which our gas is now exhausted into the "gas-holders" from the retorts, and supplied from the holders again, at the proper pressure, to the consumer's house. Much the same idea has lately been proposed, I believe, and has met with some consideration; but I am satisfied that it is not practicable. The expense of such an elaborate system would be enormous, and the many difficulties that will arise at once to the mind of any thinking man are well-nigh insurmountable, although the idea itself is feasible. Besides, London and its suburbs are unpicturesque enough already, God knows!

The only way to make a "London fog" a thing of the past, and also to rid the air of those more or less minute particles of soot that make everything filthy, and are in every breath one takes inhaled into the most delicate parts of one's organisation, is by the universal adoption of gas, and gas only, as our heating agent. If we use it to cook by, to warm our houses and our baths, and either as the actual motive power to all machinery, or as the heating agent to all boilers for the generation of steam in our manufactories, then, and then only, will a London fog be nothing more than an unpleasant memory.

But this is no new idea: far from it—it is, or ought to be, a well known thing. But it will be new, I think, to introduce this delivering agent (that all Londoners should bow down and worship) in the garb of domestic economy. I think it is even a novelty for one versed in the minute details of its manufacture, distribution, and properties, to write as a consumer and in language that all other consumers may understand.

Some cynics have said that our English fire-places are constructed to give the minimum of heat to the maximum expenditure of coal. In all seriousness, of course, the loss of fuel every year in London is appalling—in fact, the real yellow fog is in itself fuel that is thrown away, and (excepting what is caught in the lungs of Londoners) lost to the country for ever. The same applies not only to our dwellings but to our manufactories.

To be well within bounds, of all the coal that is taken from the bowels of our mother country two-thirds is completely wasted. Here is a fearful blot in our domestic economy. But the evil does not end here: the sin comes home to roost. Sometimes for weeks together every day it takes us by the throat and says, "Waste not, want not." But who heeds it?

Now, the only heating agent, of any consequence, in coal is the gas; and if this be extracted in the best known scientific way, as is now the case in the retort, all the smoke will be practically consumed, and the heating properties (taking into consideration the coke) collected with a loss per ton that is infinitesimal. Here then, alone, we have a saving of one-half of the coal of England.

But we must not stay here. When the gas is "exhausted" from "the retorts," washed in the "scrubbers," and forced through the "purifiers" into the "holder"—and these processes are expensive—then it is that we have it under our control. It is a pity that it cannot be mixed in the holder with the exact quantity of air to give the greatest attainable heat, and then be supplied to our stoves and furnaces under pressure, for the best result would then be given; but such a scheme is not feasible, on account of the terrific explosive force of such a mixture. But, as I have said, we now have our gas under control, and by burning it through an atmospheric burner, which supplies the right quantity of air, we shall get, allowing for all deficiencies, three times the heat from a ton of coal that we could get by consuming it in an open fire-place, and twice the boiling power that could be obtained by the best regenerative furnace.

This, I take it, is a great law in "domestic economy." But at present I have shown only an immense saving in the resources of our country (which may very materially affect future generations, but does not as yet knock very loudly at our own door—for there is plenty of coal), and also how the fog of London may be cured. Now we will come to the point that does knock. In other words, how to help in the achievement of this great cause to our individual profit.

It took a long time for people to realise that gas was cheaper than

oil; and so it will now be some time dawning upon the public, that heating by gas may be done both with economy and convenience. And at this dawning the fog of London will roll away. You may remember the story of the cow who did not know the use of her tail until she lost it: so it is with the average gas-consumer—he does not recognise the great conditions of convenience and economy under which he lives, until his gas is cut off for debt.

Under existing circumstances gas cannot be supplied by our companies at a much cheaper rate than is now the case; and taking it at 3*s.* per thousand feet, although it can, if judiciously used, easily compete with coal as a direct heating and cooking medium, yet there is not a great margin for the wastefulness of servants and guests in a mismanaged household. And it is concerning the economical use of gas for these purposes, under existing circumstances, that I hope to speak farther on.

In some of the large northern manufacturing towns a goodly proportion of the "town fog" no doubt is caused by smoke issuing from factory stacks; but as these are much higher than the ordinary chimneys, the "fog"-making element has a much better chance of escape, and the factories do not contribute nearly so much to the general discomfort as is generally supposed. It is the thousands of smoking chimneys of private dwellings and business houses that go to make up by far the greater proportion of town fogs; and strangely enough, it is the man who stirs his fire most vigorously, thereby adding all in his power to the general discomfiture, who uses the worst language about the very thing that he himself is creating, and then lays the blame upon his country and his climate. His cook is acting in much the same way in the kitchen: not only wasting the resources of his country to the detriment of his own posterity, but inflicting harm upon himself and upon his neighbour.

Now all this to a great extent may be avoided. Most enlightened gas companies now let cooking-stoves of all the best varieties on hire at small rentals—so small, in fact, that they lose upon the stove itself, but are repaid in due course by the increased consumption of gas. By using such a stove, then, anyone may help to the general welfare and to his own; for, without considering the great convenience, a saving in the cost of cooking may be effected by careful management, and the food so cooked will be of better quality, and can always be done "to the turn." But it cannot be too strongly impressed upon all, that careless and unthinking servants who have not their master's welfare at heart will flare away gas if not looked after. So they will coal itself, for the matter of that.

For general heating purposes, wherever a fire is wanted occasionally or only for a few hours daily, such as in the bedroom, drawing-room, and occasional rooms, a gas fire will be a saving in expense and a great boon ; but where a fire is wanted all day long, as in the sitting-room, a gas stove cannot be recommended on the score of economy (under existing circumstances), though it is without doubt a most convenient thing—if properly fitted and having a good draught—and with it a room may be kept at any desired temperature almost without attention. If a gas fire smells, it is either one's own fault or the fault of the person who fixed it. If your gas cooking-stove smells, then you must have a dirty cook. You may say : "But a coal fire looks so much better, so much more cheerful." Here I agree with you. The taste displayed by the manufacturers of gas-fires, up to the present, is execrable. But give them a chance: the industry is merely in its infancy. Again you may argue: "I find that the air in a room heated by gas is so dry."

This very argument is in my favour. It shows that the combustion of your fuel is very nearly complete. With a coke fire you will find the same objection, and almost as much to a closed-in stove. In fact, it is only when you are doing your level best to reduce one of the greatest resources of your country to beggary, and to choke your fellow-men and women with a vaporous sulphuric acid from your open coal fire, that you feel thoroughly comfortable. But you need not suffer this dry heat, if you object to it ; a simple pipe running through the floor or an outside wall below the level of the gas-fire will supply it with air, and the atmosphere of your room will not then be interfered with. This ought, in my opinion, to be done wherever gas-fires are fitted as a permanency.

Here is another point. Why should not landlords have gas-fires put in in the place of open fires where the tenants desire it? The universal adoption of gas for heating purposes would cure London of its fogs ; but it would be a sorry day for sweeps and for coal-merchants.

There are many points in the use of gas that consumers do not think of. In most houses there are "regulators" on all the burners in the dining-room and drawing-rooms, to save the gas ; but in the kitchen any kind of burner is good enough, and the servants may flare away gas as they please. The kitchen burners are the very ones that it is much more important to regulate ; but in this way people do not economise, simply for want of thought.

From the same lack of thought or knowledge people will go on letting ceilings become blackened, fittings and decorations tarnished, and picture-frames near the ceiling become slowly spoilt by the use

of open unprotected burners. Where the decorations of a room are valuable, regenerative lamps, such as the Wenham, should be used, and if necessary a ventilating shaft carried to a good flue or outer wall. By this means, not only will the light be doubled with a far less consumption of gas, but all the above objections will be swept away, and the atmosphere of the room will be as pure and healthy as with an electric light; for it must be borne in mind that no good ventilation is possible without heat.

In the universal adoption of gas as a heating agent for ordinary domestic purposes, "atmospheric-gas"[1] alone would be burnt. For the heating of boilers for steam purposes, "atmospheric-gas" would be burnt in conjunction with coke. The result would be a vast saving to the coal-fields of England—one of our greatest national resources; and an atmosphere in London and our great towns as healthful and almost as pure as in the heart of the country.

But we have still the one great difficulty to overcome. Our gas must be cheaper. How is this to be brought about?

No doubt a greatly increased consumption would bring down the price a little in itself; but, under existing circumstances, we cannot hope to be supplied much cheaper than we are in London at the present time. Gas companies do not make the enormous profits that people generally suppose. As an investment, gas shares are no better than railroad shares—nor are they so safe. It is not so long ago that the great panic was caused by the introduction of electricity; and although most of the fear from competition in that quarter has now passed away, something else may turn up, while railways must go on running for generations—perhaps as long as the world may last. And gas meters do not lie as much as is generally supposed. They are constructed on the best known measuring principle, and as often run slow as fast. If you think that your meter is too fast you will, no doubt, have it tested by Government: it is one's privilege. If you think that it is slow you will probably say nothing about it, and still think yourself very honest. In the same way, I have no doubt that thousands of people think the paying of a deposit down (although paid interest upon the money) is an injustice; and yet many move away from certain districts leaving no address behind—and a gas bill far in advance of their original deposit remains unpaid.

Now, having obtained (in theory) a greatly increased consumption of gas, I will propound a scheme whereby the cost of manufacture

[1] Of course, atmospheric-gas, taken literally, would mean one or other of the gases in the air we breathe; but where I have used the expression in this article, "atmospheric-gas" must be taken to mean coal-gas mixed with air.

might be materially reduced, so that we may be supplied with it as a fuel that shall be cheaper than coal for all practical purposes and far more convenient in its uses. And moreover with its universal adoption not even one ton of coal, bringing with it, as it does, its dust and blacks and soot that pervade everything, need come within a limited radius of the city.

Striking a general average, something like 8,000,000 tons of coals are burnt in London annually, *exclusive* of the enormous amount carbonised by gas companies and consumed in factories.

Now, gas is conveyed in America, where "natural" gas exists, very considerable distances to supply outlying towns. Why cannot the same thing be done here?

Does it strike you what a stupendous sum is paid out by London itself for the freightage alone of this enormous amount of fuel? Why should not this freightage, to a great extent, be saved? [1]

A ton of coal weighs a ton (naturally): convert it into gas, and it comes at once as a decimal in gravitation, and could be conveyed in mains at a very small expenditure of force per mile. A series of trunk mains, running direct from the coal districts to different parts of the city, could therefore supply London with fuel in this form far cheaper than railroads or ships can do it at the present time in the form of coal. In fact, it is quite a question in my own mind whether one or two of our largest companies could not, even under existing circumstances, adopt this scheme with profit. True, the first outlay would be very great, but the saving of freightage annually would be an enormous item, and should be equivalent to a good dividend upon the investment. When once laid, these mains would (unlike railways) cost little to maintain; and, in comparison, the expenditure of conveyance would be but a trifling item.

But if gas were universally adopted as a fuel, then undoubtedly this scheme would be worthy of the very serious consideration of capitalists as an investment. Moreover, it need not very seriously affect existing arrangements. The same "holders" that are now used would be supplied from the trunk mains instead of direct from the "retorts"; and all the existing machinery and "services" would be required for the distribution of the gas. It is merely a question of carbonising at the mouth of the pit instead of in London, thereby saving to a great extent the expense of carting, shifting, and conveying such an enormous mass as some millions of tons annually a distance of two or three hundred miles.

[1] Allowing for every possible waste, I believe that the saving effected would be more than eight shillings a ton.

And the result would be that the greatest city in the world would become smokeless, and a comparative paradise to live in—without any extra taxation. There would be a stupendous saving annually in one of the greatest resources of our country—(I have used the words before, but they will bear a great deal of repetition)—and, lastly, all London people would be benefited individually, not only in health but in pocket.

Perhaps, to better illustrate my point, it will be as well to take a hurried survey of the manufacture of gas, and follow the processes through which it passes before coming to the consumer, to show that all these may be just as well carried out at the pit's mouth as in London. In fact, the only serious drawback to the gas companies would be that their coke and other products would not naturally, under existing circumstances, be nearly so valuable as now; but if all furnaces in large cities were compelled by Act of Parliament to burn coke, either alone or in conjunction with "atmospheric-gas," this would be a set-off against that drawback; and also the market for coke would not be so casual as is now the case.

There is another point:—Much more coke would be used now in private houses if it were not for the sulphurous fumes that such a fire emits. Coke burnt alone makes an excellent fire, if properly broken and properly laid, but it is neither healthy nor pleasant to sit over: consequently people mix with it about one-half coal. The fact is that coke should not be supplied direct from the gas companies to the consumer, but ought to pass through intermediate hands where it would be broken and screened into several different sizes to suit different grates; and where it would also be submitted to some slight chemical process which would extract the remaining sulphur and minor products that it still retains, without interfering with the heating properties.

Let us, then, start at the beginning and follow the coal from, say, Durham (if there is no strike on), through the various changes until it is consumed as gas; perhaps casting too glaring a light upon the revel and squalor of a Whitechapel gin palace; or toned down a little to suit the hangings and complexions of a Belgravian drawing-room; or better still, to shine, just softly enough, upon you and me (and a couple of friends) at a quiet little dinner at Romano's. But I am losing time, and we must journey along more briskly.

Let us start from the mine itself and go with our coal to Newcastle, where it is loaded into ships. When this is done we go on board, the anchor is weighed, and, although we are on a "coaler," we thank God that we are out of Newcastle. So we coast down

until at last we come into the Thames, and our cargo is transferred in the docks from our ship into barges, which carry it up the river: for I am going to take gas works either upon the riverside or the banks of a canal for my description. Here we are, then, at last at some riverside wharf of a gas company in London—and perhaps we thank God that we have not to live in this city either.

The barge will not have been alongside long, most likely, before it is unloaded. This is done in the ordinary way by very ordinary labour: namely, shovelled into "skips," which are taken up by a "crane" and tilted into "trollies," which convey the coal and shoot it where it will be most handy for the stokers. And this seems to me a very primitive method. As we have seen, our coal has been transferred three if not four times. Why should not at least the coal barges be constructed with a series of upright cylinders, each holding a ton, and exactly fitting into the barge: each cylinder to have a ring at the top—in fact, to be in itself practically a "skip"? These would then be lifted and transferred from car to barge, and barge to trolly, without any shovelling. Surely the trade is sufficient to warrant the construction of a series of boats made something after this fashion, that could afford to carry coal at the same freightage as now.

To charge the retorts (which are in a setting heated to a temperature that in some works reaches 2,500 degrees) in the ordinary way very long "scoops" are used; these are filled all along with coal, then two men with a simple bent iron, giving a tap, tap upon the iron "stage"-floor as a signal to the gang charging from the opposite end, raise the scoop to the mouth of the retort, while the other man (the gang consisting of three) holding and guiding the handle runs up to them, so pushing the entire length of the scoop within the retort. This is done from each end by two gangs of stokers, and when the scoops meet in the middle of the retort they are turned over and withdrawn, the coal at once beginning to "carbonise" and throw off gas. When that particular retort is charged the doors are closed simultaneously, wedged up by a simple and ingenious lever, the valve (where anti-dip valves are used) opened, and the gas coming at once under the influence of the "exhauster" is carried away through the "condensers" and other plant, where we must follow it—and quickly.

But we must stay just one minute to describe a different kind of setting, that will no doubt soon entirely supersede the horizontal mode: this is the "inclined" retort. In these the retorts are placed obliquely, and are charged from hoppers at the top end by means of a charger that cuts off the correct number of cwts. of coal, in much the same way that a muzzle-loading gun is charged from a

shot-pouch. It is also quite obvious how easy it is to "draw" such a retort: in fact, when the lower door is opened, the coke will almost fall out of itself, whereas with the horizontal setting the "drawing" is a far more laborious task even than the "charging." With these retorts, called "slopers" in the gas world, I have seen *six* men "charge," "draw," and throw all the coke back (a distance of about twenty feet), from *thirty* twenty-foot retorts in one hour and a half. This meant 9½ tons of coal "charged" and six tons of coke "drawn," and "thrown back." And this was done by unskilled labour: men despised by the trained stokers, and by them facetiously called "Ally Slopers." There is perhaps some wit and appropriateness in the appellation. Now, with the horizontal settings of equal size, it would be excellent work for *nine* men to "charge," "draw," and throw back the coke from *twenty* retorts in the same time—in fact, I doubt if they could do it.

At some convenient spot in the large pipe that conveys the gas from the "retort-house," preferably where it ascends abruptly to the top of the "condenser," there must be a pipe running downwards to allow the tar to fall away from the gas simply by gravitation. Also there is a good deal of "ammoniacal liquor," and these two products are valuable. They are separated from one another by a simple gravitation "separator," and pass into different underground tanks for future reference.

The gas, still drawn on by the exhauster which is straining to create a vacuum, now enters the condenser. There are many different kinds, but perhaps the most simple and efficient is the twisting of the pipe backwards and forwards into a series of immense zigzags, through the middle of which a water pipe is passed. The cold water coming in at the opposite end to the gas, and running throughout the series in contradiction to it, acts as a simple refrigerator. This same water may also be passed, after serving this purpose, into the "scrubbers" or "washers," there to take up most of the remaining ammonia that the gas contains, and finally to pass away into the "liquor" tank. But whatever the construction of the condenser may be, it has but one use; and that is, to cool the gas down to a temperature of about 60 to 65 degrees before it is passed into the scrubbers. And this, simple as it may appear, is of the utmost moment: in fact, the importance of correct temperatures and pressures throughout the different processes cannot be too highly rated.

The gas now, at a temperature of (say) 62 degrees, passes through the exhauster, and then, instead of being impelled as heretofore by "vacuum," it is expelled and propelled through all the

remaining plant by "pressure." This will easily be understood; and as we have not time to go into the details of construction, and even if we had, there are many different kinds of exhausters that are perhaps equally good, it would not be fair to describe one without the other.

The same remarks apply to the scrubbers and washers through which the gas is now passed, and the object of which is to extract from it all the remaining ammonia. But probably the simplest and best process is a series of large upright cylinders filled with broken and unbroken brushwood (birch), so that as the gas passes upwards it is obliged to find its way in a very eccentric manner. At the same time a revolving jet of water is playing in from the top, and as this has naturally to pass through the brushwood in its descent in every conceivable direction (just as the gas must do in ascending), it has every chance of taking up all the ammonia that the gas contains, and also of washing out much of the cyanogen, carbonic acid, and sulphur in its various forms. In its passage through the series of scrubbers, this water of course becomes "ammoniacal liquor," and falls into the tank as a valuable product.

After leaving the scrubbers, the gas passes along and into the "purifiers," and this "purification," apart from the expense of plant, is a costly and important process. Again, in this there are several methods; but I will take what is probably the best. First, I must describe the construction of a purifier. It is a large square tank, having a water-sealed lid (which is easily removable by special gearing), made to withstand a good pressure, and being fitted across at equal distances with a series of skeleton "shelves," upon which "grids" may be fitted to form an entire "tray." For convenience sake we will say that there are four such in each purifier. Now, to make these ready for use each tray is overlaid with lime or oxide of iron (prepared) to a thickness of about six inches. In the former case we have what is called a "lime purifier," in the latter an "oxide purifier." Of course the "grids" are so constructed (as the word itself almost explains) that, although the apertures are close enough together to hold up the lime or oxide, yet the passage of the gas is little impeded; and in its ascent through the trays of these purifying substances it is very evenly distributed. The purifiers extract several very objectionable products. The lime acts chiefly upon the carbonic acid gas and the bi-sulphide of carbon. This latter seems as a kind of red rag to the "Referee" bull: though the fuss that is made about it appears to me to be a hurricane in the smallest of tea-kettles. Gas works are *allowed an average* of 22 grains in 100 cubic feet in the summer months, and a trifle less in winter—*quod erat absurdum.* At the first

casual glance, perhaps, you would imagine that the above figures mean 22 per cent. ; but in reality they represent 22 in 21,500. Now, as nearly as we can estimate, the coal itself would have contained about 33 grains of this bi-sulphide of carbon ; so when the law has stepped in and extracted 11 grains, probably no one on earth but a Referee is the wiser—or the better off. The oxide of iron absorbs the sulphuretted hydrogen, and some other matter that is quite insignificant, so the gas is passed first through a series of "lime purifiers," and then through several "oxide purifiers." But, as a matter of fact, these objectionable products may be extracted by other methods than I have here briefly described—though perhaps none are so practicable.

The lime must be continually renewed, and this is a large expense ; whereas the oxide of iron may be used over and over again, and will produce almost equally good results until it becomes impregnated with 40 to 45 per cent. of sulphur. But in works where room is no object it is possible to "purify" gas by oxide of iron only ; and the process would have the advantage of being less objectionable—for although the smell of "foul lime" may be healthy enough, I would sooner be very much farther afield when the purifier is "taken out."

At the present time this foul lime (as a matter of argument) is valueless. But, to my mind, this waste product might by enterprise become a staple article of manufacture. As I suggested in connection with the coke trade, it should not be procured direct from the gas works, but should pass through the hands of another company (or private enterprise) in whose hands it might be pulverised, an apportionate percentage of guano added, and sold as an invaluable manure for gardens, and as a dressing for lands where roots "club" and insects congregate.

From the purifiers our gas now passes through the "station meter" into the "holders." The station meter merely registers the quantity manufactured. When the holder is full—that is, when it has risen to the top of the girders which form the frame in which it works—the work of the exhauster is accomplished (and good work indeed you must admit that it has been), and its current must be turned into a fresh holder. Now, to supply the district, the valve of the pipe connected with the works being closed, the "governor" of the district is opened. The weight of the holder itself is now our pressure and motive power ; and the governor (a pear-shaped valve working in connection with a cunningly-devised balance) determines the pressure at which the gas is supplied to the consumer. These governors are in a "governor-house," and "pressure men"

must be in constant attendance. The pressure so put on each district, of course varying greatly for day and night, is recorded by gravitation floats holding a pencil with which they write automatically upon "pressure papers" that are revolved by clock-work. The casual observer in passing through London and seeing these immense gas-holders dotted here and there in clusters, would not be likely to realise their enormous capacity; nor would he be likely to think that there is as much underground work to each holder as there is in the way of the foundations and tank: foundations adequate to carry the structure; and the enormous tank that forms the "water-seal," and into which the holder must sink as it belches forth its vast store of light and heat to each separate consumer. Nor would a casual observer be likely to guess to what extent such a mass of gas may be contracted or expanded by any marked difference in temperature.

Now, all the processes that I have here described so briefly could be carried out at the pit's mouth, and I should not then advise the driving of the gas direct from the manufacturing plant into the existing holders in London, but that it be "exhausted" into holders at the pit's mouth and from them supplied to the various London stations for distribution. In this way the two would be connected (figuratively speaking) by direct balance, although many miles apart; and the heavier holder being at the manufactory it would naturally sink down, and in so doing force up the lighter one in any given district in London; and acting upon it as it would by a direct continual pressure, and the gas forming the connection (as it were) between the two being lighter than our atmosphere, the expenditure of force per mile drive would be a mere bagatelle.

I should also advise that all the holders supplying London in the various districts should be in direct connection one with the other, so that in case of need they could supply one another.

I have, naturally, here been obliged to entirely pass over the sulphur tests, and many other most interesting and intricate technicalities in gas manufacture; and here let me say that the purity of all gas is carefully tested before it passes into the holders. The blackening of ceilings is, I believe, not due so much to any fumes arising from the incomplete combustion of an impure article, as to a cause that few, perhaps, would think of. In the iron pipes that supply our houses a great deal of condensation is, of course, continually taking place; consequently, especially in a climate subject to very sudden changes of temperature, our gas always arrives at the burner, to a certain extent, impregnated with water—the combustion

of hydrogen and oxygen also produces a water moisture. So when ever our gas is alight there must be an imperceptible and perfectly insignificant current of steam ascending swiftly to the ceiling; bu, of course, in the rush of hot air, all the blacks and minute particles of dust that come within the vortex are thrown upwards, and the remotest suggestion of a vapour is sufficient to make them adhere to the ceiling, until in the course of time it becomes much discoloured. This same effect may be seen over any steam or hot-water pipe.

But although I have passed over the "sulphur test" with so much indifference, I must say a word or two about the "illuminating power" test. Of course, the illuminating power of gas must be kept up to a certain standard, and this, goodness only knows why, is determined by candles. All gas sent out to the consumer must be above a certain "candle power"; this is under Government regulation and control, and varies slightly in different districts. But the mode that is imposed by law of such testings is a simple absurdity. Although very elaborate and expensive machinery must be used, there is no law regulating the sperm candles *against which the gas is being tested*, as far as their quality or manufacture is concerned. To do any good, it seems to me that the County Council should supply (or at least control) *properly tested candles*, stamped with the magic C. C. Not only would this simplify matters for the gas companies, but it would be in the interests of all consumers. The quality of gas is easily made up when necessary by the addition of "cannel" coal or oil when changing the retorts.

But if my idea were fully carried out, all this misunderstanding and unravelling of red tape would be avoided. For the supply of London at the present time four mains forty-eight inches in diameter, inside, would probably be found quite sufficient. What would be easier than to place a little Government testing station upon each of these, to tap the main, and to test the gas with a vigilant and unrestful eye before its arrival into London?

I do not think, honestly, that any arrangement for the "exhausting" of smoke away from our great cities, or the annihilation of "town-fogs" by explosions of electricity *after* the nuisance has been wantonly committed, is worthy of consideration. The thing to aim at is the *prevention* of the evil by the means which I have tried to demonstrate: for "prevention is better than cure."

If I have, in this short article, seemed to take the part of existing gas companies, in the face of the generally adverse public sentiment, it is merely with the idea of giving "the Devil his due."

LYNN CYRIL D'OYLE.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SCHOLAR.

PERCHED high among the sloping pastures at the back of the Campsie Hills in Stirlingshire, stands a small hamlet conspicuous for many a mile. In the hamlet, and lending a peculiar distinction to the spot, rises a massive obelisk of white stone. From nearly every point in the quiet Endrick valley the place can be seen, and when struck by the flush of sunset from the Luss Hills beyond Loch Lomond, it shines out on the high hillside like some picturesque old town of the Apennines. The hamlet is Killearn, and the obelisk is a monument to the greatest of mediæval Scottish scholars, George Buchanan the historian.

The neighbouring country—all the Endrick valley westward, and the southern shore of Loch Lomond—had been for centuries inhabited by the clan Buchanan. In this territory, some two miles south of Killearn, the father of the historian, cadet of a family represented yet by the Buchanans of Ross Priory, owned a farm called the Moss.

The Moss is now a manor containing three good farms; but in the sixteenth century it was probably what its name signifies, a stretch of wild bog pasture rather than a substantial agricultural holding. At any rate, when Buchanan's father died, in the childhood of the historian, he left his family very scantily provided for. The old sheiling, for it could be nothing more, in the moorland hollow by the burn side, has long ago disappeared, and the later manor on the spot, set deep among its trees and hedges, with the warm farmlands rising about it, has itself become a time-enriched place. A relic of the old house is preserved there in the shape of a chair made from the wooden cross-beam of the roof; and near the gable is pointed out an oak-tree which, according to tradition, was planted by the historian himself. Add to these the burn still singing its immemorial secret over the pebbles close by, and the old stone bridge, half giving way, by which access is gained, and all that belongs to the interest of the past about the place has been chronicled.

Here, in February, 1506, eighteen years after the death of James III. at Sauchieburn, George Buchanan was born.

A career of learned adventure was the frequent fate of northern scholarship at that day, and to the present hour in the mind of Europe, the memory of her wandering scholars of the sixteenth century casts associations of romance round the name of Scotland. In previous centuries the names of Douglas and the northern nobles had already become heroic on the battlefields of France and Spain. A hundred years later, on the union of the English and Scottish Crowns, the Continent was again to be the tourney-ground of northern soldiers of fortune. And the chivalrous reputation of the north was to be renewed to the Continental mind at a more recent day by the romance of the Jacobite risings. But in the earlier decades of the sixteenth century the literary genius of Scotland was shooting up its highest flame. Side by side with the coruscations of a vernacular poetry then without a rival, the glow of Scottish mediæval scholarship had reached its acme, and presently, upon the outburst of the Reformation, that mediæval scholarship was to fling its latest and brightest embers broadcast over Europe. Most accomplished and most famous of the wandering scholars was George Buchanan; and his career, from its earliest beginnings at Killearn, was in many respects typical of its class.

The early promise of ability at the schools of the village and the county town attracting the interest of a wealthy uncle: the university curriculum, made possible by the uncle's generosity, suddenly crippled by that patron's death: and the subsequent struggles towards knowledge under hindrances of health and purse—all these are still common preludes to distinguished scholarship north of the Tweed. Equally familiar, also, appears the chronic infirmity of health, brought on, it is to be feared, as much by the sparing of the mid-day meal as by the expenditure of the midnight oil. An enterprise peculiar to the scholarship of that time, however, was the part taken by Buchanan in the Duke of Albany's futile expedition against England in 1523. Under the vacillating Regent he shared in the attack on Wark Castle and the subsequent night retreat through the snow to Lauder, paying for his military experience with an illness of several months. Bachelor of Arts at St. Andrews in 1527, Master of Arts at his original university, Paris, in 1528, Buchanan's career was for the next thirty-three years entirely that of the distinguished man of letters. Professor of Humanity at the college of St. Barbe, and tutor presently to the youthful Earl of Cassilis; about 1538, having returned to Scotland, he gave the first

intimation of the Protestant ideas which he had acquired on the Continent by publishing a brief but biting satire upon monastic life, entitled "Somnium; or, the Dream." This brought him at one and the same step into collision with the entire ecclesiastical powers of the country, and into high favour with the king, James V. Another and still fiercer Latin poem, "Franciscanus," written at request of James, and exposing the sensual corruptions of the monastic system, was the signal for open war with the priesthood. Scotland, however, was not yet combustible enough to catch the fires of Reformation. Buchanan's attacks, with those of Sir David Lindsay, no doubt, as early torches thrown on the enemies' roofs, did much to hasten the conflagration of 1559; but meanwhile the ancient church remained impregnable, and the only immediate effect of the "Somnium" and the "Franciscanus" was to awaken the wrath of the alarmed hierarchy against Buchanan and his friends. The king himself found his authority insufficient to combat the roused forces of the Church; and the satirist and others of suspected opinions, included in a general arrest, were thrown into prison.

This was one of the unpleasant experiences which scholars of that stormy time had not infrequently to undergo. Nor was it Buchanan's last experience of the sort. Escaping from prison he fled to London and the Continent. There, throughout his wanderings, holding professorships at college after college, he found himself dogged by the jealous influence of the Scottish Cardinal Beaton and the powerful Franciscan order, and favoured, for his opinions, at another crisis of his career, with a year or two of seclusion in the dungeons of the Portuguese Inquisition. Nevertheless, besides the ordinary routine of scholarship, these wandering years were not without literary fruit. During residence at Bordeaux he wrote for the reform of the college stage there his scriptural dramas "Baptistes" and "Jephthes," and his translations of the "Medea" and the "Alcestis" of Euripides; and while under monastic confinement in Portugal he produced his unrivalled Latin paraphrase of the Psalms of David, the work which placed him first among modern Latin poets. Latin odes also upon the most distinguished events of the day, such as the capture of Vercelli and the surrender of Calais, with his unfinished philosophical poem, "De Sphæra," were the fruits of this time. Among those who boasted that they had been his pupils during these years, were the learned and quaint Montaigne, who studied under him at Bordeaux, and the son of the famous Marshal de Brissac, to whom he acted as preceptor for five years in Italy.

So far his life had been entirely that of the poor scholar and poet, and his sole reward, apart from an occasional smile of royalty, had been a European renown. Fortune, however, at last, after long looking askance, made a substantial turn in his favour. Mary, Queen of Scots, whose marriage with the Dauphin had been celebrated by Buchanan in an Epithalamium, invited the scholar to return to Scotland, engaged him to assist her classical studies, and conferred upon him the temporalities of Crosraguel Abbey. At this point began his rise to solid eminence in his native country.

While under the patronage of Mary he did not scruple to prepare for the press some of his keenest satires, "Fratres Fraterrimi," against the Roman Church. He also finished his "Franciscanus," which, dedicated to the Earl of Moray, induced that nobleman to confer upon him the principalship of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews. As a "doctor" in virtue of this position, he had a seat in the General Assembly, and so quickly were his powers acknowledged that in 1567 he was chosen the Assembly's moderator.

It may be regarded as a strong testimony to the liberality of the Queen's mind that she should encourage learning at her court when the exponent of that learning was one like Buchanan, so strongly opposed to herself on religious principles, the most momentous question of that time. A contrast between the spirits of the two political parties of that day might be drawn from the tolerant attitude of the Queen towards her Latin preceptor, and the inveteracy, on the other hand, with which Buchanan pursued his Protestant invective before and after the downfall of his mistress. He even set his pen to draw up for the impeachment conferences at York and Westminster in 1568-9 the "Detection of the doings of Mary, Queen of Scots." Here, no doubt, grave exception may be taken to the action of Buchanan. It is but small palliation to urge that he had never concealed his opinions, that he was actually persuaded of the Queen's guilt, and that the document was purely official and impersonal on the writer's part. Mary had been his patron: he had been willing enough to court her favour when that favour was of value to him; and now, on the winning side, even supposing his attachment broken by a conviction of his sovereign's misdeeds, he could have afforded to remain generously silent. Such was his type of mind, however; and it may be taken to represent a type of mind more or less common to his political party—a stern, even hard and unlovely, adhesion to the right as it appeared to them, giving small regard to the refinements of feeling and taste. Self-interest can hardly be insinuated as a motive in Buchanan's case. His action in the prosecution of the Queen was

more than paralleled by his later attitude towards her successor, James VI., when his personal interest stood the other way. It cannot be denied, however, that in both instances was displayed a certain ungracious rigidity of opinion and disposition. Buchanan's best excuse must be that the times were hard, and needed hard-edged tools.

From the "Detection," of course, must be carefully dissociated the violent "Actio contra Mariam," written by some meaner and more acrid pen, and printed along with Buchanan's indictment.

During the Earl of Moray's short regency Buchanan would appear to have been Director of Chancery; and in this period, besides publishing a further Latin collection, "Elegiæ, Silvæ, Hendecasyllabi," he produced in the vernacular two political tracts which effectively hit their mark at the time, and which remain to prove the vigour of their author's powers in his native tongue. The height of his political fortunes was reached in 1570, when he obtained the office of Lord Privy Seal, and was appointed preceptor to the young king. By virtue of his office he had now a seat in Parliament, and besides taking an active part in general politics, he was employed on several special commissions directed to deal with the system of education and the codifying of the law.

But he was by this time an old man, and political enterprise, after all, had been an episode and not the main concern of his life. The monumental work by which he was to be remembered had still to be accomplished, and a king's mind was in his hand to train. That he did not succeed in making greater things of James VI. was probably owing as much to the material he had to work upon, and to the adverse influences with which he had to contend, as to possible faults in the methods he employed. Buchanan's stern ideals, it is true, were alien to the traditional character of the Stuarts, and some harm may have been done in the endeavour to form the descendant of a gallant and romantic line of kings upon a Calvinistic model: but the transitional nature of the time must be considered to some extent responsible for the halting, pedantic character of James. It must at least be said that the preceptor honestly, without thought of interest or favour, did his utmost for his pupil. It was for the king's behoof that he now published a treatise, written years before to justify the deposition of Queen Mary. This treatise, "De Jure Regni apud Scotos," became at once immensely popular on the Continent, and its teaching, that the true power of government springs from the goodwill of the people, is acknowledged to-day as the most ordinary truism of political economy. But it was a work hardly calculated to please the youthful sovereign of the sixteenth century to whom it was addressed,

and there can be little marvel that the book excited the resentment of James. The latter made several efforts to have it suppressed ; more than once it was formally condemned during succeeding reigns, and it was solemnly burned at Oxford in 1683. The wholesome if uncompromising tone which Buchanan assumed towards his royal pupil may be gathered from the tone of this publication, and again from the preface to his "Baptistes," which in 1576 he prepared for the press. In the dedication of the latter to the king he makes the somewhat blunt intimation :—"This circumstance may seem to bear a more peculiar reference to you, that it clearly discloses the punishment of tyrants and the misery which awaits them even when their prosperity seems at the height. . . . I wish this work to remain as a witness to posterity, that if, impelled by evil counsellors, or suffering the licentiousness of royalty to prevail over a virtuous education, you should hereafter be guilty of any improper conduct, the fault may be imputed not to your preceptors, but to you who have not obeyed their salutary admonitions."

Language of this strain was quite in keeping with the discipline which had been exercised by Buchanan upon James during his more childish years. Of one occasion in these early years a story is told. The royal playfellow, the Master of Mar, possessed a tame sparrow which chanced to excite the cupidity of the young king. After vainly trying to coax its owner to part with it, James laid violent hands on the bird, and killed it in the struggle. The mutual recrimination of the boys presently brought Buchanan upon the scene, and listening to the cause of quarrel, without more ado he boxed the youthful monarch's ears, calling him at the same time a "true bird of a bloody nest." Treatment and words like these, wholesome and honest as they might be, naturally gave James a stern impression of his mentor, and, to the last, Buchanan was remembered in the king's mind rather with awe than love.

More and more as age crept upon him Buchanan devoted his efforts to the completion of his master-work. This was the "History of Scotland," in the collection, arrangement, and composition of which he had been more or less engaged for twenty years. More fortunate than many another author in his greatest enterprise, Buchanan lived to make an end of his undertaking. Regarding its completion in the press a story is told in the diary of James Melville which throws curious light upon the historian's habits of life and thought.

"That September," says the diarist, "in tyme of vacans, my vncle Mr. Andro, Mr. Thomas Buchanan and I, heiring that Mr. George Buchanan was weak and his Historie under the press, past

ower to Edin[r] annes earend to visit him and sie the wark. When we cam to his chalmer we fand him sitting in his chaire teatching his young man that servit him in his chalmer to spel a, b, ab; e, b, eb, &c. Efter salutation Mr. Andro says, I sie, sir, ye are not ydle. Better this, quoth he, nor stelling sheipe, or sitting ydle whilk is als ill. Therefter he shew ws the epistle dedicatorie to the king; the quhilk when Mr. Andro had read, he tald him that it was obscure in sum places and wanted certean wordis to perfyt the sentence. Sayes he, I may do na mair for thinking on a nother mater. What is that? sayes Mr. Andro. To die, quoth he: bot I leave that an mony ma things to you to helpe. (He was telling him also of Blakwood's answer to his buik de iure regni.) We went from him to the Printer's wark hous whom we fand at the end of the 17th buik of his chronicle, at a place quhilk we thought verie hard for the tyme, quhilk might be an ocasion of steying the haill work, anent the burial of Davie. Therefore, steying the printer from proceiding, we cam to Mr. George again and fand him bedfast by his custom, and asking him whow he did, Even going the way of weilfare, sayes he. Mr. Thomas, his cusing, shawes him of the hardnes of that part of his storie, that the king wald be offendit with it, and it might stey all the wark. Tell me, man, sayes he, giff I have tauld the treuthe. Yes, says Mr. Thomas, sir, I think sa. I wyl byd his fead and all his kins then, quoth he. Pray, pray to God for me, and let Him direct all. Sa, be the printing of his Cronicle was endit, that maist lerned, wyse and godlie man endit this mortal lyff."

Buchanan died at Edinburgh on Friday, September 28, 1582, seventy-six years of age, having accomplished a full tale of honourable labours. He was buried next day, as was the custom of the time, in the Greyfriars churchyard, "a great company of the faithful attending his funeral."

These are the outlined facts of the life of this Scottish scholar, poet, and historian. That they should be so minutely known is surprising, and, when the poverty of information regarding his English contemporaries, the brilliant constellation of Elizabethan poets, is considered, somewhat significant. The details, though recorded without the analytical intention of modern biography, are amply sufficient to afford a portrait of his personal character. This, while partaking of the ascetic habit of his religious party, was not without a certain attraction of its own. A writer of successful satires, as he was, could not be without humour; and no better specimens of that commodity, of the dry, caustic sort peculiar to his north country, could be found than some of the passages of his familiar letters. To

his friend Sir Thomas Randolph, Elizabeth's ambassador, for instance, he wrote: "For the present I am occupiit in writyng of our historie, being assurit to content few and to displease mony tharthrow. As to the end of it, yf ye gett it not or thys winter be passit, lippen not for it, nor nane other writyngs from me. The rest of my occupation is with the gout, quhylk haldis me besy both day and nyt." The real kindliness of his nature, as well, is exhibited in the story of a Glasgow schoolmaster. This worthy had written a work in Latin verse explaining the proper names mentioned by the classic poets, and he carried his MS. for revision to George Buchanan at Stirling. One can imagine the reception likely to be met with at the present day by the budding didactic poet who should carry his verses "for revision" to one of the busiest scholars and statesmen of the hour. Here is the schoolmaster's account of his interview with George Buchanan. "I found him in the royal palace of Stirling, diligently engaged in writing his History of Scotland. He was so far from being displeased with my interruption, that he cheerfully took my work into his hands, and after continuing to read two or three pages of it, he collected together his own papers, which were scattered on the table, and said, I will desist from my undertaking, till I have done what you wish. This promise he accurately performed, and within a few days gave me a paper written with his own hand, containing such corrections as he thought necessary."

Buchanan's attitude towards Queen Mary is the one regrettable episode in his career; yet it cannot be doubted that his sole motive in that matter was the stern prosecution of what he considered right. The disinterested integrity of his character is vouched for by the fact that at his death in 1582, notwithstanding the opportunities for private emolument which as Court minister he must constantly have possessed, his whole estate amounted to one hundred pounds, due to him from the temporalities of Crosraguel. The hard and arduous experience of his life accounts sufficiently for the fact that his manners as well as his countenance conveyed an impression of austerity; yet proofs are not lacking to show that under its stern crust the heart of the grim bachelor-scholar was warm and kind. The keynote of Buchanan's character appears to have been a strict integrity which could be turned aside neither by the bribes of sentiment nor by the threats of power. For him the necessity was to be honest before he was complaisant.

It is, however, as an outstanding type of the scholar of that day that Buchanan's career and work are chiefly interesting. His life illustrates the Reformation movement in Scotland.

A work of vital importance was performed by the free scholars of the sixteenth century, men like Lord Bacon and George Buchanan—a service to modern civilisation which is but meagrely recognised to-day. During the dark ages in Europe, the flower and fruit of ancient thought had lain buried and forgotten. By the divines of the mediæval church during its three centuries of supreme ascendency, so much only of the classic heritage as was cognate to their work received cultivation. They spoke the language of Rome without inheriting Rome's ancient ideals, and, dominated and engrossed as they were by the doctrines of a feudal church, the spirit of ancient Greece was to them like the Greek gods, pagan and dead. In the sixteenth century, however, it was as if an intellectual spring had dawned on Christendom. A new hopeful life was stirring in the hearts, and a new light had begun to shine in the eyes of men. A new continent had opened beyond the sunset in the golden West, and the breath of a new era was beginning to blow over the world. Then it was that the scholars of Europe, bringing out of forgotten corners the stores of classic thought, the ripe culture of an older time, scattered the seeds broadcast in a teeming soil. The theories of political life, the ideal relations of the individual and the state, had been wrought to great perfection, especially in classic Greece, and it was by the work of men like Buchanan that these theories and ideals took root again, and put forth blossoms amid the fresh conditions of the sixteenth century. Conspicuous among revivals of this kind was the principle of constitutional government, the *rationale* of a free state put forth by Buchanan in his "De Jure Regni." Out of the dark ages and the feudal system in Europe, and partly, perhaps, from the Church's teaching of a direct heavenly dispensation, there had grown up an idea of the state no longer compatible with the growth of general enlightenment. Political economy was made to begin at the wrong end with a doctrine of the divine right of kings. By the treatise "De Jure Regni," the fallacy of this hypothesis was exposed, the rational nature of state institutions made clear, and the foundation laid for modern political science. In attributing all political power ultimately to the goodwill of the people, and in declaring that the king existed for the state, and not the state for the king, it is not difficult to see that Buchanan was inspired by the philosophy of classic Greece. The treatise, as has been said, was eagerly and widely read, both on the Continent and at home, and it does not seem too much to say that by it was fired one of the first signals of the Revolution of 1688.

Of Buchanan's poetry, the more purely poetical and scholarly

compositions, including his famous version of the Psalms, labour for modern readers under the disadvantage of the tongue in which they were written. Life nowadays is too short for the popular perusal of much mediæval Latin, and it is to be feared that all but the most ardent students are inclined to admit the poet's claim to repute upon the faith of earlier appraisers, while his volumes are left to gather dust upon the shelf. The political service, however, rendered by the "Somnium," the "Franciscanus," and the two later volumes of satires, has a place in history, and, along with the poems of Sir David Lindsay, must be remembered as important factors of religious freedom in Scotland.

It is in his history that Buchanan's best promise of remembrance lies. The elegance, purity, and strength of the diction in which it is composed have drawn enthusiastic admiration from every student. "Buchanan," says Leclerc, "has united the brevity of Sallust with the elegance and terseness of Livy." Another critic has declared that it was his chief praise, not that he wrote like a diligent imitator of the ancients, but that he wrote as if he himself were one of the ancients. And Lord Monboddo did not hesitate to pronounce the style of Buchanan's narrative better than that of Livy. "It is," said he, "as pure and elegant, is better composed in periods, not intricate and involved like those of Livy, and without that affected brevity which makes Livy's style so obscure." Nevertheless, it is not from the literary but from the historical point of view that the "Rerum Scoticarum Historia" is chiefly of value. In order to understand the extent of Buchanan's services to Scottish history it is necessary to remember the misfortunes of the country's records. The early state papers had been destroyed by Edward I. in the thirteenth century, and the later documents, seized by Cromwell, were lost at sea while being returned at the Restoration. Accomplishing his work before the second of these misfortunes, Buchanan had the use of many papers now lost. As Privy Councillor, moreover, and as tutor to the king he had exceptional access to means of information, and there is no doubt that the preservation of many important facts of Scottish history is owed to him.

The first part of the history was based upon the work of Boece, and to this part exception has been taken upon several grounds. His narrative of the early peopling of the country by the Picts and Scots has been adversely criticised by the framers of later theories, while by critics sceptical of the antiquity of the Scottish kingdom his list of the early kings of the country has been decried as purely imaginary. There is much, of course, to be said, and much has been said, for both

sides of the case. It is well, however, to remember that Buchanan had at command sources of information, both documentary and legendary, which no longer exist ; and if, as is more than probable, the early narratives had acquired colour from the atmosphere through which they had passed, it should not be forgotten that Buchanan was by no means a too credulous historian. He busied himself, as he said, "with our story of Scotland, to purge it of some Inglis lyis and Scottis vanitie." The truth probably lies as usual between the two extremes, and the facts of early Scottish history recorded by Buchanan are neither all false nor altogether true. The most valuable part of the work, however, is that dealing with the historian's own times. He had personal acquaintance with the reigns of four Scottish monarchs, and was an eye-witness of his country's conduct through the crisis of the Reformation. Considerable allowance has, of course, to be made for the religious party spirit which blazed so fiercely at that day, a spirit from which Buchanan, with all his intention to be rigidly just, was by no means altogether free ; but with this allowance the later chapters of the great work form one of the most reliable contributions to history.

Buchanan's chief desert of gratitude lies in the fact that he preserved for later days a portrait of times which but for his labour would have been less clearly known. The usual meed of the historian was expected by him—"being assurit to content few and to displease mony." Few, nevertheless, will deny what a eulogist has said of him, that by his scholarly performance and his painstaking he erected "an imperishable monument to the name of Scotland." The story of his life, now seldom perused, must at least continue to illustrate one of the most pregnant periods in the history of his country.

GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

THE SECRET OF THE HEAVENS.

MANY are the books bearing such titles as "The Wonders of the Heavens," "The Marvels of the Heavens," "Mysteries of Time and Space," "The Story of the Heavens," &c. But few works on astronomy—at least, popular works—make any reference to what may justly be considered as the secret of the heavens. My readers may wonder what is this great mystery which I term the "secret of the heavens." Do not the heavens contain many mysteries? They certainly do. Mystery is attached to many, indeed, we may say, to most, of the heavenly bodies. Even within the bounds of our solar system we have several mysteries. For instance, the constitution of the sun; the real construction of Saturn's rings; the condition of Jupiter's surface, and of the surface of Saturn also; the so-called "canals" of Mars; the origin of the numerous craters which cover the surface of the moon; the constitution of comets; and other problems, all of which astronomers would like to see solved satisfactorily. When we extend our study to the stars, the mysteries further increase, and the enigmas seem more difficult of solution. We find, for instance, those mysterious objects, the variable stars. I refer especially to those of long period, and some of short period, in which the light is constantly varying. Then we have the "great nebulæ" in Orion, Andromeda, and Argo, the pale blue objects known as planetary nebulæ, and those still more wonderful systems known as spiral nebulæ. Respecting the real nature of these mysterious bodies, even the spectroscope does not give us much information. It is true that it shows some of these objects to be masses of glowing gas, but it seems as yet impossible to identify some of the bright lines of these gaseous nebulæ with any known terrestrial substances. It has been established with certainty that hydrogen gas forms one of their constituents, but with reference to the other elements they contain we seem to be still in the dark. But even if we knew their true chemical composition, it would still remain a mystery how they are maintained in a state of glowing incandescence. These and similar mysteries confront us at every step we take, or try to take, in the way of research.

I do not, however, allude at present to any of these mysteries or enigmas. The "secret" I refer to is what I consider to be *the* great mystery of astronomy. It is this: What is the construction of the starry heavens? What is the relation of the nebulous-looking zone called the Milky Way to the system of brighter stars which stud our midnight sky, and the position of both in space with reference to our sun and solar system? Considering space as infinite—as we seem bound to do—is our visible universe limited, or boundless in extent? These are questions which have hitherto been only partially answered, and they constitute a mystery which may well be termed the "secret of the heavens."

Let us first consider the relation of the Milky Way to our sun and solar system. Accurate observations have shown that the Galactic zone forms very nearly a great circle of the celestial sphere. Most of my readers will know that a "great circle" of a sphere means a circle round a sphere the plane of which passes through the centre of the sphere, and divides it into two hemispheres. Now what does this fact regarding the Milky Way denote? It implies clearly that the earth, and therefore the solar system, lies in, or nearly in, the general plane of the Milky Way. This seems to suggest that the sun is closely connected with the Galactic system. The appearance presented by the Milky Way led Sir William Herschel to propose the theory that the vast cluster forming the stellar heavens is shaped like a "disc," or block wheel, the diameter of the "disc" lying in the direction of the Milky Way, and its thickness in the direction of the poles of that zone. This "disc theory," although it was certainly abandoned by its illustrious author in his later writings (as was clearly shown by Struve in 1847, and by Proctor in recent years), has for some reason persistently held its ground in astronomical text-books. It is now, however, considered to be utterly untenable by nearly every astronomer who has studied the subject. An examination of Dr. Boeddicker's beautiful drawing of the northern portion of the Milky Way, recently published, will, I think, be sufficient to convince any reasoning mind that the Galactic zone is *not* shaped like a disc, and that any little evidence which ever existed in favour of such an hypothesis has now been finally refuted. Possibly the Milky Way may be simply what it seems to be, namely, a vast ring of small stars partially broken up. Its exact construction has, however, yet to be determined. Certain portions of this wonderful zone may perhaps be much nearer to the earth than others; but as we are still ignorant of the distance of any part of it, it is impossible to determine whether its component stars

are of average stellar size, reduced to faintness by immensity of distance, or whether they are really small, and comparatively near us. The late Mr. Proctor favoured the latter view, and I am disposed to agree with his opinion. It is worth noting that the two nearest stars in the heavens—as far as we know at present—Alpha Centauri and 61 Cygni, lie in the Milky Way, and we have really no reason to assume that these stars are very much nearer to the earth than many of the faint stars with which they are apparently associated. The fact that in some binary stars the primary is physically connected with a companion five magnitudes (and even more) fainter than itself, should teach us caution in concluding that a bright star is necessarily nearer to the earth than fainter stars situated in the same region of the sky. Brightness is certainly no test of distance, for we know that 61 Cygni, a star of only the fifth magnitude, is actually a little nearer to us than Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens.

But even if we knew the exact constitution of the Milky Way, this knowledge would not enable us to satisfactorily answer the question, Is our visible universe finite, or boundless in extent? For even if we knew the exact distance of the Galactic zone, there might still be numerous stars beyond that zone belonging to our sidereal system. We have, therefore, to examine the question from another point of view. There seems to be little doubt that the number of the *visible* stars is really limited. Most astronomers now admit that the total number of stars visible in our largest telescopes cannot much exceed one hundred millions. This is, of course, a large number, but compared with an *infinite* number it is really very small. It may be proved mathematically—and the demonstration is a very simple one—that were the number of stars really infinite, and equally distributed through infinite space, the whole heavens would shine with the brightness of the sun. Far from this being the case, the amount of light afforded by the stars, even on the finest nights, is very small, and the comparative blackness of the background on which they are scattered is sufficiently obvious. The number visible to the naked eye, even with very good eyesight, is not only comparatively but *absolutely* small. Some unreasoning people think that the number visible in this way is almost "countless," but an attempt to count those *distinctly* visible in any portion of the sky—for instance, in the "square of Pegasus"—will, I think, convince any intelligent person that the idea is merely an optical illusion, and a popular fallacy which has no foundation in fact. The number visible to average eyesight on an ordinary night does not much exceed 4,000 for both

hemispheres. For exceptionally keen eyesight, and a very clear sky, we may perhaps allow a total of 10,000 for the whole star-sphere, or 5,000 visible from any one place at one time. But surely this is a very small number, scattered over the whole expanse of the heavens. Five thousand men could easily be placed on a small field without touching. Allowing a space of four feet square, or sixteen square feet, for each man—a liberal allowance—I find that over 5,000 men could be placed without touching each other on a field of two acres (a field about a hundred yards square). Now, if we were to rise in a balloon over this two-acre field, we should see a large number of heads, but there would be a lot of ground visible between the heads, and if we rose to a height of, say, two miles, the field would dwindle to a mere speck on the earth's surface.

To show what a limited number even one hundred millions is, I may mention that, from a rough calculation, I find that in a ten-acre field of ripe oats the number of grains of corn probably exceeds the number of the visible stars; and we should have to multiply the number of the stellar hosts by at least ten to obtain the number of human beings now living on our comparatively tiny world!

To account for the limited number of the visible stars, some astronomers have suggested that the light of the stars suffers absorption in the ether of space, and that at a certain distance the stellar light must be wholly cut off, so that the most powerful telescope which can ever be constructed by man would fail to pierce through the "cosmical veil" which shrouds the more distant stars from our view. There are, however, several objections to this hypothesis. I will mention one or two. M. Celoria, using a small telescope of power barely sufficient to show stars to the eleventh magnitude, found that he could see almost exactly the same number of stars near the northern pole of the Milky Way as were visible in Sir W. Herschel's large telescope, showing that here, at least, no increase of optical power will materially increase the number of stars visible in that direction, and that probably very faint stars do not exist in this region of space. Sir John Herschel, speaking of his observations at the Cape of Good Hope, says, "We are not at liberty to argue that at one point of its circumference our view is limited by this sort of cosmical veil which extinguishes the smaller magnitudes, cuts off the nebulous light of distant masses, and closes our view in impenetrable darkness, while at another we are compelled by the clearest evidence telescopes can afford to believe that star-strewn vistas *lie open*, exhausting their power and stretching out beyond their utmost reach, as is proved by that very phenomenon which the existence of such

a veil would render impossible—viz., infinite increase of numbers and diminution of magnitude, terminating in complete, irresolvable nebulosity;" and Professor Grant says, in his "History of Physical Astronomy," "If such an hypothesis were true, we might reasonably presume that, in consequence of the light being everywhere extinguished at the same distance, the Milky Way would present a uniform aspect throughout its course. As, however, observations of the actual aspect of the Milky Way do not accord with this conclusion, the hypothesis from which it is deduced is manifestly inadmissible."

In a memoir recently published by Professor Schiaparelli, the famous Italian astronomer, on the distribution of the stars visible to the naked eye, he discusses the question of the supposed extinction of stellar light. Finding that the hypothetical extinction would reduce the light of very distant stars to an enormous degree, he rejects the hypothesis as improbable. Admitting, however, a very small and slow absorption—for instance, one eight-hundredth of the light at the distance of stars of the first magnitude, as supposed by Olbers—he suggests that possibly this small absorption may be due to very finely-comminuted matter scattered through interstellar space. Assuming the most probable distance for stars of the first magnitude, he computes the quantity of matter which would be necessary to produce the assumed absorption, and finds that the quantity would be so small that, if all the particles scattered through a space equal in volume to that of the terrestrial globe were collected together, they would form a small opaque ball a little less than one inch in diameter! If we consider the tenuity of a comet's tail, we can well admit the existence in space of matter in such a finely-divided state.

But even if we do not admit any extinction of light within the limits of the sidereal system, we may, I think, explain the limited number of the visible stars in the following way. Suppose each star to be attended by a family of planets—as many of them probably are—forming a solar system similar to our own, as in the hypothesis proposed by Lambert in the eighteenth century. Call each of these systems a system of the first order. Then suppose all the visible stars, clusters, and nebulæ—the Milky Way included—to form a system of a higher order. Call this a system of the second order. We may then imagine an immense number of these systems of the second order to exist in infinite space, which, all combined, would form a system of the third order; and so on to higher orders still. But for our present purpose we need not go beyond systems of the second order.

Assuming now the distance of the nearest fixed star—or the distance between two solar systems, or systems of the first order—to be 4,500 times the diameter of our solar system (which is about correct for Alpha Centauri), or the diameter of Neptune's orbit, and the distance of the faintest stars visible in our largest telescopes at 2,300 times the distance of the nearest fixed star (corresponding to the distance of stars of about the seventeenth magnitude). If we further assume that the distance between the systems of the second order bears the same ratio to the diameter of our sidereal system that the distance between two stars of that system bears to the diameter of the solar system, I find that the distance of the nearest external system from the earth would be expressed in miles by the number 520 followed by eighteen cyphers, a distance which light, with its immense velocity of 186,000 miles per second, would take nearly ninety millions of years to traverse !

This hypothesis affords an obvious explanation of the fact that the visible stars and nebulæ are limited in number. They all form part and parcel of one great sidereal cluster—our visible universe—which is separated from all external galaxies by a vast starless void, in the same way that the solar system is separated by empty space from the surrounding star-sphere.

The invisibility of the external galaxies may be explained, either by supposing a "thinning-out" of the ether beyond the limits of our sidereal system, or by supposing a small extinction of light to take place in objects placed at immense distances. The light of even the nearest external universe, enfeebled by a distance of twenty million times that of Alpha Centauri, might well be extinguished altogether by a very small absorption of light in such a vast thickness of a fluid medium perhaps not absolutely perfect. I find that Alpha Centauri placed at such a distance would, even if there were no absorption, be reduced to a star of the thirty-sixth magnitude, which would theoretically require a telescope of over 24,000 feet in diameter even to glimpse !

We are, however, not precluded by this hypothesis from supposing that numerous similar systems may exist in external space, and although we must consider the number of the *visible* stars as strictly limited, the number of suns and systems really existing, but invisible to us, may still be practically infinite.

J. ELLARD GORE

THE MALT LIQUORS OF THE ENGLISH.

La cerveyse vos chantera
Alleluia !—Old Song.

VICTOR HEHN has pointed out, in his "Wanderings of Plants and Animals," how modern Europe may be roughly divided into a region of wine and oil bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, and a region of beer and butter lying towards the North Sea and the Baltic, and how greatly the former sphere has extended at the expense of the latter in recent times. As the Roman Empire advanced its borders, the wines of the Sunny South were introduced into the beer-drinking countries, and sometimes temporarily, sometimes permanently, supplanted the home-brewed beverages of the conquered nations, while, for purposes of cooking, olive oil took the place of butter.

Britain was one of the "beer lands," for Pytheas, as quoted by Strabo, relates, nearly sixteen centuries ago, how the inhabitants of "those countries which approach the frozen zone" (among which he appears to include Britain and Thule) made their drink from corn and honey. Mr. Elton, in his fascinating work "Origins of English History," considers this drink to have been what the Welsh called and still call metheglin, but metheglin is composed of honey and water only, while the beverage referred to by Pytheas evidently contained a large substratum of malt liquor, like the *Korma* of ancient Gaul. Of the same character, I have no doubt, was the mead of the hardy Norsemen, the inhabitants of distant Thule.

The Monk Jonas, writing in the sixth century, states that beer boiled out of the juices of corn and barley was the drink of the nations which inhabited the shores of the ocean, namely: Gaul, Britain, Hibernia, Germany, and other countries which did not differ from them in manners, but he excepts from that category the Scots and the Dardans. The Scots were the inhabitants of the opposite shores of Ireland and Scotland, a piratical people of whom we hear much at the close of the Roman rule in Britain, and the Dardans were probably a Welsh tribe, whose name may have given some colour to the

absurd theory of mediæval writers, that the ancient Britons came from Troy.

Our English and Scandinavian forefathers were all drinkers of malt liquor. The old English word *béor*, and the old Norse *bjór-r* are respectively connected with, if not derived (in a sense both etymological and physical) from, *bere* and *bar-r* (barley), the *bear* of the modern Scot. The Norseman, however, preferred the term *öl* to describe his national drink. Thus in the old Icelandic saga, or mythical poem, known as the *Alvismál* we have the line—

Ale it is called among men, and among gods beer;

the less familiar name being referred to another world. Similarly the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of this country used the term ale (*alu*) in preference to beer (*béor*), and in the Middle Ages the latter word had completely dropped out of the English tongue. Chaucer does not use it, nor yet does Langland in his poem of "Piers Plowman" (1377). A third element of population in the British Isles, the Celts, also called the liquor *ol* (drink), so that we have no difficulty in understanding why the word "beer" had become obsolete in middle English. In the fifteenth century, however, we see the latter word beginning to crop up again, but with a new shade of meaning. It no longer signified the old English drink, but a novel preparation introduced from abroad, viz.:—Malt liquor, containing an infusion of hops.

The "Promptorium Parvulorum" of 1440 defines the word "beer" as *cervisia humulina*, that is, hopped ale. It is evident, from sundry references made by writers of that period, that the use of hops in brewing, and the name of beer applied to the decoction, were introduced into this country from Holland. "Elynour Rummynge," a poem of Henry VIII.'s reign, contains the couplet:—

The *Dutchman's* strong beer
Was not *hopped* over here.

The word hopped being here used with a double meaning; and old Andrew Boorde, in his "Dietary," published in 1542, draws the following distinction between ale and beer:—

Ale is made of malt and water, and they which put any other thing to ale than is rehersed (except yeast barm or godsgood) do sophisticate their ale. Ale for an Englishman is a natural drink.

Barm and godsgood are old names for yeast.

Beer is made of malt, of hops, and water. It is a natural drink for a Dutchman, and now of late days it is much used in England, to the detriment of many Englishmen.

The comparison is an odious one, and the writer displays much prejudice against the foreign drink which has since become so very popular in this country.

In 1520 King Henry VIII. introduced some reforms in his household, and amongst other things directed that the brewer should not in future put any hops or brimstone into the royal ale. Hops, like tobacco, were at first regarded by Englishmen as a noxious weed, and no doubt the King considered hops and brimstone as ingredients more suited to the broth in a witch's caldron than to the ale in a brewer's copper.

The word "beer" came very slowly into general use after its re-introduction into the English language. Even Shakespeare uses it but sparingly :—

> Here's a pot of good double beer,
> Neighbour, drink, and fear not your man.—*Henry VI.* Part 2.

But at the present day it is beer which is the popular term, and the word ale is gradually falling out of use except in some provincial dialects or as a trade name. The light of these two variable stars alternately waxes and wanes, now grows more conspicuous, now dies down again.

Our Norse cousins not only drank ale and mead at their feasts, but, if we are to believe old writers, sometimes used those liquors for sacred purposes. Huidtfeldt's Chronicle states that the Norsemen in the year 1250, and again in 1290, obtained permission of the Pope to use mead in the Sacrament of the Altar, on account of the great scarcity of wine which prevailed. And in 1241, the people of the far north are said to have baptized in beer (*cervisia*) because they had so little water ; and Nashe's "Terrors of the Night" (1594) tells us that the Pope had long since given the people of Iceland a dispensation to receive the Communion in ale because wine was turned to ice the moment that it was imported into the island !

The Normans who were of Scandinavian origin, like the English, and unlike the French, were drinkers of malt liquor. This appears from an old poem which I have quoted in a former paper on the same subject.

Just as the members of religious houses in France excelled in the manufacture of choice wines, so those of English monasteries were adepts in the art of brewing ale. In many English parishes it was the custom to hold festivals called "Church ales." They were maintained by collecting contributions of malt from the parishioners, and with that ale was brewed, and the proceeds of sale devoted to church expenses. The ale was sometimes drunk in the churchyard,

but in other parishes there was a building called "The Church House," where the churchwardens brewed the ale and the people consumed it. At Eastbourne, in Sussex, a singular variety of this custom formerly prevailed. It was locally known as "Sops and Ale," and is described in Hone's "Every-Day Book."

I will now say a few words about the Old English Alehouse. It was always a great institution in this country, and we find mention of one nine hundred years ago. The alehouse was indicated by a projecting pole, to the top of which was tied a bunch of ivy or some other evergreen, giving it the appearance of a gigantic broom. The origin of the sign has been referred to Roman times, and some see in it a survival of the *thyrsus*, which was carried in the festivals of Bacchus, and which consisted of a spear whose point was concealed by a bunch of vine leaves or ivy. To the sign of the "wyspe," or bunch of evergreens, we can trace the origin of the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush"; and though the ancient pole has now disappeared, the name of "The Bush Inn" frequently recalls its memory. The bush is occasionally shown in old pictures, and on the Bayeux tapestry will be found a representation of a building adorned with an ale-pole. The author of the old alliterative poem "Piers Plowman" gives us a peep into an alehouse of the Middle Ages. "Glutton," one of his characters, has resolved to amend his ways, and is on his road to church, when the "brewster" meets him and entices him into her alehouse:—

> Now bigynneth Glotoun for to go to schrifte,
> And kaires hym Kirkward his coup to schewe,
> Ac Beton the brewestere bad him good morwe,
> And axed of hym with that whiderward he wolde.
> "To holi cherche," quod he, "for to here masse,
> And sithen I will be schryven and synne namore."
> "I have gode ale, gossib," quod she, "Glotoun wiltow assaye?"
> "Hastow aught in thy purs, any hot spices?"
> "I have peper and peones," quod she, "and a pound of garlike,
> A ferthyngworth of fenel seed for fastyngdayes."
> Thanne goth Glotoun in.

We have a list of the motley and rowdy company of men and women there assembled. Then there follows haggling and wrangling, singing and swearing, laughing, scowling and drinking, until Glutton becomes hopelessly intoxicated and is carried home to bed:—

> There was laughing and louryng, and "let go the cuppe,"
> And seten til evensonge and songen umwhile,
> Tyl Glotoun had y-globbed a galoun and a jille.

And in the same poem, another character, Avarice, states that he had

formerly been in the habit of buying barley malt, with which his wife brewed two kinds of ale, one called "penny ale," and the other "pudding ale." These she mixed together, and sold to labourers and such low folk. But the best ale was kept in the landlord's bedroom, and retailed at a groat a gallon, very short measure being served to the customers. "Penny ale" was so called because it was sold at one penny per gallon, and "pudding ale" because of its thick muddy appearance. The nominal value of the groat was four pence.

John Skelton, the poet, has given us a picture of a wayside alehouse, near Leatherhead, Surrey, in King Henry VIII.'s reign. It is kept by a hideous hag, who retails her home-brewed ale to the ill-favoured *habitués*, and receives as payment a miscellany of goods and chattels such as only a modern pawnbroker is able to amass. "The Rhyme of Elynour Rummynge" is a long one, but the following lines will give some idea of its character :—

> And this comely dame I understand her name
> Is Elynour Rummynge, at home in her wonnynge,
> And as men say she dwells in Sothray,
> In a certayne stede bysyde Lederhede,
> She breweth noppy ale and maketh thereof port sale
> To travellers and tinkers and all good ale drinkers.
> Instead of coyne and monny, some brynge her a cony,
> And some a pot of honny.
> Some a salt and some a spone, some theyr hose some theyr shone.
> Some bryngeth her husbandes hood because the ale is good.
> Another brought her his cap to offer to the ale tap.
> Another brought her garlyke bedes, another brought her bedes
> Of jet or of cole, to offer to the ale-pole.
> And some than sat ryght sad, that nothynge had
> There of theyr awne (own), neyther gelt nor pawne,
> Such were there menny that had not a penny.
> But whan they should walke, were fayne with a chalke
> To score on the balke,
> Or score on the tayle (tally) God gyve it yll hayle ! (ill luck).

"Gammer Gurton's Needle" (1561) relates to the same period, and contains the well-known drinking song, "Back and side go bare, go bare." In the play, the curate is dragged much against his will from his favourite resort, Hobfylcher's alehouse, and bitterly complains that

> A man had better twenty times be a ban-dog and bark,
> Than here among such a sort be parish priest or clerk,

for he has not time to drink two pots of ale before one of his flock come to trouble him with some unimportant trifle, "not worth a half-pennyworth of ale." If he goes in obedience to the summons,

he will find that some old woman has got a pain in her finger; but if he does not go, he will discover that he has lost a tithe pig or goose.

It is a somewhat curious fact, that both brewers and retailers of ale were nearly always women. This is illustrated by the two passages just quoted from "Piers Plowman." The words brewster and tapster are feminine forms of brewer and tapper, just as spinster is of spinner, and webster of webber. We still hear of "Brewster" Sessions, but the word has long since lost its primary feminine meaning. In "Elynour Rummynge" we have another of these female retailers of ale, or "ale drapers" as they were familiarly termed. In "Two Gentlemen of Verona" we read, "Item, *she* brews good ale," and many other examples may be adduced of females filling the two capacities above mentioned.

The old public-houses were not subject to so many legislative restrictions as those of the present day, but in Edward VI.'s reign an Act was passed providing that "none should be admitted to keep a common alehouse except in open sessions or by two justices, and entering into a recognisance to prevent unlawful games and keep good order." It was the Manor which regulated the brewing and selling of ale within its limits. Thus the court-rolls of the Manor of Scotter, in Lincolnshire, show that an order was made in 1562, prohibiting the tenants from brewing at night, probably on account of the danger of setting fire to the farm buildings, which were constructed of wood plastered with mud taken from the roads, and thatched with straw. One of the tenants is directed to take out a license for keeping an alehouse, "according to the statute," and to hang up at his door a sign or ale-wyspe. *Tastores serivicie* too were appointed for the year.

These *tastores* or *gustatores cervisiæ*, commonly called ale-tasters or ale conners, were officers appointed annually at the court-leet of every manor, and their duty was to see that the ale sold was of the standard quality. The office of ale-taster in the city of London dates back to the time of the Norman conquest.

In the year 1630, England was in the position in which Russia finds herself to-day. The grain crop had failed, not only at home, but in the foreign countries from which we were in the habit of drawing supplies of food, and prices in consequence rose a hundred per cent. A famine seemed imminent, and the justices of the peace throughout the country were directed to take every precaution to prevent the exportation of corn, to restrain the making of malt for purposes of brewing, and to suppress all unnecessary alehouses,

The returns which the justices made show that the offence of keeping an alehouse without a license was a very common one in those days.

The English of the Elizabethan era ate beef-steaks for breakfast, and naturally required a good draught of two-year ale to wash down the substantial meal. We have all heard how the ladies of the Court had each her daily allowance of breakfast ale left at her door in the morning.

In Langland's day, as we have seen, and throughout the fourteenth century, the best ale cost 4*d.* the gallon. The ordinary drink, seasoned with pepper and garlick, was everywhere retailed at 1*d.* a gallon, and "penny ale" must have been as familiar an order as is "four ale" now a days. Pudding ale, "the cheapest and worst," was hardly drinkable unless diluted with some of the penny quality of liquor. The archives of the town of Seaford, in Sussex, record that in the sixteenth century the standard prices of ale, "according to the king's statutes," were as follows:—When under the sieve (*i.e.* wort), 1¼*d.*; when "stale," or kept for a short period, 1½*d.*; and when "in the huff," that is, fermented and arrived at maturity, 2*d.* per gallon. Stale ale was more appreciated than its name would lead us to suppose, for an old proverb says:—

Beerum si sit cleerum est sincerum,
Alum si sit stalum non est malum.

I will conclude by calling attention to an old song written in praise of some long-forgotten brewster's ale. It is at least as old as Elizabeth's reign, for the books of the Stationers' Company show that a certain John Danter "entered for his copy a ballad entitled *Jone's ale is newe*," on the 26th of October, 1594. This entry quite disposes of the opinion expressed in a head-note to a version of the song printed in the Percy Society's Tracts, that it belonged to the period of the Commonwealth. I have frequently heard the song sung in Cumberland, set to a lively air:—

The first that came in was a soldier,
With his fire-lock over his shoulder,
I'm sure no man could be bolder
Amongst that jovial crew.
He swore he would fight for England's crown,
Before he'd run his country down,
And every man should spend a crown
While Joan's ale was new, brave boys,
While Joan's ale was new!

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

THE STORY OF THE BROAD GAUGE.

The fiat's gone forth that the giants of yore,
The sires that gave breath to the "Dutchman's" loud roar,
Shall be buried in life: and they've tolled the death knell
Of the noble creations of Gooch and Brunel.
We mourn for thy death, dear old Broad Gauge, and sigh
For the exquisite forms which were balm to the eye;
Creations superb of a far-seeing brain,
No more shall we look on your equals again.

P. ARBIE.

"HOW are the mighty fallen!" The Broad Gauge is a thing of the past. From the evening of May 20, 1892, till the morning of Monday (23rd), the Great Western line from Exeter to Penzance, a distance of 134 miles, together with all the broad gauge branches, was closed for traffic, to allow of the alteration of the gauge to the standard one of this country, viz., 4·8½ inches.

The conversion had no doubt been kept in abeyance during the lifetime of the late chairman of the Great Western Railway, Sir Daniel Gooch, who was a pupil of Stephenson, and in 1837 was appointed locomotive superintendent to the Great Western. He was a staunch supporter of, and worked harmoniously with Brunel, winning lasting fame by his celebrated 8-foot "singles," which were first built in 1846, and, to quote Acworth:—

No traveller upon the line (unless, perhaps, he should happen to be a shareholder) will see without a pang the stately "Iron Duke," the wandering "Tartar," or the swift-flying "Swallow" disappear from the road that has known them for over forty years.

No engines in the world have so long and as famous a history as these old engines of Sir Daniel Gooch. Save that they have lost the sentry-box at the back of the tender, from which the guard used to keep watch to see that his train was duly following, they look to-day, with their great 8-foot driving wheels and their old world brass dome and brass wheel covers, just as they must have looked more than forty years ago, when our fathers gaped open-mouthed at the tale of their achievements. And, indeed, their achievements were in sober earnest remarkable enough.

Of what narrow gauge engines can the same be said? We look

in vain for any built at that time in work to-day, while Gooch's worked the broad gauge expresses to time to the last.

We propose giving a short history of the broad gauge, from its conception by that great master of gigantic engineering feats—Isambard Kingdom Brunel—through the "Battle of the Gauges"—which, fifty years ago, agitated the public mind as much as Home Rule and the Eight Hours Day do at present—a question on which Parliamentary candidates were elected or rejected by the several constituencies they wooed; when Brunel's word was as much applauded or reviled as Lord Salisbury's and Mr. Gladstone's are to-day by the various politicians. Alas! to-day but few have heard of such a battle, and perchance they conjecture some Homeric poem in which to find a description of it.

Following its history from the time it stood first, far ahead of all other lines for speed and comfort in travelling and personal safety to its patrons, till it was crushed by its competitor, which, from the fact that it was first in the field, and had taken a deep root in our soil, and not because it was in any way superior to the broad gauge, till in 1868 the first section (Princes Risborough to Aylesbury) was converted to the narrow gauge (which process has been going on little by little ever since), until now, the last section (till now exclusively broad gauge) has been converted, and another of Brunel's giants is to slide into oblivion, besides his *Great Eastern* steamship, "Atmospheric Railway," and "Thames Tunnel." Acworth, in his "Railways of England," commences his chapter on the "Great Western" in a most happy vein as follows:—

It would be more than a fanciful conceit if we were to compare the great "Battle of the Gauges," which raged with such fury more than forty years ago, to the yet more ancient strife between the Britons and English. Like the Britons, the champions of the broad gauge, under the leadership of their king Arthur, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, performed prodigies of skill and valour; like them, they have been worsted in the struggle; like them, they have retired, defeated but not disgraced, to Cornwall, where they have hitherto been left in almost undisputed possession. But though nowadays the fact may be well-nigh forgotten, at one time the victory was trembling in the balance. Not only to Exeter and Plymouth, but to Hereford and Wolverhampton, to Milford and to Weymouth, the broad gauge metals ran. Even in the Metropolis itself, Moorgate Street and Victoria were broad gauge outposts. We might, indeed, carry our simile further, and draw a comparison between the infusion of British blood, deepening as we pass westward through Somerset into Devon, and on through Devon to Cornwall, and the proportion which the broad gauge traffic bears to the narrow at the present day over the different sections of the Great Western, as we journey farther and farther west from London. Or, again, we might point out that, just as the invading English were wont to seize and fortify positions on the coast of their enemy's country, so the narrow gauge at Bodmin and Wadebridge, that for over

half a century has remained contentedly isolated from all its neighbours, was one of the very earliest railways in England; and even the West Cornwall, originally narrow gauge, and the solitary example of a line once narrow, which has since been adapted to the broad gauge, ran from sea to sea, from Hoyle, on the north coast, through Camborne and Redruth, to Newham, on the Fal River below Truro, years before ever Brunel had spanned the Tamar with the wondrous arches of Saltash Bridge. But whatever the broad gauge may have in common with the Britons of old, it at least does not share the alleged distinction of their modern representatives, who know not when they are beaten.

Perhaps it is not generally known that the Great Western Terminus was to be Euston Station, yet it is so.

The London and Birmingham and the London and Bristol Railways intended to have a joint terminus at Euston, but when Brunel got his Act passed, without the clause limiting the gauge, he boldly gave out that the London and Bristol would be constructed with a 7-foot gauge; and as the Birmingham line was already being built with Stephenson's 4-foot 8½-inch gauge, it was impossible for the idea of a common terminus to be carried out. So the Great Western struck out a new line from near Willesden to Paddington. The London and Bristol Bill was first presented to Parliament in 1834, and in that year a clause was inserted in all Railway Bills, limiting the gauge to 4 feet 8½ inches. Through the opposition of Eton and Oxford the Bill was thrown out, and had the national seats of learning not been so violent in their opposition the Bill would have passed, and probably the broad gauge would never have been heard of. Smiles says :—

The London and Bristol (afterwards the Great Western) Railway was vehemently opposed by the people of the towns through which the line was projected to pass; and when the Bill was thrown out by the Lords—after £30,000 had been expended by the promoters—the inhabitants of Eton assembled, under the presidency of the Marquis of Chandos, to rejoice and congratulate themselves and the country upon its defeat.

Next year the Bill was again introduced into Parliament, and this time it contained no clause limiting the gauge, and the Bill duly passed the two Houses. Brunel had as yet said nothing about the gauge of his line, but he had been educated at the École Polytechnique, and would not follow the lead of the English engineers, and went boldly in for a 7-foot gauge. We reproduce from Smiles's "Life of Stephenson" the contrast between the rival engineers :—

In mentioning the name of Brunel we are reminded of him as the principal rival and competitor of Robert Stephenson. Both were the sons of distinguished men, and both inherited the fame, and followed in the footsteps, of their fathers. The Stephensons were inventive, practical, and sagacious; the Brunels ingenious, imaginative, and daring. The former were as thoroughly English in their charac-

teristics as the latter, perhaps, were as thoroughly French. The fathers and the sons were alike successful in their works, though not in the same degree.

Measured by practical and profitable results, the Stephensons were unquestionably the safer men to follow. Robert Stephenson and Isambard Kingdom Brunel were destined often to come into collision in the course of their professional life. Their respective railway districts "marched" with each other, and it became their business to invade or defend those districts according as the policy of their respective boards might direct. The gauge of 7 feet fixed by Brunel for the Great Western Railway, so entirely different from that of 4 feet 8½ inches adopted by the Stephensons on the Northern and Midland lines, was from the first a great cause of contention. But Brunel had always an aversion to follow any man's lead; and that another engineer had fixed the gauge of a railway, or built a bridge, or designed an engine in one way, was of itself often a sufficient reason with him for adopting an altogether different course. Mr. Brunel, however, determined that the Great Western should be a giant road, and that travelling should be conducted upon it at double speed. His ambition was to make the best road that imagination could devise; whereas the main object of the Stephensons, both father and son, was to make a road that would *pay*. Although, tried by the Stephensons' test, Brunel's magnificent road was a failure, so far as the shareholders in the Great Western Company were concerned, the stimulus which his ambitious designs gave to mechanical invention proved a general good.

The first portion of the line, Paddington to Maidenhead, twenty-three miles, was opened in 1838, when Brunel's bold idea of a skew bridge over the Thames was carried out successfully, and stands to the present day. Indeed, so great is the Great Western directors' respect to the memory of its brilliant designer that, in carrying out the widening of the line from Maidenhead to Didcot, the company has decided to build a similar bridge to Brunel's famous one, parallel with it; and, to insure the quality of the work, instead of it being let to a contractor, as the rest of the widening is, the bridge is being built by the company, so as to make sure of good workmanship and unity of design. So far has the idea been carried out that, finding the original bridge has settled about an inch, the new one will not be built a true ellipse, but will be the same amount out of the correct form. Brunel's bridge consists of a central pier from which a main arch springs on either side, each of which is flanked by four smaller openings; the main arches are elliptical in form and of 130 feet span, with a rise of 24 feet; these two arches are longer and flatter than any others ever executed in brickwork. Both during the building and after the completion of the bridge doubts were freely expressed as to its stability, but "time proves all things," and has proved Brunel right here, at any rate. Another remarkable engineering feat in connection with this line was the Hanwell embankment, built on a clay foundation with a treacherous subsoil, which latter gave way, and the embankment gradually sunk but rose again on either side of

its original site. The "Battle of the Gauges," which is popularly supposed to have begun in 1842, really commenced in 1839, at the general meeting of the shareholders of the London and Bristol Railway in January of that year, when the Brunelites were successful by a narrow majority; and this victory was only obtained by Brunel stating that to take up and alter the gauge of the 23 miles (London to Maidenhead) would need an outlay of £135,000. Happy had it been for the shareholders had they sanctioned this expenditure.

Mr. Nicholas Wood and Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Hawkshaw reported unfavourably on the broad gauge, but Brunel's eloquence had more weight with the shareholders, and he was commissioned to proceed with the work.

The Box tunnel between Chippenham and Bath was another great undertaking successfully carried out. It is 3,203 yards long and required 30,000,000 bricks to roof it. The line was finished to Reading in 1840, and in 1841 it was completed to Bristol, from which place the work had been proceeding at the same time to meet the London end. At Bristol, Brunel proposed to connect the Great Western with South Wales by means of a huge steam ferry, large enough to carry loaded trucks bodily across the Severn, but he died before the idea could be carried out, and after his death it was abandoned.

It was on the Great Western, in 1840, that Cook and Wheatstone's electric-magnetic telegraph was first successfully employed, between London and Slough at first, and so on down the line as it was completed. The Prince Consort frequently used the railway between London and Slough (for Windsor), but the Queen did not venture to use the line till 1842; and when the Windsor branch was "narrowed," there was no further use for the broad gauge saloon used by Her Majesty, which has since remained in the Swindon shops.

The telegraph gave the Great Western Company a great advantage over the other railways in signalling their trains, and consequently they stood ahead of their competitors in the speed of their trains and the safety of their passengers. So remarkable was this latter, that for the three years preceding Christmas Eve 1841 the company carried over 3,000,000 passengers, and the only accidents reported were a broken leg and arm and several bruises. In those days the third-class passengers had a very bad time of it; the Parliamentary train took sixteen hours to cover the 163 miles to Taunton, leaving London at 9 P.M. or 4 A.M. When it was proposed to accelerate these trains, the directors replied that the passengers could not stand

a greater speed, because the weather would be too much for them. This will be understood when we recollect that the third-class coaches were quite open at the sides and top.

On the question of locomotives and speed, the Great Western Railway was for many years ahead, and still holds its own. It led the way with the "North Star," a six-wheel engine, built at Newcastle by R. Stephenson & Co., from drawings by Sir Daniel Gooch, in 1839. It is said that this engine was built for a Russian railway of 6-foot gauge, and had 6-foot drivers; but it was altered to the 7-foot gauge, with 7-foot driving wheels.

At this time the narrow gauge locomotives only had four wheels. The "North Star" is the prototype of the six-wheel engines of to-day, and could it be seen, an ordinary observer most likely would notice nothing uncommon about it. A peculiarity was, that the wooden lagging was exposed to view and not covered with sheet-metal as usual.

Then came Mr. Brunel's "Hurricane" (nicknamed "Grasshopper"), with 10-foot driving-wheels (the largest ever made); this was followed by the "Great Britain" in 1846, on eight wheels, with 8-foot single driving-wheels. The engines of this type, as already mentioned, are still running. Mr. Foxwell says, "The express was timed to *leave* Didcot (it stopped there) 57 minutes after departing from Paddington; and the distance, 53 miles, was repeatedly run in from 47½ to 50 minutes."

In comparing these extraordinary runs with present day ones—which, by the way, they beat—we must not forget that these trains consisted of four-wheel coaches, with a rigid wheel base, and fitted with no continuous brake!

One driver undertook to cover the 118½ miles (London to Bristol) *within the hour*. He was not allowed to try the experiment. Smiles, writing of the speed competition, says:—

> The narrow gauge engineers exerted themselves to quicken the speed of their locomotives to the utmost; they improved and re-improved them. The machinery was simplified and perfected. Outside cylinders gave place to inside; the steadier and more rapid and effective action of the engine was secured; and in a few years the highest speed on railways went up from 30 to about 50 miles an hour. For this rapidity of progress we are in no small degree indebted to the stimulus imparted to the narrow gauge engineers by Mr. Brunel.
>
> It was one of the characteristics of Brunel to believe in the success of the schemes for which he was professionally engaged as engineer; and he proved this by investing his savings largely in the Great Western Railway.

Upon several occasions, between 1847 and 1854, Brunel and Gooch ran engines at speeds of and just over 78 miles per hour,

while in 1853 one of the Bristol and Exeter 9-foot engines was officially timed at a speed of just over 80 miles per hour. This has never been beaten, unless we can swallow the tales lately received from America about some wonderful runs, which no doubt make an attractive newspaper paragraph, but require to be taken with a little salt.

In February of this year, the writer tried to induce the Great Western to make a new record of broad gauge speed before abolishing the same. The idea was, that during April a train should run from London to Exeter, stopping only at Swindon, doing the journey, 192 miles, in 3½ hours; but Mr. Burlinson did not think it worth while, we are sorry to say. Perhaps the reader will wonder why the stop should be at Swindon instead of half-way, say at Bath. The following will explain: When the Great Western was short of money, a person agreed to build refreshment-rooms at Swindon at his own cost, provided a long lease was granted to him at a rental of one penny per annum, and that all the trains stopped there ten minutes to allow the passengers time for refreshments. This the company agreed to, and now they would gladly get out of it, but they cannot.

We need scarcely add that many refreshment contractors have made big fortunes at Swindon. Returning to Brunel's works, the next portion we come to is that part of the Great Western from Exeter to Plymouth, known as the South Devon line, and which, from Star Cross to Teignmouth, passes along the very edge of the sea, and at several places, where the cliffs jut out too boldly to allow of curves round them, have been tunnelled, and the line reappears by the side of the waves at the other side of the headland. Brunel intended this line to be worked on the atmospheric system, *i.e.*, a pipe of large diameter was to be laid between the rails, and a piston fitting in it was to be connected with the carriage, while a stationary steam-engine pumped the air from the front of the piston, so causing a vacuum; the pressure of the air from behind would force the piston, and, consequently, the carriages attached to it, forward. Up to Newton Abbot the gradients are the easiest of any main line—mostly 1 in 660; from this point, however, to the end of the line at Penzance, it is for the most part up and down steep banks, and, for a main line, a curious change takes place here in the class of engine drawing the trains westward. Instead of the 8-foot "single," a 6-coupled saddle tank is employed; indeed, when about two years ago a new express was put on (the 10.15 A.M. ex. Paddington, known as the "Cornishman"), which does not stop at Newton, but runs through from Exeter to Plymouth, the company had to convert some tank-

engines which were suitable to the line, and add tenders to them, to enable them to carry a sufficient supply of water to traverse the 53 miles without a stop. Most likely this is the only case on record of a "tank" having a tender added to it, except the B and E, 9-feet.

After Plymouth, we come to another of Brunel's giants—the Suspension Bridge over the Tamar, at Saltash—which is still one of the most remarkable bridges in the world, despite the wonderful "Forth Bridge." It is 260 feet above the water, and is 2,240 feet long, consisting of 19 spans (of which 17 are wider than the widest of Westminster Bridge), and two spans, which rest on a single cast iron column of four pillars in the centre of the river—which is wider than he Thames at Westminster. Passing into Cornwall we find the ungainly and old wooden viaducts, reminding us of the American tressel bridges, of these there are 41. The "battle" raged furiously in the spring of 1845. The "Sesquipedalians," as the Great Western's advocates were called, promoted a Bill for a line from Oxford to Wolverhampton *viâ* Worcester, and another from Oxford to Rugby. The London and Birmingham immediately brought forward an opposition scheme to the same places *viâ* Tring, and, as they thought to make sure of their Bill, inserted a clause that the line should accommodate both broad and narrow gauge traffic from Worcester to Wolverhampton. The Board of Trade, which had recently been formed, reported in favour of the narrow gauge line, but Parliament, thinking the Board had taken too much upon itself, and as if in pique, passed the Broad Gauge Bill instead.

The autumn of 1845 saw a decisive blow struck at the fortunes of the broad gauge; the Grand Junction, and the London and Birmingham, combined with the Liverpool and Manchester, and a year later with the Manchester and Birmingham, thus forming a most powerful opposition, known as the London and North-Western Railway.

On June 25, 1845, on the motion of Mr. Cobden, a Royal Commission was appointed to report upon the uniformity of railway gauges. It consisted of Sir G. B. Airy, the Astronomer Royal; Lieutenant-Colonel Sir F. Smith, Royal Engineers; and Professor Barlow, C.E., all very good as theorists, but not practical railway men.

In the trials that took place, the Great Western chose as their course the 53 miles from Paddington to Didcot, while the narrow gauge champions picked out the very straight and level length of line between York and Darlington, 45 miles long. The rival trains were unfairly allowed to be loaded as their advocates pleased. It was a remarkable triumph for the broad gauge. Gooch's train, drawing 80 tons,

averaged a speed of 48 miles per hour, while Bidder's narrow gauge engine, drawing only 50 tons, could not attain a greater speed than 35 miles per hour. This bad result was attributed to a strong wind then prevailing; and Brunel, upon hearing the excuse, facetiously said it was caused by the presence of Hudson, the "Railway King," who was at his usual practice of "raising the wind." Next day the narrow gauge did better, drawing 50 tons at the rate of 48 miles per hour, and later, 80 tons at the rate of 44 miles per hour.

The broad gauge ascendency was more strongly marked in the tractive trials; they succeeded in drawing 400 tons at the rate of 24 miles per hour, while the narrow gauge, with the same load, only averaged 19 miles per hour. The Brunelites now thought victory was theirs; judge of their surprise, when the Commissioners' report was issued, to find it in favour of the narrow gauge. The following is the summary of their report:

1st. That as regards safety, accommodation, and convenience of passengers, no decided preference is due to either gauge, but that on the broad gauge the motion is generally more easy at high velocities.

2nd. That in respect of speed, we consider the advantages are with the broad gauge, but we think the public safety would be endangered in employing the greater capabilities of the broad gauge much beyond their present use, except on roads more consolidated, and more substantially and perfectly formed than those of the existing lines.

3rd. That in the commercial use for the transport of goods, we believe the narrow gauge to possess the greater convenience, and to be more suited to the general traffic of the country.

4th. That the broad gauge involves the greater outlay, and that we have not been able to discover, either in the maintenance of way, in the cost of locomotive power, or in the other annual expenses, any adequate reduction to compensate for the additional first cost.

Upon the text of the report being known the "eleven Broad Gauge Lords," and others in authority, appear to have put pressure on the Board of Trade, as nine days after a very modified report was issued, in which, however, it was proposed that all lines then under construction, or hereafter to be constructed, should be of a uniform gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches; but as this would have interfered with several Great Western lines then being built, the Act 9 and 10 Vict. cap. 57, intituled "An Act for Regulating the Gauge of Railways," enacted that only those constructed after the passing of the Act

should be 4 feet 8½ inches in Great Britain, and 5 feet 3 inches gauge in Ireland.

In 1867 there were 1,456 miles of broad gauge, and at 26 points the two gauges met, and a transfer of traffic took place at an immense cost. The next year the first conversion took place, and, to quote Acworth :

> Accordingly, bit by bit, first in the Midlands and to the north, next in the west and in Wales, then in Dorset, Wilts, and Somerset, the broad gauge has been abandoned. To-day, out of nearly 2,000 miles of line (owned by the Great Western Railway), only 426 is broad gauge at all, and of this all but 163 is suitable for narrow gauge traffic as well. Out of over 100 trains that leave Paddington or its adjacent goods-yard every day, only ten—seven passenger and three goods—run on broad gauge metals.

The following table gives the section and date of conversion to the narrow gauge :

Date.	Section.	Miles.
1868	Princes-Risborough to Aylesbury	7
1869	Grange Court (Gloucester) to Hereford	22⅓
	Oxford to Wolverhampton, with Stratford and Great Bridge branches	89¾
	Reading to Basingstoke	16
1870	Maidenhead to Oxford	37
1871	West Drayton to Uxbridge	2½
	Whitland to Carmarthen	13¾
1872	Swindon to Milford, with all branches	239½
	Vale of Neath, Merthyr Tydvil branch, and Grange Court to Cheltenham	60½
	Radley to Abingdon	2
	Didcot to Oxford	10¼
1873	Bristol and South Wales Union	12
1874	Thingley Junction to Dorchester, Westbury to Salisbury, Barthampton to Bradford Junction, North Somerset Junction (Bristol) to Frome, Reading to Holt, with Marlborough and other branches	197¼
	Dorchester to Weymouth	6½
	Southcote Junction to Reading	1¾
1875	Southall to Brentford	4
1876	Twyford to Henley-on-Thames	4½
1878	Uffington to Farringdon	3½
1880	Yatton to Clevedon	3½
	Durston to Penn Mill (Yeovil)	20½
1881	Norton Fitzwarren to Barnstaple	42¾
1882	,, to Minehead	22¾
1884	Tiverton Junction to Tiverton	4¾
1891	Creech Junction to Chard	12
1892	Penzance to Truro (mixed gauge line)	27¾
	Truro to Exeter	106¼
	St. Erth to St. Ives, Truro to Falmouth, Burngallow to Drinnick Mill, Plymouth to Tavistock (mixed gauge), Tavistock to Launceston, Laira to Sutton Harbour, Totnes and Totnes Quay to Ashburton, Churston to Brixham, Newton Abbot to Kingswear, Newton Abbot to Moretonhampstead	92½

The final conversion has now been made. It took two days and three nights to carry out, and required all the permanent way men of the Great Western Railway that could be spared from the various districts, while the Midland and London and North-Western generously offered to lend men, if required; in all, nearly 4,000 were engaged on the work, which had been got as far advanced as possible before the actual date of conversion. In fact, the preparations had been going on for some months before; large gangs of extra plate-layers having been engaged in getting the narrow gauge points and crossings ready to be connected at the various stations and sidings. This rapidity compares very favourably with the conversion of the Hereford and Gloucester section in 1869, the 22½ miles of which took 450 men five days to accomplish, at the time thought most marvellously quick.

To show the minuteness of the special arrangements that were made to carry out this last conversion (226½ miles in all), the general manager issued a book of 56 pages, giving detailed instructions as to how the 2,940 extra permanent way men, from the various divisions of the line, were to be conveyed in seven special trains to the several mile posts where they were to be set down to commence operations; also instructions for the return of the empty stock, the number and description of the narrow gauge coaches to be sent to the various branches, some on "crocodile" trucks before conversion, others by London and South-Western Railway to Plymouth, to wait there till the line into Cornwall was narrowed. To those who take an interest in the details of railway management, this pamphlet is most instructive.

Twenty miles of sidings have been laid to accommodate the broad gauge rolling stock, which consists of 192 locomotives, 552 carriages, and 3,269 trucks, much of which has been specially built so as to be easily converted to narrow gauge, principally at Swindon, but at Lostwithiel, Newton Abbot, and Bridgewater, a limited number will be converted. On Thursday night, May 19, the sidings at Swindon must have been pretty full, as a special of twenty-eight broad gauge trucks and two engines, which left London at 9.20, were sent to Didcot instead of Swindon, as previously arranged.

As long ago as 1870 some engines were built capable of conversion, but these have reached their long home—the scrap heap—before the time for conversion arrived. Out of the broad gauge stock mentioned above, 67 engines, 120 carriages, and 2,500 waggons will not run again. The last broad gauge train to the far west, from London, was the "Cornishman" (10.15 A.M. ex. Paddington), on Friday, May 20; it stopped at several additional stations, and

arrived at Penzance at 8.20 P.M. instead of 6.57 P.M. It returned at 9.10 P.M. empty with two engines and picked up all broad gauge coaches which for any reason had previously been left behind, for Swindon, and the work of conversion was immediately proceeded with. This empty train, which was the very last broad gauge train to run, we can in fancy liken to the few remaining men of a defeated army leaving the territory in sorrow, upon a capitulation being arranged after a long and dogged resistance. The other broad gauge trains ran as usual as far as Plymouth up to 5 P.M., but the 9 P.M. mail was narrow gauge, as arrangements had been made with the London and South-Western for the Great Western up and down mail trains to run over the former from Exeter to Plymouth on the nights of May 20 and 21 down, and 22nd and 23rd up. A special steamer carried the mails from Plymouth to Falmouth, calling at Fowey, leaving Plymouth at 5.50 A.M. on 21st and 22nd, and returning at 3.30 P.M. the same afternoons. The sea journey occupied about four hours. The mails were distributed by road to the various places in West Cornwall from Falmouth.

No general goods trains were run west of Exeter between May 17 and 24. All the other stations between Exeter and Penzance were cut off from the rest of the country during the time of the conversion, and Cornwall was at the mercy of any foreign foe that cared to take advantage of its isolation from the rest of the kingdom. Happily none did so. Even the anarchists did not try the experiment of an ideal state in the Royal Duchy.

On the night of Thursday, May 19, the writer was one of a small crowd of some seventy broad gauge enthusiasts who gathered on the Paddington departure platform to see the last broad gauge mail start. The train consisted of (in the following order) parcels van, two Post Office sorting vans, "sleeper" break van, third class, first and second composite, and two break vans—nine in all, all convertible, save one break van and the two passenger coaches. The famous "Dragon" drew the train away, amidst the silence of the crowd, who afterwards expressed regret to each other that the end of the broad gauge had come.

The old Great Western servants, when the narrow gauge was first introduced on their system, spoke of the intruder with contempt, as the following verse shows :—

> When narrow with broad first began to entwine,
> A grey-headed driver was killed on the line ;
> His last feeble whisper was caught by his mate,
> "Thank God, 'twas broad gauge, where I met with my fate."

The Great Western main line consists of the following, formerly independent railways: London and Bristol, Bristol and Exeter, South Devon (Exeter to Plymouth) and Cornwall (Plymouth to Penzance), the latter has only recently been secured by the Great Western, although for several years previously they have leased it from the Cornwall Railway Company.

And so ends the Broad Gauge. Hereafter many wonderful legends will be told of its might, while future students of railways will turn from the monotony of the standard gauge to read with pleasure the "Battle of the Gauges." In October 1891 the last "first and second only" train on the Great Western Railway was abolished, and the "Flying Dutchman" carried third-class passengers for the first time; the "Dutchman" is the direct successor of the original Exeter express, which was the first train that ever ran at modern express speed, and for many years it was the fastest train in the world.

In closing, we venture to introduce a few remarks from the "Funeral Sermon" (as he called it) of the Broad Gauge, made at the last general meeting of the company, on February 11, 1892. The chairman said—

> With regard to the gauge he need not tell them a long story. It was unfortunately left to the Board of 1892 to carry out the abolition of the broad gauge on their system. It was a matter of regret that the time had nearly arrived when that should be done; but they had for many years past made preparations for that which they knew was imminent. The alteration at Exeter from the broad to the narrow gauge was a very large and serious operation, and involved a great deal of preparation. . . . More than three-fourths of their passenger stock was already constructed, so as to be ready to be convertible from the broad to the narrow gauge. He was of opinion that the broad gauge would have been more suited to the comfort of the travelling public, who now required dining and sleeping saloons and other luxuries such as could be obtained at West End clubs.

The following is an extract from an article in the *Railway Herald* by a London and South-Western Railway official. His opinion is worth considering, seeing that that line is in competition with the Great Western, and he would have opportunities of comparing the two systems, while natural *esprit de corps* would not allow him to unduly depreciate his own line:

> I consider myself that the broad gauge is capable of great things, and I am only sorry to think that in the interest of railway passengers it has not become universal in preference to the narrow gauge. At the present time, when traffic is so greatly on the increase, and the demand for improved carriages is heard on every side, the extra width of the broad gauge coaches would have been found of great advantage, and I think the carrying capacity of railway rolling stock might be better increased by having more room in the width rather than length of the coaches. I maintain, therefore, that a broader gauge would prove more econo-

mical in the long run as it is certainly much more comfortable; and it offers facilities under an enterprising management for the construction of cars of the American principle which the narrow gauge cannot approach. I quite think that if a more go-a-head company had had the management of the broad gauge track, they would not now be on the point of abolishing it altogether. I have met with and spoken to a great many travellers in my time, and I have invariably heard from them that the broad gauge is far and away the most comfortable carriage to ride in, and I am sure numbers regret its abolition. The Midland is, I think, the company that would have given the broad gauge a trial, but any of the Northern lines would have done it more justice than that sleepy giant, the Great Western Railway.

Now the broad gauge is abolished the Great Western will be under the disadvantage of meeting the London and South-Western Railway on an equal footing, as in Devonshire and westward there still lingers a suspicion that *the narrow gauge is not safe*, and now, having only the narrow gauge, travellers will naturally patronise the quicker and nearer route, and the London and South-Western is both to many important places. Therefore, if the Great Western wishes still to lead in the West, since it cannot shorten the distance, the speed must be increased, so as to be level with its rival in the time taken between competitive points.

G. A. SEKON.

TOWN LIFE UNDER THE RESTORATION.

THE representation of places and people, whether we chance to be well acquainted with them, or whether we chance to be strangers to them, is almost certain to prove attractive. For one reason, the renewal of our own impressions, or the comparison of them with those of others, is well calculated to afford us considerable gratification. For another, we gladly embrace all the opportunities which present themselves of increasing the stock of knowledge which we possess respecting man and nature. In the case of foreign impressions, the invigorating air of youth breathes over us again from the new points of view, and in the freshness of emotion under which we regard objects which have long been as familiar to us as the clothes that we wear. Nor is it novelty alone, seeing that curiosity co-operates with reason. Great communities, as well as private individuals, are often equally inquisitive to know what their neighbours think and say respecting them. To men, individually, one of the greatest benefits to be derived from foreign travel is the tendency that it has to remove the film of vulgar and local prejudice by which their vision so often becomes obscured. The migration of an entire community is impossible, but the visits of educated and impartial strangers may, so far as this is concerned, prove equally effectual, premising that the people will be disposed to give careful consideration to what they may have to say upon its manners, its customs, and its institutions. During the eighteenth century Britain was constantly visited by foreigners, and of these upwards of sixty published elaborate accounts of their sojourns among us, thus providing the student of the social condition of England during that eventful period with an inexhaustible storehouse of facts. It is to be wished that the same could be said of the second half of the seventeenth century. But it cannot. There was no lack of foreign visitors to our shores during that time, but they either did not see fit to record their experiences in print, or if they did, they have not

survived to us. The number of those who actually published accounts of their perambulations through the land we live in between the accession of Charles II. in 1660 until the close of the seventeenth century, so far as we have been able to ascertain, does not amount to more than a dozen all told, and all their performances, without exception, are meagre and unsatisfactory to the last degree. Hence the student who desires to view the social condition of "this happy breed of men, this earth, this England," during that period, is deprived of those aids which lie so plentiful to his hand when he sits down to study the social condition of England during the succeeding century. He must either abandon the idea altogether, or set himself diligently to peruse the dramatic literature and other forms of light literature which the age produced, the journals, and other recondite sources of information, in order to familiarise himself with national manners and morals. He must become a veritable Autolycus—a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, if he desires to behold "the very age and body of the times, his form and pressure."

Life in the English capital under the sway of Charles II. was a curious compound, and ranged from the grave to the gay, from the lively to the severe. It was by no means easy work. Seldom was the pursuit of pleasure attended by so much labour, seldom was the business of enjoyment found to be so exhausting. Daily life commenced very early and ended very late, and was perpetually renewed with unceasing regularity. The people of rank, from whom, indeed, the rest of society were content to take their ideas of what was fashion and what was not, rose very late in the day, although, probably, not much more so than their successors do in this latter quarter of the nineteenth century. Attire presented a most formidable obstacle. Moderns can have no conception, or at the best a very imperfect one, of the time which a fashionable beau consumed in dressing himself for the day, nor of the numerous articles of which his attire was composed. That contrast of colour between male and female apparel which is now so conspicuous, then hardly existed; and rank, wealth, and pretension were consequently distinguished only by costly and elaborate attire. This remark must not be understood to apply to the dandies and beaux who represented at successive periods the extremes and the eccentricities of fashionable costume. Any indications of that neutral dress, dissimilar neither as regards shape nor colour, which practically places noblemen on a par with tradesmen, were entirely absent. Modes of attire were in common vogue which survive only in the court dress, in the civic pageantry, in the bright coats worn by huntsmen, and in the gorgeous hues of military uniforms.

The pencils of the famous portrait painter, Sir Peter Lely, and of his successor, Sir Godfrey Kneller, have preserved for us not a few representations of the fashionable attire of the times in which they flourished, and abundant illustrations of it are afforded by the contemporary literature. Thus Randal Holmes in his notes on dress, preserved in the Harleian Library, and written about the accession of Charles II., furnishes the following description of a fashionable gentleman's dress: "A short-waisted doublet and petticoat breeches; the lining being lower than the breeches is tied above the knees; the breeches are ornamented with ribands up to the pocket, and half their breadth upon the thigh: the waistband is set about with ribands, and the shirt hanging out over them." The hat was worn with a high crown, and was adorned with a plume of feathers. Long drooping lace ruffles depended from the knee, and a rich falling collar of lace, with a cloak hung carelessly over the shoulders. High-heeled shoes tied with ribbons completed the attire of the Restoration beau. Of course, as may be supposed, all fine gentlemen did not dress precisely alike. Some decorated their persons with an infinite amount of finery; others exercised more economy in this respect. Not every fop of that age, for example, attired himself in form and fashion like to Beau Fielding—Handsome Fielding as he was styled by the Merry Monarch—the beau *par excellence* of his day. That individual, whenever he took his walks abroad, carried spoils on his person from all quarters of the globe. Some idea of the sumptuousness of his own apparel can be formed from that which was worn by his footmen, whom he required to attend him in his progress through the streets clad in yellow liveries, relieved by black sashes wound round their bodies, and black feathers waving in their hats. It should be mentioned that under the Restoration all classes of the community wore their hair very long, allowing it to flow in natural ringlets around their shoulders; and so widely did this fashion prevail, that in the year 1664 the ample periwig or peruke was introduced into the country by the votaries of fashion, from the court of Lewis XIV., there being no English head of hair sufficiently luxuriant. Samuel Pepys, a careful observer of the contemporary fluctuations of fashionable attire, records in his "Diary" that the Duke of York appeared in public wearing a periwig for the first time on February 5, 1664, and that he beheld Charles wearing one for the first time on the 18th day of April. Nearly about the same time, too, the crowns of men's hats began to be lowered, and the fashion crept in of laying feathers upon their brims. It cannot, however, be said that any very important changes in English male attire were effected until fully six years after the Restoration. In the year 1666, Charles was

heard solemnly to announce in council his firm determination to adopt a certain habit which he was steadfastly resolved never to alter; and for the gratification of the curiosity of those who may be interested in the details of antique attire, we may say that this wonderful habit consisted of a long close vest of black cloth or velvet, pinked with white satin, over which was thrown a loose surcoat or tunic of an Oriental character, and buskins or brodequins in place of the time-honoured shoes and stockings. According to the diary of Evelyn, the king "solemnly" attired himself in his new habit on the 18th day of October, and the gossiping Pepys, who allowed little, if indeed anything, to escape his notice, made, under date of the preceding day, the following entry in his "Diary": "The Court is all full of vests, only my Lord St. Albans (Jermyn) not pinked, but plain black; and they say the king says the pinking or white makes them look too much like magpies, so hath bespoke one of plain velvet." We are further told by Evelyn that not a few of the courtiers and high-souled gentlemen about the English Court presented their sovereign on that occasion with gold, as a sort of wager that he would never adhere to his resolve of wearing this peculiar costume. We cannot doubt that the Merry Monarch lost his wager, since the fashion does not appear to have been more than one of two years' duration, its ruin, in all probability, having been accomplished by the insolence of the French King, Lewis XIV., and his courtiers, who, to manifest the contempt that they entertained for "His Majesty of England," clothed all their servants and retainers in the very costume which his capricious fancy had devised. But though the fashion was abandoned its influence was considerable. In the vest probably was contained the germ of the long square-cut coat by which it was succeeded, and in the tunic most likely was contained the germ of the waistcoat, almost as long, which was worn under the coat, and almost entirely concealed the breeches. The sleeves of the coat extended no further than the elbows, where they were turned back and formed large cuffs, those of the shirt bulging forth from beneath, ruffled at the wrists and adorned profusely with ribbons. Both coat and waistcoat were, of course, adorned with buttons and button-holes from the collar downwards to the knee. The Restoration era, being essentially the age of "the dangling knee fringe and the bib cravat," it was only natural that the stiff band and the falling collar, which had been worn under the tyranny of Puritan ascendency, should have given place to neckcloths or cravats of Brussels or Flanders lace tied with ribbons beneath the chin, and with the ends hanging down square. In this age of Puritan sobriety in dress, it is difficult to

comprehend the mania which seized the breasts of fine gentlemen of the Caroline age for lace. We find Pepys in 1662 putting on his "new lace band," and recording in his "Diary" his complete satisfaction with his appearance in it. "So neat it is," wrote he, "that I am resolved my great expenses shall be lace bands, and it will set off anything else the more!"[1] Charles II., in the last year of his reign, actually expended £20. 12*s.* for a new cravat to be "worn on the birthday of his dear brother;" and James II. expended almost as much as £30 upon a cravat of Venice point lace in which to appear on the anniversary of the birthday of his consort. King William III., notwithstanding his iron, phlegmatic constitution, entertained a genuine Dutch taste for lace, so much so, indeed, that his bills for that article in 1695 amounted to the modest sum of £2,459. 19*s.*, a fad which would have served admirably to point the moral of the political reformer or to adorn the tale of the mob demagogue, had such people then existed. Among the more astounding items of this bill appears the following:—"117 yards of 'scissæ temæ,' cut work for trimming 12 pocket handkerchiefs, £485. 14*s.* 3*d.* And 78 yards for 24 cravats at £8. 10*s.*, £663." The expenditure for six new lace razor cloths amounted to £270, and on twenty-four new *indusiis nocturnis*, in plain English, night-shirts, the sum of £499. 10*s.* was bestowed. King William's consort, the handsome Mary of Modena, approached, but did not quite reach her husband, in lace expenditure, seeing that in 1694 her lace bill attained the respectable total of £1,918. It will not surprise any one to learn that lace had one of its sunniest epochs in the eyes of all from the Restoration to the Revolution. From the king to the plebeian all retained a deep-seated affection for it. These were the days when all young military men wore lace, and prepared their cravats with far greater pains than the three Graces of classical antiquity ever bestowed upon the goddess Venus. Even the volunteers deemed it incumbent upon them to go to the camp wearing a quantity of lace, and very happily did the dramatist Thomas Shadwell satirise the folly in his comedy of "The Volunteers or the Stock Jobbers," as the following dialogue will serve to illustrate:—"*Major General Blunt.*—What say'st, young fellow? points and laces for camps? *Sir Nicholas Danby.*—Yes, points and laces. Why, I carry two laundresses on purpose. Would you have a gentleman go undress'd in a camp? Do you think I would see a camp if there were no dressing? Why, I have two campaign suits, one trimmed with Flanders lace and the other with net point."[2]

[1] *Diary*, i. p. 171. [2] Shadwell's *Works*, ed. 1730.

Our readers would be very greatly mistaken were they to conclude that female attire under the Restoration was any the less sumptuous, any the less gaudy, or any the less costly than that which was ordinarily worn by the opposite sex. The very reverse was the case. A great change was effected during the reign of Charles II. in the female costume of England, but it was one that was confined almost exclusively to that which was worn by the upper classes of society. As before, the middle and lower classes, the wives of the citizens, and those who would have been denominated countrywomen, adhered tenaciously to the wearing of high-crowned hats, of French hoods, of laced stomachers, and of yellow starched neckerchiefs. Very little traces of innovation were apparent before the Revolution; and then only such as were of minor importance. Where the mutations of women's attire were most visible while Charles occupied the throne, was in that of the beauties who thronged the halls of his palace at Whitehall. No unpleasant reminders of the heyday of Puritanical austerity were suffered to intrude themselves within the walls of that princely abode. No external insignia of saintly profession, of real godliness, of high degrees of spiritual advancement, could there dare to lift up their heads. Nothing in the matter of attire was countenanced at court or in polite society that was not untainted with Puritanism. We see this reflected in a remarkable degree in the contemporary literature, particularly the veracious diaries of Pepys and Evelyn, who appear to have paid special attention to the costume worn by those with whom they were thrown into contact. Symptoms of the coming change began openly to manifest themselves six years before the downfall of the Commonwealth. "I now observed," wrote Evelyn in his "Diary," under date of May 11, 1654, "how the women began to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing." In 1660 Pepys mentions that he saw the Princess Henrietta (sister of Charles II.) "with her hair frizzed up to her ears;" and almost coeval with the revival of this fashion was the introduction by ladies of the practice of wearing black patches, since Mrs. Pepys was able to wear one "by permission," on November 4, 1660. It would seem as if it was by the ladies that peruques were first worn, seeing that under date of March 24, 1662, Pepys records that "By-and-by came La Belle Pierce to see my wife and to bring her a pair of peruques of hair as the fashion now is for ladies to wear, which are pretty, and one of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them."[1] In the month of April following we find Pepys mentioning "petticoats

[1] Pepys' *Diary*, ed. Lord Braybrooke, 1848, i. p. 337.

of sarcenet with a broad black lace printed round the bottom and before,' as having newly come into fashion, and as being one that had found favour in the eyes of his spouse. On May 30 in the same year, the English Court was electrified by the sight of the monstrous fardingales or *guard infantas* of the newly arrived Queen Catherine of Braganza and her ladies, the Portuguese not having yet laid aside those curious offsprings of fashionable taste. Evelyn does not forget to mention and describe "Her Majesty's foretop," as long and turned aside very strangely. Vizards, according to Pepys, came into fashion in 1663, the journalist purchasing one for his wife in that year. So great was Pepys' sense of the importance of fine clothes, that it led him to take note of those which were worn not only by himself, but by almost every well-dressed person with whom he came into contact, particularly the ladies. Thus, for instance, he gives a very graphic description, under the date of July 13, 1663, of the personal appearance of the queen and some of the Court ladies while riding in Hyde Park. "By-and-by," he writes, "the king and the queen, who looked in this dress (a white-laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) mighty pretty, and the king road hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine who rode amongst the rest of the ladies; she looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet it is very handsome. . . . . I followed them up into Whitehall and into the queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads and laughing. . . . . But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in her dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life."[1] Pepys also mentions that silver-laced gowns were a revived fashion in 1664, and speaks of yellow bird's-eye hoods as being in vogue, under the date of May 10, 1665. From another passage in Pepys' "Diary" we gather that the ladies' riding-habits resembled very closely those of the dandies. "Walking in the galleries at Whitehall," writes Pepys, under date of June 11, 1666, "I find the ladies of honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like men, and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with perriwigs and with hats. So that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever, which was an odd sight and a sight that did not please me. It was Mrs. Wells and another

[1] *Diary*, ii. p. 194.

fine lady that I saw thus." Evelyn, moreover, mentions, under the date of September 13, 1666, that "the queen was now in her cavalier riding habit, hat, and feather, and horseman's coat, going to take the air." Three years later, the sac or sacque had won its way into womanly favour. "My wife this day," writes Pepys, under date of March 2, 1669, "put on first her French gown, called a sac, which becomes her very well."

It would extend this article beyond all reasonable limits were we to dilate further upon the tempting theme of English attire under the Restoration. We trust, therefore, that we have said enough concerning it to enable the reader to form an idea of its forms and fashion, and we now hasten on to consider that subject with which our remarks are more immediately connected, the life of the capital under the sway of "The Merry Monarch."

The man of fashion and pleasure in the reign of Charles II. monopolised everybody's attention, and it is therefore of the man of fashion and pleasure that we wish first to speak. The daily routine of his life from the time he rose until the time he retired to rest again, embraced, as in a microcosm, all the amusements and all the resources of the London of the second half of the seventeeth century. He who follows his footsteps through the day may behold the sights of the town, may observe the manners and customs of the people, and may even be admitted to their familiar conversation. The history of an ordinary day of a Restoration beau was something like this :—From about ten till twelve he received visitors in his sleeping chamber, where he lay in state with his periwig thickly powdered lying beside him on the coverlet. Near at hand, on his dressing-table, the curious visitor might have noticed some little volumes of amatory verse, a canister of Lisbon or Spanish snuff, a smelling bottle, and perhaps a few fashionable trinkets. As soon as he deemed proper, the beau arose, and with incredible difficulty proceeded to put on all his charms. To perfume his garments—to soak his hands in washes for the sake of producing whiteness and delicacy—to tinge his cheeks with carminative in order to give them that gentle blush which nature had denied them—to arrange a number of patches upon his face so as to produce the effect of moles and dimples—to dip his pocket-handkerchief in rose water and to powder his linen so as to banish from it the smell of soap—to consume a quarter of an hour in the attempt to fasten his cravat, as long again in the endeavour to adjust his wig and to "cock" his hat, as long again in the contemplation of his charms in the looking-glass, and as long again in the practice of such smiles as would display to the best advantage the ivory white-

ness of his teeth—these were the processes through which he who desired to figure as a beau of the first magnitude was compelled in that age to pass. The character of the beau, so far as his outward and personal appearance was concerned, was now complete ; and as in those days fashionable gentlemen used their legs to a much less extent than they do now, our imaginary beau would have directed his valet to order a sedan chair without delay. Into this he stepped, and was borne to the most fashionable haunt—to the Mall in St. James's Park, or perhaps to the more ceremonious parade in Hyde Park, where, like a butterfly, he delighted to flutter in the train of some frail and jilting beauty, who gloried in nothing so much as "an equipage of fools," and who was perfectly willing for the nonce to furnish him with an excuse for toasting her in a tavern at night. Anon he might have been found twittering in the boudoir of some favourite nymph—(the amusing part of it was that in that age every woman was a nymph, both on canvas and upon paper, decked out in pastoral embellishments of every conceivable incongruity in the matter of poetical treatment !)—and there the rest of the morning was generally dawdled away or worn out, just as it suited the humour of the company, with cards, forfeits, games at toys, or puzzles, or with songs and dancing to the harp, virginal, and all kinds of music. We ought to remember that during the whole of this time the gardens and other places of public resort in which the capital abounded were alive and astir with people of every rank and every condition—that the Paradise in Hatton Garden was attracting hundreds of people to gaze upon its wonders and curiosities in geology—and that the wives and daughters of the citizens, arrayed in silk and satin raiment, displaying all the colours of the rainbow, were crowding the walks of Gray's Inn, ostensibly for the purpose of inhaling the odorous breezes that blew from the distant hills of Highgate and Hampstead, but really to take a sly glance at the men of law who, in the brief intervals afforded them by their professional duties, walked out in order to obtain a breath of fresh air. To the wearisome relaxations of the promenade and the boudoir succeeded the dinner-time. Public notification of this was given by the universal rush, so soon as the clocks and time-pieces indicated the hour of noon, to such fashionable coffee-houses and ordinaries as Locket's, Man's, and Chattelin's —particularly the latter, which was the house to which the Lord Keeper North (when he tenanted chambers in the Court Temple before he was advanced to the dignity of Solicitor-General) was accustomed in that age to repair with his friends to partake of a cotelette and salad over a bottle of the choicest wine that the establishment

afforded. For the space of two whole hours, that is to say, from twelve o'clock till two, the coffee-houses and taverns bore the closest resemblance of any places to Pandemonium. The babel of voices, the clatter of plates and dishes, the hurrying to and fro of waiters, continued without cessation. The bold criticism and the loud boasting continued just as much as in the days of good Queen Bess, only with less of coarseness and a deeper tinge of French licentiousness. With great animation the topics of the day were discussed; and that as openly as possible. Nothing was covered that was not revealed, nothing was hid that was not made known. What was heard in darkness was spoken in light, and that which was heard in the ear was proclaimed upon the house-tops. The latest scandals from Whitehall Palace—the newest faces in the coffee-houses, the moving accidents of the preceding evening, the smashing of windows and the breaking of tavern drawers' heads, the hair-breadth escapes from the watchmen, and such like—the plays, the playwrights, and the authors—the newest fashions in periwigs—these were some out of the many perishable topics upon which fashionable gentlemen of that age were wont to exchange their ideas. And after the tavern and coffee-house had been duly visited, what was the next place of resort? The play-house, to be sure. London then contained more theatres than one, and the task became one only of selection. There were the "King's," the "Duke's," and the "Lincoln's Inn." Here the latest comedy from the prolific pen of Davenant might be witnessed; there the last from the equally prolific pen of Killigrew. It mattered little which theatre was selected, since it is hardly necessary to say that playgoers of that generation did not frequent theatres for the purpose of attending to the performance. To a fine gentleman the very idea of such a thing would have been revolting. To see and to be seen—to renew the gallantries of the morning hours and to lay the trains for fresh adventures—to be stormed to secret satisfaction, despite the pretence of resentment, by the orange girls—to interchange familiar recognitions with the wearers of vizard masks in the gallery—to interrupt the performance now and again by loud observations calculated to display critical sagacity—and finally to penetrate into the side-boxes, there to find themselves tossing in a sea of heart-breakers that afforded ample enjoyment for their dear wit and gay rhetoric so long as the performance continued—these were some of the inducements for men of fashion in that age to visit the London play-houses. Nor were the resources of a man of fashion altogether exhausted when the theatre doors had closed. Far from it. He might repair to Hyde Park for a drive in the open air. He might

wend his steps to the Mulberry Gardens to eat tarts or to sip syllabubs in their cool and shady arbours. He might proceed citywards for the purpose of keeping an assignation in an India shop, or at the New Exchange. Nor when still evening came on, and had clad all things in her sober livery, did the day of a fashionable beau conclude. Another round of visits, another discussion of scandal, another card party, another entertainment of conjuring, another game of romps, and then the evening would be finished. But the day was not yet done, seeing that after participating in these amusements the beaux either wended their steps in the direction of the Court, or to one of the taverns, there to stay till midnight, passing the hours away with revels suited to their whims and fancies, with cards, dice, dancing, or bottles of champagne and Burgundy, the potent effects of which soon laid them at full length beneath the table.

We suspect that some of our hypercritical readers, after perusing the foregoing sketch, will feel inclined to dissent from it, on the ground of its imperfection. In that opinion, none but ourselves would more heartily concur. Most assuredly it is imperfect; it is a fact that we most readily admit; nevertheless, we feel constrained to submit that it represents faithfully, so far as it goes, the way in which the precious light-winged hours of time were passed by the fashionable dandies of London in that age, and it is no exaggeration to add, by fashionable ladies of London of that age also. Moreover, with certain limitations and with certain exceptions, it indicates with a fair amount of correctness the mode of life which those who are included under the category of the middle classes of society were wont to lead. Change the scene of the action, substitute one locality for another, the Mall in Hyde Park for Marrowbone Gardens, St. James's for Spring Gardens or the Folly, and the life in such was only in a few respects dissimilar. Is it to be supposed that the people were not influenced by the example of the Court? Is it to be supposed that they were less addicted to the pursuit of pleasure than those who socially were their superiors? Certainly not. The Puritan party had been crushed, and crushed effectually, and boundless was the national exultation at the event. Men, in the times of Puritan ascendency, had hardly dared to call their souls their own. He who had ventured openly to sigh for the fleshpots of the Caroline age, he who had ventured to recall the fragrant memories of the past, who had frequented Spring Gardens when in town and had indulged in hawking when in the country, soon found himself branded by "the righteous overmuch" as a malignant, as a heretic or as a knave. To all this the Restoration effectually put an end. The people breathed freely once again. Nor

can we be surprised that when they did breathe freely they should have acted freely, and should have rushed into the wildest excesses.

Of all the many stains on national manners and morals for which the Restoration must be held responsible, that of gaming was certainly one of the deepest. During the whole of the second half of the seventeenth century, gaming under one form or another constituted the ordinary amusement of both sexes in the highest society of England. A residence abroad so prolonged as that of Charles II. had been, had initiated him into all the mysteries of the gamester's craft, and his followers were by no means slow in following his example. The consequence was, that when they returned to England in 1660, they returned proficient in all the wisdom of the Continental gamblers, and lost no time in communicating their knowledge to almost everyone into whose company they were thrown. Forthwith Whitehall Palace became in everything but name a gambling hell. The same courtier who but a few short months before might fairly have been regarded as living in the odour of sanctity, who would have pretended to have been horror-stricken at the bare mention of cards or dice, now threw himself with heart and soul into the vortex, as if anxious at all hazards to make amends for his former abstinence. From the saloons of Whitehall to the booths of Moorfields or Smithfield the gambling mania raged. Many a man of fashion literally passed the whole of his life at play for the highest stakes that any one could be found to play with him, doing nothing else but gaming from the time he left his bed until the time he stepped into it again. The life of many another man was a continual alternation between poverty and wealth, winning one day and losing the next. At the Court the extent to which card-playing and dicing were carried on gave great offence to the few whom the all-prevailing mania had not affected. Thus, for example, John Evelyn entered in his "Diary," under date of January 6, 1662, a scene which he beheld with his own eyes, and which, it may be concluded, filled him with deep concern. "This evening," he wrote, "according to custom, his Majesty opened the revels of the night by throwing dice himself in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100. (The year before he won £1,500.) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about £1,000; and left them still at passage, cards, &c. At other tables both there and at the groom-porters, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion among some losers; sorry am I that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a court which ought to be an example of virtue to the

rest of the kingdom."[1] Nor was the amazement of that other veracious chronicler of contemporary fashionable folly less great than that of Evelyn. "This evening," wrote he in his "Diary," under date of February 17, 1667, "going to the queen's side (in the palace at Whitehall) to see the ladies, I did find the Queene, the Duchesse of York, and another or two, at cards, with the room full of great ladies and men; which I was amazed at to see on a Sunday, having not believed it; but, contrarily, flatly denied the same a little time since to my cosen Roger Pepys."[2] Much as Pepys had seen and heard of Court life under the sway of his royal master, this came upon him as a revelation. The truth was that all the members of the royal family preferred the fashionable games at cards on the seventh day to the society and conversation of Court chaplains and divines eminent for their talents or for their oratorical powers. Moreover, the Princess Mary, after she had been united in the bonds of wedlock to the Prince of Orange, introduced the practice into Holland, and in so doing scandalised in no small degree a people whose ecclesiastical polity and practice had been founded on the gloomy system of John Calvin, the great French teacher of Geneva.[3]

We may with great reason conclude that the predilection which women displayed in the Caroline age for gambling must have been very great indeed when it was rebuked publicly on the stage in the prologues and epilogues to plays, the sole portions of dramatic compositions in which playwrights endeavoured to correct that which was amiss in the public morality. Most of our readers who possess any acquaintance with the dramatic writings of the George Sand of the Restoration, Mrs. Afra Behn—a lady, who through her marriage with a Dutch merchant of the City of London, gained an entrance to the Court of Charles II., whom she was wont to amuse with her witty sallies and eloquent descriptions—will bear us out when we say that it is impossible, from what is known of her career, to admit her claim to be considered as a censor of fashionable manners and morals. Yet in the prologue to her tragedy of "The Moor's Revenge," Mrs. Behn bids the young ladies of the period to beware of keeping unreasonable hours at gambling if they desired to preserve their complexions :

> Yet sitting up so late, as I am told,
> You'll lose in beauty what you gain in gold.

The celebrated dramatist, Sir George Etherege, again, whose life

[1] *Diary*, ed. Braybrooke, 1850, i. p. 359.

[2] *Ibid.* iii. pp. 406–10.

[3] See in proof of this assertion the *Diary of Dr. Edward Lake*, published by the Camden Society.

scandalised many even in that age, and whose affection for the fair sex knew scarcely any bounds, was equally angry with the ladies for the decided partiality which they manifested for cards and dice. In a song of his on the game called basset, he remonstrated with them on the subject, saying, among other things:

The time which should be kindly lent
To plays and witty men,
In waiting for a knave is spent,
Or wishing for a ten.

Stand in defence of your own charms,
Throw down this favorite
That threatens, with his dazzling arms,
Your beauty and your wit.

What pity 'tis, those conquering eyes,
Which all the world subdue,
Should, while the lover gazing dies,
Be only on Alpue.

To render certain allusions in the foregoing verses comprehensible to some of our readers, we must explain that in the game known as basset, which is now seldom or never played, "waiting for a knave," or "wishing for a ten," implied the anxiety which was attendant upon the turning-up of the winning cards, and that the last word of this last line of the third verse, "alpue," was a term which was applied to the continuation of the bet on a particular card which had previously won. Inability to gamble and to play cards constituted an insuperable hindrance to introduction into polite society. "Gaming," wrote the author of a treatise on the games played "at Court and in the assemblies," written, as the title-page sets forth, for the use of the young princesses to whom it was dedicated, "is become so much the fashion among the *beau monde* that he who in company should appear ignorant of the games in vogue would be reckoned low-bred and hardly fit for conversation." These words occur in a publication bearing the suggestive title of "The Compleat Gamester; or, Full and Easy Instructions for Playing the Games now in Vogue, &c. By Richard Seymour, Esq." This treatise was originally published in the year 1674, and subsequently passed through several editions, each of which was enlarged by the introduction of ample descriptions of later games, such as ombre, picquet, and chess. Roger North, in that instructive and entertaining sketch which he has left on record of the life of his brother Francis, Lord Guilford, is careful to mention that he attained considerable proficiency in all games of cards, dice, and billiards,[1] presumably in order to remove any misapprehension in the mind of the reader

[1] North's *Life of Lord Guilford*, i. p. 17.

that he took no interest in the most fashionable forms of amusement in that age.

About eight years after the Restoration the gambling mania for time gave place to one for masquerading. The rage, of course, began in the Court, but soon infected the whole town. "At this time," says Bishop Burnet, under date of 1668, "the Court fell into much extravagance in masquerading; both the King and Queen and all the Court went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there with a good deal of wild frolick. In all this, people were so disguised, that without being in the secret none could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs. Once the Queen's chairmen, not knowing who she was, went from her. So she was alone, and was much disturbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney coach. Some say in a cart."[1] It has been remarked, and we think with much truth, that whenever masquerades in public or private constitute a popular amusement with the pleasure-loving public, including both the Court and the aristocracy, it is a very bad sign of national morals.

> The midnight orgy and the mazy dance,
> The smile of beauty and the flush of wine,
> For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves and lords combine;
> Each to his humour—Comus all allows.

Here for the present we must conclude. Certain periods of history are often surrounded with a halo of glory. Dazzling associations cluster round names. It is distance which lends enchantment to the view. Living witnesses who have known both the past and the present generations, will, by a law of human nature, always award the palm of superiority to the companions of their youth. Yet, unless we greatly deceive ourselves, it will require very strong arguments to convince thoughtful persons that the social powers of any class of English society have fallen off, while morality, taste, knowledge, genera freedom of intercourse and liberality of opinion have been steadily advancing; that the comparison between the manners and morals of the seventeenth century and our own is not highly satisfactory; that intellectual tastes have not superseded the necessity which was then felt by the upper class of resorting to coarse indulgences and strong excitements; or that respect for public opinion does not compel those among them who continue unregenerate to conceal their transgressions from the eyes of the world.

WILLIAM CONNOR SYDNEY.

[1] Burnet's *History of My Own Times*, i. p. 368.

NATURALIST AND BIOLOGIST:
A COMPARISON.

IN these days there are two schools of naturalists, the New and the Old ; but the members of the Old are fading away, while those of the New are stepping with but little reverence for past occupants into the places they have filled so sweetly and so long.

It is close upon a century since the most celebrated of all the older school dropped silently out of the daily life of the villagers of Selborne ; and the simple eulogy spoken of Gilbert White by a surviving fellow-parishioner—"He was a still, quiet body, and there wasn't a bit of harm in him, there wasn't indeed"—would be equally appropriate to the great majority of his lesser brethren.

Now, too, the cobbler's stool where Thomas Edward was wont to work—his "friend of fifty years' standing," as he calls it, has been empty for awhile ; in the Scotch shoemaker the old school of naturalists lost a striking and touching example.

And last, greater, more pathetic than them all, the vanished figure of Richard Jefferies lingers yet in our memory apart : he held a unique position, he has left a unique void ; the prophet of the woods and fields has left us, and, alas ! there was no one to catch his mantle as it fell.

Here then are three great examples of the old school ; and if amongst their many lesser brethren, if even amongst these three themselves certain differences of disposition and method appear, it in no way tends to upset the following generalisation, which makes no pretence to be anything more.

Whatever individual peculiarities each may possess, they meet sufficiently often on common ground to be constituted, without forcing similitudes, into a class by themselves : a certain attitude of mind and a certain department of investigation at the same time connect them together and sever them from the members of the newer school, whom we may term Biologists. Characteristic of the Naturalists, then, as opposed to the Biologists, is their habit of minute observation of the *ways* of created things ; they were content

to sit for hours beneath a hedge, or half hidden behind a tree, for the chance, however remote, of seeing something of the animal world that they had never seen before; indeed, though something new might have caused them more excitement, it could hardly have caused them more delight than that which was already familiar; for that which they found entrancing, entranced them always—it was a joy for ever.

This was the natural outcome of the attitude of their minds, and of the motives that led them to observation at all. They attached no especial significance to the actions of the animal they observed; they sought to build no theory upon them; no ambitious speculations as to the meaning of them exercised their minds. But they thought it a beautiful thing to see a wild creature freely following its natural habits, and were filled with delight when they could come upon an animal so quietly that it remained unconscious of their scrutiny. Still as a stone they would stand, though their limbs might ache from constrained positions, or a biting wind chill them to the bone, or the summer flies torment them past the limits of any but an enthusiast's endurance. They would stand immovable, self-constituted martyrs, absorbed in the little drama before them, all forgotten or unregarded in the excitement that thrilled them; an excitement that, if it were not very scientific, was at least very innocent, and in these days begins to seem not a little touching. For that spirit is on the wane. The Naturalist, who watched the ways of a bird, has given place to the Biologist, who studies its inside; but whether this is such an advantageous change as the latter complacently conceives it to be, is a question still open to debate.

Here is a passage from the Natural History of Selborne; it exemplifies the spirit of the Naturalist:

"I have no reason to doubt," says old Gilbert White, in his simple style, exercising his mind as to the means of support of our English birds in winter, "but that the soft-billed birds which winter with us subsist chiefly upon insects. Hedge-sparrows frequent sinks and gutters in hard weather, where they pick up crumbs and other sweepings; and in mild weather they procure worms which are stirring every month of the year, as anyone may see who will only be at the trouble of taking a candle to a grass plot on any mild winter's night."

That is the spirit of the true Naturalist, for whom no details are too homely, no facts that he can learn too trifling to be of interest.

One can almost see this refreshing old gentleman, wrapped in his

great coat to keep the damp out, as he potters about his little garden in the gloom of a winter's eve. The warmth of his own fireside is powerless to keep him indoors; by the light of his candle he makes his way outside, and wanders over the lawn in search of something new, something strange. And all he finds by the candle's glimmer are the worms that have stolen to the surface under cover of the night. It would not have excited a Biologist; but to him it is a discovery full of interest, worthy to be noted down in a letter to a friend. By finding the worms upon the surface he has learnt that they are not so deeply buried all the winter, after all. The secret of the birds' subsistence is explained one step further: it is enough to fill him with a simple joy.

But it is worthy of remark, as denoting the bent of his mind, that his investigations have no further object than the satisfaction of his own affectionate curiosity—a curiosity which arises from his love of living things, and his consequent interest in their welfare. Once satisfied, it leads him no further.

The Biologist is not thus easily pleased. "Hedge-sparrows frequent sinks and gutters"!—that will make him smile; nine times out of ten it will make him sneer—poor misguided man! He does not care a pin whether they frequent such places or not, unless the fact points to something further. He could not, to save his life, get up any enthusiasm over the old gentleman's worms and grass-plots, unless he perceived that they would have a bearing upon some theoretical point. The facts that were full of interest to the simple-minded old man of a century ago are nothing to him at all; nor does he count any facts to be worth his attention whose only value lies in their intrinsic power to interest and please.

Even Richard Jefferies is without honour amongst the Biologists, but possibly this may be because they have never seen what he describes: many of them were born and bred in towns! The delight of recognition is missing therefore when, under the magic of his pen, country scenes and sounds rise up to the life. The chief charm of his work is lost upon them, and they find in Richard Jefferies a trifler, dull, unprofitable.

To those, however, who are not so unfortunate this knack of Jefferies is a wonderful thing. It does not matter where we are when we begin upon a page of his work: at once the room and our surroundings begin to fade. With a few strokes of his pen he has carried us away whither his own fancy leads him; we are no longer within four walls, we are out in the open air, in the woods, in the fields.

Perhaps it is autumn with Richard Jefferies—he is fond of autumn; then it is autumn with us too—ay, though the swallows are twittering in the eaves outside the window and the June roses are in full bloom upon the wall. We tread with him on the faded tussocks of the white, dry autumn grass. The air is fragrant of autumn, of moist soil, of rotting leaves; the woods are full of colour—red and gold—but the foliage is getting thin; the air is chill; the yellow autumn sunlight slants weakly down upon the fields.

He has not finished yet. His pictures are full of living things—creatures we have seen before, sometimes, yet are glad to see again. A rabbit hobbles in the hedgerow; it is as if it were before us. The startled stare of the prominent round eye, the nibbling movement of the lips, the grey roundness of the hunched back, he can show them all to us—it is a living rabbit! Or he will point out the gaunt figure of the carrion crow calling from the topmost branch of a thinly-foliaged oak, till we catch the light upon its shining back, the tilt of its body forwards; till we see the very opening of its bill, and listen to its raucous cry ringing out over the still autumn fields. At our feet the field mice rustle, running jerkily in the dry grass—they are real, too; everything is intensely real—the birds that shuffle in the hedgerows, the clouds that drift across the cold clear sky, the leaves that come twirling slowly downwards to the ground. This again is the true naturalist spirit. It is just this minute observation of country sights and sounds, without regard to their scientific value, that stamps a naturalist of the old school at once: affection, not inquisitiveness, is the basis of their researches. Listen to Jefferies:

"I do not want change; I want the same old and loved things, the same wild-flowers, the same trees and soft ash-green: the turtle-doves, the blackbirds, the coloured yellowhammer sing, sing, singing so long as there is light to cast a shadow on the dial, for such is the measure of his song: and I want them in the same place."

That "sing, sing, singing" is life-like. As you read it there comes a vision of a July noon, full of summer scents and sounds, and the songs of drowsy birds; and the yellowhammer itself on the summit of a hedge singing ceaselessly, drearily, through the heat of the day.

The new natural history has its home in the laboratory; the old in the woods, the fields, the mountains, and the lonely stretches of the sea-shore.

The Biologist is of quite a different cast of mind. If he is infinitely more scientific he is also infinitely less tender: his curiosity is perhaps greater, his affection is certainly less.

When he discovers a new bird he does not waste time, like the Naturalist, in watching its movements, in listening to its notes, in surrendering himself to a delicious mixture of excitement, wonder, and a host of tender emotions. He produces a gun and shoots it; that is the first duty of the Biologist. His subsequent course of action varies, but he will probably skin it, and cut it up in order that he may observe the arrangement of its intestinal convolutions, and discover whether its palate is formed on the desmognathous, dromeognathous, or schizognathous plan.

He is not to be blamed for so doing: there is no need to hold him up to reprobation; it is his business. If he could not cut it up it would lose half, perhaps all, its interest for him: he would not thank you for showing it to him as it flew about, if that was all you could do. To earn his gratitude you would need to present him with a breech-loader and some cartridges; while two scalpels, a forceps, a pair of scissors, and a "seeker" would fill him with a fearful joy.

Between these two types of naturalists, therefore, a great gulf is fixed. Both are possessed with an overpowering interest in the animated world; but the interest of the one has its root in a deep and often passionate affection; that of the other is the product of a variety of causes, to the consideration of which it may be worth while to turn. It is difficult to doubt that, at the bottom, it is the theory that has revolutionised natural history that has also revolutionised naturalists.

With the birth of the evolutionary hypothesis natural history was shifted on to a fresh basis, and took in consequence a position in relation to the questions of the day that it had never occupied before. With the general acceptance of the new doctrine a light broke over the whole field of the science; dark places became plain, facts became significant, and biology acquired a direct connection with graver sciences—with ethics, theology, and religion. The immediate effect of this was as natural as it was palpable.

Natural History, dignified now into Biology, appealed to a far larger section of humanity than it could ever have done before. Men who did not care a straw whether hedge-sparrows frequented "sinks and gutters" or not, who were indifferent as to whether it was the greater or lesser "Pettychaps" that pilfered their raspberry bushes, flung themselves into the science of Biology when they learnt that it could throw light upon the origin and destiny of man.

Sociologists found that they might seek for confirmation or contradiction of their doctrines in the law of evolution that governed all

life; psychologists looked for light to the science that treated of their own beginning ; and theologians, filled with a terrible fear, laid aside for a while the Apocrypha and the Fathers to try and refute the theory that promised to upset all they held most dear.

Of the theologians some have gone back to the Bible in despair, finding a certain consolation in simple and complete denial ; while some are busy with Professor Drummond in patching up an evolved theology as a concession to the present mode of thought.

But the psychologists, the sociologists, and hosts of those whose curiosity is great after any ultimate truth ; those whose object is not to prove what they already believe, but to believe only what they can consider proved, have turned their attention to Biology, as being the most fertile of all sources in the elucidation of final and fundamental facts.

This, Darwin himself foresaw. "In the future," he writes, in the conclusion of his great work, "I see open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be securely based on the foundation already well laid by Mr. Herbert Spencer—that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation. Much light will be thrown on the origin of man and his history."

And so it comes about that amongst the crowd of speculative biologists the number of old-fashioned naturalists seems insignificant and diminished ; it is to be feared, moreover, that appearances are not wholly deceptive. The overwhelming voices of the New school clamour for attention ; the unobtrusive retiring nature that belongs to the Old, leads it to shun competition and sink its claims.

So, too, the bitter contempt of the New school for the Old, the most prevalent, the most unworthy feature of its members, arising solely from a total misapprehension of their own position, adds doubtless to the rapidity of the latter's decay.

Youthful naturalists dislike to be contemptuously disowned by the majority of those who now hold the name. They begin as an Edward, as a Jefferies ; in a little while they learn to disown their former selves, to abandon wood and field, and to betake themselves to the laboratory.

It needs nowadays the courage of conviction in scientific circles to find anything worth attention in some of Gilbert White's quaint notes, anything that is not pitiable and futile in the work of Richard Jefferies.

True, the contempt is not all on one side ; while the Biologist holds up to ridicule the Naturalist who has never heard of a

"notochord," that very Naturalist is secretly consumed with scorn for the Biologist who cannot tell a yellowhammer from a chaffinch by its song.

There is a deeper-seated reason for antagonism yet. It lies in the religion of the one and the scepticism of the other. The beneficent Maker that the one discovers everywhere is flatly stated to be invisible by the other; the Biologist has taken away the Naturalist's God, and he knows not where he has laid him. May we not more easily excuse the latter's bitterness than the former's harsh contempt?

Take this passage from Thomas Edward, for example, written in his latest days:—"And although I am now like a beast tethered to its pasturage, with a portion of my faculties somewhat impaired, I can still appreciate and admire as much as ever the beauties and wonders of nature as exhibited in the incomparable work of our adorable Creator." In another place he says his desire was, "simply that I might learn all I could concerning the beautiful and wonderful works of God."

Now no Biologist writes in that strain; for him there is no Creator, because nothing was created; all was evolved.

Even Richard Jefferies, with all his questioning, has nothing in common with the typical Biologist. "I am always on the margin of life illimitable," he says, "and . . . . there are higher conditions than existence."

And here again are the words of this wonderer—not the words of a church-goer, nor yet of a sceptic, but beautiful words all the same:—"I went down to the sea. I stood where the foam came to my feet, and looked out over the sun-lit waters. . . . . I prayed aloud in the roar of the waves—my soul was strong as the sea, and prayed with the sea's might: 'Give me fulness of life, like to the sea and the sun, to the earth and the air; give me fulness of physical life, mind equal and beyond their fulness; give me greatness and perfection of soul higher than all things, give me my inexpressible desire which swells in me like a tide, give it to me with all the force of the sea.'" He is at heart pantheistical perhaps, but no materialist; he is as far removed in spirit from the modern Biologist as Thomas Edward or Gilbert White.

How completely the New school differs from the Old may be seen by observing what it is that really interests the former. The astonishing excitement that arose on the discovery of Bathybius; the commotion over Balanoglossus; the enthusiasm with which any new thing is hailed that can exhibit a rudimentary notochord, a pineal eye, a primitive condition of any organ, or anything indi-

cating connection by descent, points at once to the centre of attraction.

Persons uninterested by the birds in their garden fell down in ecstasy before the Archæopteryx; and those who could find no charm in a wild duck or a water-rat shouted for joy at the first Ornithorhynchus. It is plain enough.

The Old-school Naturalists loved all living things because they found them—as the Creator they believed in had found them—to be very good. The New-school Naturalist has no affection like that; he devotes himself to living things, not for what they are, but for what they teach; he regards them, and the science of them, as stepping-stones to the elucidation of a mystery. Thus, and thus alone, can the prevalence of vivisection be explained, and the jealousy with which that practice is defended. It is the natural outcome of the inquisitiveness of their mind, of their loveless curiosity. The chief instrument in the pursuance of their object, it is natural they should guard it carefully; but to the older Naturalists it would have been repugnant, impossible.

Such, then, are the two schools of Naturalists, with different methods, different motives, different aims. It would, however, be unreasonable to expect to be able to draw a hard and fast line between the two, apportioning so many members to each. Amongst many who are wholly of the Old, and more who are wholly of the New, there are some who seem to stand between the two, moved half by love of living things, half by anxiety after the deep truths they hope to reach by their means.

Such a man was Darwin himself; half naturalist, half biologist, he speculated and theorised like the latter, while he exhibited the former's patient observation and enthusiastic delight in living birds and beasts. But Darwin was a naturalist before he was an evolutionist. Because he was a naturalist he became an evolutionist afterwards; and therein he differs from many of his followers, who are only naturalists because they are evolutionists first. There are yet other causes which make the hard and fast line impossible. There is a tendency in certain purely field-naturalists to affect a scientific temper they do not possess, in concession to the spirit of the age; and a more ludicrous affectation amongst the scientific school of a deep affection for living things, which somehow does not convince in the light of the vivisections of the beloved objects which they presently superintend. But though no division can be rigidly made, though even the provinces of Naturalist and Biologist overlap, and may be united in a single individual, the distinction between the two is a very real one and an interesting one too.

It is a pity there should be a mutual contempt between the two schools. It arises from a mere misconception on the part of both, of their own and their opponents' position. Because their provinces overlap they are not necessarily identical; the Naturalist is not a childish biologist, and the Biologist is not a second-rate naturalist; they are distinct.

The Biologist is a product of the age—not necessarily a disagreeable product either. His aim is a high aim—the discovery of truth. His methods of gaining his end are not always unobjectionable, yet so long as he uses them moderately it will be better and wiser to let him alone. But if he is to claim immunity from interruption he must grant his opponents immunity from aggressive contempt. The field-naturalist is a member of a class far older than his own; before evolution was heard of he waited in the hedgerows and wandered in the woods, and was filled with a simple and reverent joy to watch what he never doubted were the creations of a great and good God; and if in these days the evidences of His goodness do not so clearly appear, nor indeed of His existence in the old anthropomorphic conception at all, it does not follow that the Naturalist of the past century was foolish, nor that his follower in the present is contemptible.

The Biologist, in fact, has no right to regard the Naturalist as a profitless strayer from the right track, for he himself is a Naturalist no longer; he has become a Biologist. He himself is a strayer; the tender charm, the poetry of the naturalist, has departed from him; and it will be seemlier for him to continue to justify his more prosaic existence by the value of his discoveries, than to attempt to crush that picturesque figure which finds its unimpeachable justification in the sweet examples that illumine the past.

IRVING MUNTZ.

THE GREY AND THE BAY.

'TWAS on a bright morning in May,
in May,
That I mounted my own bonny bay,
And o'er field and by wood rode away,
rode away.

And that morning it seemed to me good
To ride by the skirts of the wood,
of that wood.

It was blowing a fresh merry breeze,
Which rustled the sun-shading trees,
the trees.

There I met her on her dappled grey,
dappled grey;
As she, too, was riding her way,
her way.

Soft hoof-beats on tender spring grass:
Ah me, she will rapidly pass,
will pass.

And haughty in scorn and in pride
Her tall father rode by her side,
by her side.

The horses were galloping fast,
And quickly my lady rode past,
rode past.

One slight touch of the hand, one bright glance of the eye,
And we crossed on our ways as the horses flew by,
flew by.

'Tis a later bright morning in May,
in May,
When together we ride on our way,
on our way.

We do not pass now, but we ride side by side,
side by side,
And my lady to-day is my bride,
is my bride.

The grey and the bay, they ride the same way,
the same way.
'Tis the happiest day for the grey and the bay,
for the bay and the grey!

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

The French Players.

TO be quite candid, the dramatic month has been a dull month, and our friends from "our sweet enemy France" have not helped materially to brighten matters. Three French companies came over to London; two of them made the briefest of stays with us; only one added very sensibly to our happiness. One of them may be dismissed in a very few words—the company of players who sought to revive again the fleeting taste for pantomime that for a season held London captive during the first and last triumph of "L'Enfant Prodigue." Rash, very rash are those foreign students of our ways and tastes who fondly believe, because London goes wild for a month or six weeks over some particular novelty in dramatic art, that therefore London is wedded to that form of art, or in the least likely to be faithful to it. London raved about "L'Enfant Prodigue," and was none too unreasonable in its ravings; but when "L'Enfant Prodigue" had run its course, London did not particularly want any more pantomime. It would not do to establish a Funambules here; a new Debureau could not count on unchanging popularity by the Thames as by the Seine. London's passion for pantomime was a brief passion, and those who built their hopes upon its endurance built upon the shifting sand. There was the pantomime at the Avenue—I have forgotten its name—which was a failure; and the pantomime at the Royalty last month followed its example, and was a failure also. There is no need to say any more about it.

Coquelin.

M. COQUELIN was scarcely more fortunate than the pantomimists. The reason is not far to seek. M. Coquelin is a great actor, whom all lovers of great acting are always glad to see; but he came accompanied by a company wholly unworthy to play with him, and he played plays that were not quite what London wanted to see him in. "Thermidor" is an exceedingly ineffective

play, so ineffective that it is hard for us by the Thames to realise the frenzy it aroused by the Seine. The most impassioned admirer of Robespierre and of St. Just might have listened, one would imagine, with unalterable composure to M. Sardou's attacks upon their memory. The fiercest hater of the Terrorists would hardly have derived much spiritual uplifting from M. Sardou's political lampoon; but, such as it was, "Thermidor" was more interesting than M. Paul Delair's very unsuccessful version of "The Taming of the Shrew." In each of these plays M. Coquelin did well. His La Bussière in the one, his Petrucio in the other, were dramatic triumphs. So long as he was on the stage all was well; but his colleagues in the company were sadly uninteresting. M. Coquelin's genius is too conspicuous to need enhancing by comparison with the incapacity of others; there is no need for him to shine as a solitary star. Londoners would have liked to see him well supported; would have liked also to see him in other parts, in the plays by Molière yesterday, by Augier to-day, with which his name is most honourably associated. They did not particularly want to see La Bussière or Petrucio, and so they stayed away. It is a pity, but the fault was not all with the London public.

Cleopatra.

ANOTHER powerful factor in the failure of M. Coquelin to draw large houses may be found in the presence of Sarah Bernhardt at the English Opera House. London is a big city, but it is scarcely big enough to provide audiences for two companies of French players at the same time, and, of course, Sarah Bernhardt naturally proved the greater attraction. She is still a wonderful actress; she has still much of the charm of voice and carriage which set London wild with excitement and enthusiasm when she first appeared at the Gaiety twelve years ago. In the Cleopatra of to-day still lives some of the magic of the Doña Sol of that past time. The play is but poor stuff, in M. Sardou's latest and worst manner; a poorer piece of craftsmanship than "Thermidor;" long drawn out, tawdry and dull; but Sarah Bernhardt has the power to make her beholder forget the tawdriness, the dulness of the piece. She is Egypt for the hour; she is the queen who transformed the triple pillar of the world into a strumpet's fool; she is the serpent of old Nile whom Julius Cæsar loved and Anthony. It is a pity that she did not appear in some faithful, creditable translation of Shakespeare's play instead of M. Sardou's play. Then we should have seen a splendid conception splendidly played. The best way to enjoy it was to forget Sardou, to watch Sarah, and to think of Shakespeare's words.

"HERO AND LEANDER."

FOR the rest, the month has produced little work of abiding value—little even of fleeting interest. "Hero and Leander" at the Shaftesbury proved to be a very stilted rendering of a German play, very inaccurately put upon the stage. It would not, indeed, be fatal to a good play that the names of the Grecian deities were inscribed with grotesque inaccuracy upon temple and column if the play had other redeeming features. But, except in so far as Mrs. Brown Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew are comely to look upon, it had no other redeeming features. It is unkind—it is more than unkind, it is cruel—to take a beautiful old legend—one of the loveliest of the legends of Greece—and thus barbarously to do what Keats did not do, and dull its brightness. With the verses of a poet, with perfect stage effect and exquisite acting, it would be possible to conceive of that "sad and lovely legend" being successfully presented upon the stage. As it was, the result was disaster. It is possible that with a better play Mrs. Brown Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew might have done better things. With that particular play the genius of Ada Rehan, the genius of Mounet Sully, could have done nothing. I saw Kyrle Bellew many years ago play Faust in a queer performance at the Crystal Palace—a performance in which Charles Wyndham, of all men, played Mephistopheles, and Miss Eastlake was the Margaret. Kyrle Bellew made an admirable Faust; his scene in the garden throbbed with passion, lived with the poetry of renewed youth and of rekindled love. I always thought from that performance that Kyrle Bellew ought to do a Romeo some time. If he has ever played Romeo I have never seen him. There was something of the old charm at moments in the love-making of Leander. But Leander had such luckless words to say, and had to say them under such strange conditions, that it was impossible to regard them with conviction. The memory of the play is the memory of a lovely story wofully marred. That the performance at the Shaftesbury was hopelessly un-Hellenic in feeling and in outward expression would not in itself have mattered much. Hawthorne chose to Gothicise many of the fairest Athenian legends, and the legends still remain fair in their new form from the hands of the master. But where there was nothing to compensate for the glaring libels upon the Greece of one's dream and of one's studies, the offence became grave. "Hero and Leander" was preceded by an exceedingly pretty little one-act piece by Mr. Ian Robertson, called "A Play in Little." The scene was a fencing-school in Paris in the year 1790. Mr. Ian Robertson was an

old fencing-master; Miss Adrienne Dairolles his young and pretty daughter, who dressed in a dainty boyish dress, and gave lessons to young ladies in the art of fence. There was tragedy in the background and a love affair in the present. The main purpose of the play was some very pretty sword-play by the author and Miss Dairolles. People who love fencing—and all right-minded people should love fencing—ought to see how prettily and how skilfully Miss Dairolles handles her weapon.

"Strathlogan."

A STIRRING melodrama is a goodly sight to see, but a bad melodrama is desperately depressing, and "Strathlogan" is bad among the bad. Admirable scenery, and the services of some excellent players, could do nothing to redeem its dulness. It is really a pity to see so clever an actress as Miss Olga Brandon wasting her time and her intelligence upon work of this kind. She has remarkable ability, which I have often been glad to praise; but she might as well have no ability at all if she is going to allow herself to be sold into the slavery of inept melodrama. She cannot—no actress in the world could—make bad work seem good work; but the bad work may in time injure her—harden and coarsen her power of artistic expression, and leave her in the end unfitted for those better things for which she showed such promise. It will be a great pity—a very great pity indeed. What is true of Miss Olga Brandon is true also of Mr. Herbert Waring. Here is an actor of much ability, of much earnestness—full, apparently, of zeal for his art—and his ability, his earnestness, his zeal are utterly thrown away upon commonplace conventional parts in a commonplace conventional play; in repeating words and doing deeds that would paralyse the genius of a Garrick or of a Talma. It does not say much for our public appreciation of good work if this is the best kind of business we can find for an actress like Miss Olga Brandon, for an actor like Mr. Herbert Waring, to do.

Morning Performances.

THE month has been thickly starred with morning performances but only one was of serious note, and that was Mr. Brandon Thomas's "Marriage" at the Court Theatre. "Marriage" is a clever fantastic play, which would be cleverer if it were more fully and frankly fantastic. It began on the lines over which Mr. Gilbert has gone with such skill in pieces like "Tom Cobb" and "Engaged," and if it had

continued gallantly on those lines it would have proved a far more amusing play. But there were times, and long dull times too, when the authors—for Mr. Brandon Thomas has a colleague, a Mr. Keeling—seemed to take themselves seriously. Then came sentimental tirades and melodramatic situations and the marring of some very excellent fooling. "Marriage" might still be knocked into a very good play; it was certainly very well played, especially by Mr. Elliot as a cynical solicitor, and by Mr. C. P. Little as a stolid swell. A play which was much talked about before its production, the "Agatha" of Mr. Henderson, was given for a series of morning performances at the Criterion. It was a curiously ill-constructed, complicated play, but it gave Miss Olga Nethersole the opportunity for doing the best piece of acting that she has yet done. She promised well when she first appeared; her performance in "Agatha" more than realised that promise. She ought to do, it is to be hoped that she will do, some very fine work indeed.

Maeterlinck Again.

MY friend Mr. Heinemann lately pleased the world, through the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with an account of, with extracts from, the new play by Maurice Maeterlinck. The controversy which raged over the author of "La Princesse Maleine" has not yet died out; revived a little by the production of "Les Sept Princesses"—which was, I believe, an earlier work than "Princesse Maleine"—it may be vigorously renewed over the new piece, the sketch of which I must quote:—

"'The title of the drama is 'Pélléas et Mélisande,' and it is divided into five acts, dedicated 'in friendship and gratitude' to M. Octave Mirbeau. The scene is laid in the vague and mysterious territory of Arkël, King of Allemonde, in an old castle, built over damp and gloomy grottoes and surrounded by woods. The sea in the distance washes a town towards which flocks of sheep wend their way, bleating—or, rather, crying like children—as though they already felt the butcher's knife. The *motif* of the play rather recalls Dante's touching episode in the 'Inferno,' of the lamentable history of Francesca da Rimini and Paolo—with a little variation, however, in the *dénouement*. Golaud, the grandson of King Arkël, a widower with a little son named Yniold, meets one day in a wood, beside a spring, a beautiful girl, by name Mélisande. She is in tears, and has fled, from whence she will not say, to escape from some persecution the nature of which she will not disclose. Golaud conjectures that

she is a princess whom her friends have been trying to marry against her will, for at the bottom of the spring shines a golden crown which Mélisande has thrown there, declaring that she wants it no longer. Golaud becomes enamoured of this beautiful stranger ; he marries her, and carries her off to the castle of Allemonde. There dwells Golaud's youngest brother, Pélléas, as attractive and charming as the former's young wife. Mélisande and Pélléas meet one another daily, but, noble as they are beautiful, they struggle against their growing mutual attachment. In the meantime Golaud and his little son Yniold play the part of spy, and the father lifts the boy up to a window one day that he may learn the nature of the lovers' *tête-à-tête.* The fatal hour arrives at last. One evening, at a fountain's edge, where Mélisande and Pélléas had arranged to meet for a supreme farewell, they embrace one another passionately, in open defiance of Golaud, whom the two lovers have already perceived partly hidden in the shade. Golaud, emerging from his place of concealment, stabs his young brother, and pursues Mélisande, who escapes. In the last act we find the latter dying, forgiven and absolved from all blame by her husband, who has attempted his own life in his remorse, but who, nevertheless, tortures Mélisande to the end with heartrending questions as to how far he has been deceived.

"The following, taken from one of the clandestine meetings between Pélléas and Mélisande, will give an idea of the nature of the dialogue :—

"PÉLLÉAS : Hallo ! Hallo !

"MÉLISANDE : Who is there ?

"PÉLLÉAS : I, myself ! What are you doing there at the window, singing like a bird from another world ?

"MÉLISANDE : I am doing up my hair for the night.

"PÉLLÉAS : Is that what I see on the wall ? I thought you had a light.

"MÉLISANDE : I have opened the window ; it is too warm in the tower, and the night is fine.

"PÉLLÉAS : There are stars innumerable ; I have never before seen so many ; but the moon is still on the sea. Don't stay there in the shadow, Mélisande ; lean over a bit and let me see your flowing hair.

"MÉLISANDE : I look hideous like this.

"PÉLLÉAS : Ah ! Ah ! Mélisande ! You are beautiful ! You are beautiful like that. Lean down ! lean down ! Let me get nearer to you.

"MÉLISANDE : I cannot get nearer to you. I am leaning down as far as I can.

"PÉLLÉAS: And I cannot reach any higher; give me at least your hand to-night before I go. I leave to-morrow. . . .

"MÉLISANDE: I shall not give you my hand if you leave.

"PÉLLÉAS: Give it, give it, give it!

"MÉLISANDE: Then you won't go?

"PÉLLÉAS: I will wait; I will wait.

"MÉLISANDE: I see a rose in the darkness.

"PÉLLÉAS: Where? I see nothing but the branches of the willow that hang over the wall.

"MÉLISANDE: Lower down in the garden; there in the green shadow.

"PÉLLÉAS: That is not a rose. I will go and see directly, but give me your hand first; first your hand.

"MÉLISANDE: Here, here! I cannot lean down any farther.

"PÉLLÉAS: My lips cannot reach your hand.

"MÉLISANDE: I cannot lean down any farther. I am nearly falling. My hair is coming down.

[*Her hair falls down as she leans over and covers Pélléas.*

"PÉLLÉAS: Ah! Ah! What is that? Your hair is coming down on me. All your hair, Mélisande, all your hair has rolled down; I hold it in my hands, I hold it in my mouth, I hold it in my arms, I lay it round my neck. I shall not open my hands this night.

"MÉLISANDE: Let me go! Let me go! You will make me fall!

"PÉLLÉAS: No, no, no! I have never seen hair like yours, Mélisande! Look, look, look! it comes from so high, and it flows over me down to my heart—it flows over me down to my knees. And it is sweet; it is sweet as if it fell from the skies! I can't see the sky through your hair. You see! You see! My two hands can hold it no longer, and some of it reaches to the branches of the willow. It lives in my hand like little birds. It loves me, it loves me better than you do!

"MÉLISANDE: Let me go! Let me go! Some one might come."

This taste of Maeterlinck's quality made me curious to read the complete work. I have done so. I like it better than the "Sept Princesses," not so well as the "Princesse Maleine." I do not think it seems very promising as a stage play. Still, I wish some manager would follow Mr. Beerbohm Tree's example, and give us another opportunity of seeing Maeterlinck on the stage.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

The Verneys.

THE publication of a selection from the Verney Papers at Claydon, edited by the late Lady Verney,[1] introduces to the general reader, though scarcely to the historian, who has long been familiar with them, some members of a noble, gallant, and interesting family. Incidentally, too, it casts a strong light upon domestic institutions and social life in the period of Civil War. The extent to which families were divided by the struggle between King and Parliament is known: fathers and children, brothers and sisters, espousing opposite sides, and even meeting in unavoidable hostility. Among those who were thus divided were the Verneys. A Commonwealth man at heart, Sir Edmund Verney, through his personal feeling and his official position, rallied to the King, and lost his life defending the royal standard at Edgehill. Offered his life by those who knew and respected him, on the condition of resigning its custody, he answered that his life was his own, but the standard was his King's. According to popular legend his hand, cut off at the wrist, stiffened with the rigour of death on the flag-pole. His son, Sir Edmund, known as "Mun," one of the bravest officers in Ireland, was slain in cold blood after the surrender at Drogheda. Another son, Sir Ralph, the oldest, the most interesting of the family, a member of the Long Parliament, espoused the other side, but, refusing to take the covenant, was the object of persecution by both parties, and found his estates, ultimately sequestrated by the Parliament from which he was dismissed, in equal danger whichever side triumphed, and had himself to take refuge abroad. To students of history these facts have no novelty. What is new to most is the account of the straits to which he and his family were reduced. A commentary more exact and more vivid than is here afforded upon the miseries of civil war does not often see the light.

Recovered Papers of Victor Hugo.

IT is a little uncomfortable to think of the hands into which private papers and correspondence may come. Not many

[1] "Memoirs of the Verney Family during the Civil War." London: Longmans.

years have elapsed since letters of my own, of no special import, but dealing with matters of private interest, were returned me by a second-hand bookseller, who had purchased as waste paper the entire correspondence of a man of some note who had died. Such a circumstance may, of course, happen to any one ; nor is any lesson to be drawn from it except that private letters should, when of no literary importance, be destroyed by the recipient. Positively astounding, however, is it to find that what are practically the papers of Victor Hugo were treated in similar fashion. In the company of M. Octave Uzanne, and at the invitation of Mr. Samuel Davey, of Great Russell Street, I glanced over what M. Uzanne calls "Les Propos de Table de Victor Hugo à Guernesey." The three large octavo volumes in which these appear were, preposterous as such an idea may seem, sold after the death of the poet as waste paper. Their contents are in the handwriting of the son of the poet and the translator of Shakespeare. That a collection of this description should, in the case of a man whose connections and descendants are literary, and who is the object of a cult, have escaped observation and run most serious risk of destruction, is simply inconceivable.

"Le Journal de l'Exil."

'ALL'S well that ends well." And now that the "Journal de l'Exil," as the MSS. are headed, is recovered, the world will be satisfied, and the only persons entitled to complain are those who, having bought what purports to be the entire work of Hugo, know that another and more authoritative edition will in time supplant their own. For the value of the find I take the opinion of M. Uzanne, who, in his admirable publication "L'Art et l'Idée," has given an analysis or *résumé* of the journal. The conversations in which the poet and his surroundings participate are still "in the rough." Had they been polished, as M. François-Victor Hugo must have purposed, we might have had, M. Uzanne holds, a supplement to the "Banquet of Plato." On all sorts of subjects the poet expands—upon literature, politics, philosophy, art, drama, and upon most of the principal Frenchmen of his time: Louis Bonaparte, Changarnier, Saint-Arnaud, Émile de Girardin, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Frédéric Lemâitre. What adds even higher value is the matter of personal and autobiographical interest constantly introduced, the announcement of schemes conceived and abandoned. Sometimes we find opinions upon the older drama, as that Molière would have done better to call his play "Le Convive de Pierre" instead of "Le Festin

de Pierre," a title the sense of which is not very easily comprehended. The journal thus saved from destruction covers the five years following the Coup d'État. That it will be printed in full may safely be foretold. At present the treasure reposes in England.

Gems of Sporting Literature.

A FEW gems of the literature of "sport" have lately been gathered by Ouida, and I gladly quote her proofs how terrible is the demoralisation which so-called sport produces. I give the passages as they are supplied by Ouida, with her comments. The italics also are hers. "'Resting my rifle on the ground, I took the easier shot. There was no excuse for missing, and as the bullet *made the well-known sound dear to the heart of the sportsman, I saw that it had broken the shoulder*, and the animal, staggering a yard or two, fell over seaward and was lost.'" The animal in question was an *ovis nivicola*. The same sportsman comes upon a fine old ram of the fifth or sixth year. "'I fired almost before I was conscious of it, but not a moment too soon, for the beast was in the act of turning as I touched the trigger. It was his last voluntary movement, and the next instant he was rolling down the precipice. . . . *The fun was not yet over*, for perched upon a bare pinnacle stood another of our quarry. The animal had been driven into a corner by some of our party on the cliff above. The next instant, after a vain but desperate effort to save himself, he was whirling through four hundred feet of space. . . . . On going up to him I found one of the massive horns broken short off and the whole of the hind quarters shattered into a mass of bleeding pulp. . . . Our decks were like a butcher's shop on Boxing Day.'" I will not spoil the effect of this by comment.

A Californian "Colonel Newcome."

THE hand of Bret Harte has lost none of its cunning. Vol. VII. of his Collected Works contains a further series of his "Tales of the Pacific Slope," and is accompanied by a reproduction of Mr. John Pettie's fine portrait. Not a whit inferior to the preceding tales in the same series are those now edited, and the humour of "A Sappho of Green Springs" and the tenderness of "A Ward of the Golden Gate" command equally my admiration. To praise the local colour with which all the tales abound, or the vigorous drawing of character, is mere *banalité*. Before all things Bret Harte is original; I cannot help thinking, however, that in his "A Ward of the Golden Gate" he has been influenced by a laudable design to enter into competition with Thackeray. In his "Colonel Pendleton"

he seems to me to have attempted to depict a Californian Colonel Newcome. Unlike enough in many respects are the two characters. This was to be expected from the difference of education and surroundings. But the points of resemblance are stronger, and they are in essentials, and not in accidents. Both are types of gentleness, manliness, and chivalry, now sadly out of date. Thackeray drew some little of "Newcome" from Cooper's "Leather Stocking," and it is pleasing to find traits coming from America to England to be restored to the land of their birth. Those who have read Bret Harte's brilliant romance will, I think, recognise the resemblance of which I speak; to those who have not, there is but one piece of advice—"Read it forthwith."

Mourning Customs.

WILL the custom survive of wearing mourning for deceased relatives and friends? To some the question may appear needless and perhaps profane. Some abnegation of enjoyment and some outward indication of the presence of grief seem necessary to our own sense of loss as well as an indispensable tribute to the departed. None the less, mourning practices become gradually lighter and less burdensome, and the period of social sequestration is slowly abridged. Widows' weeds are no longer so deep and repulsive as before, and are, indeed, sometimes smart and coquettish. While deriving in part from the Jews our mourning customs, we have never adopted all the formalities still observed by that persecuted and conservative race. Mourning, however, was once a sufficiently serious matter. Black garb and a hat-band of cloth, no longer of crape, constitute the tribute now customary, though hatchments and mourning liveries are employed by the wealthy classes. Black-edged paper and other matters of the kind scarcely call for mention. In the seventeenth century mourning was a costly process. It was customary to give mourning to intimate friends as well as relatives and dependents; a fact which is still, or was until recently, recalled by the gift of black gloves. It was then usual, moreover, to drape a bed entirely with black—a sufficiently lugubrious manner of meeting calamity. Black coverlets were indispensable; saddles and accoutrements were covered with black, and black mourning coaches were employed, not only for progress to the churchyard, but for ordinary transit. As black coaches, beds, &c., were not universal possessions, they passed sometimes from hand to hand as loans as occasion demanded. We have so far declined from this funeral pomp that the question arises, may not the practice in time be wholly discontinued?

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BESSIE OF THE WOLF'S RANCHE.

BY MARY S. HANCOCK.

CHAPTER I.

SHE pulled up her horse until she nearly threw him on his haunches. They had been pelting along at a good rate, and the sudden stoppage brought him up with a fearful check.

"Hang it!" she cried aloud. "I will go back and see into this thing. I cannot leave him dead, or dying, alone like this."

She was not a lady. She was not even well-educated, as you and I understand the term. Only a bush-girl, with a hand like iron, and a voice that rang over the whole country-side; a girl who could ride, and shoot, and whistle; who could throw a lasso, and equal a cow-boy at coralling. Strong, straight-limbed, well-featured, if you like; but ignorant as any Hottentot of music, or painting, or dressing, as the present-day girls understand the art. Sing? could she not!—opening her mouth and throwing back her head until the sound rang far and near in a wild tumult of rich volume. Cook? I bet you no she in all the fair land of Texas could go her length at that! From fish to fowl, from game to plain roast—she was the one. A regular "Soyer" of the plain; and we knew it! And she could ride. Vinegar, Jumper, Black Dan—they all knew the touch of her hand on the reins, the feel of her foot in the stirrup.

Take her all in all, there was not a girl up or down the ranches who could hold a candle to Bessie—our Bessie—Blandford.

I call her "our Bessie," and so she was; although I may as well state on setting out that I was only a humble dependant, a sort of hanger-on and man of all work—and odd work, too—upon Wolf's Ranche.

Why was it Wolf's Ranche?

Why? If you'd heard the wolves tearing round and howling of a night you would not have been quite so particular to know the reason why. It would have been pretty obvious.

Well, when Bessie pulled up short on that fine spring morning, and expressed her intentions loudly, she meant business.

She wheeled Black Dan round in a twinkling, much against his will, I can tell you; and she never drew rein again until she had cantered back the length of the Liveoak Wood and reached the gully of the Red Cañon. Here she dismounted. "There he is," she said. "Stand you still, Black Dan, and stir if you dare!" But for security's sake she fastened the bridle to the branch of a neighbouring tree, and, gathering up her skirt, made her way through the underwood.

A man lay under the soft blue sky, his face upturned to it, white and still. His hands hung by his side, nerveless and motionless. He might be *dead*. He might be *dying*. She did not know.

She pushed on until she reached him, and then bent down for a closer inspection.

Slowly pulling off her long thick gloves, and taking her hat from her head, she went away in search of the stream whose trickling sound was clearly heard through the intense stillness.

The hat—a serviceable felt one—held the water readily; and filling it, she retraced her steps.

Kneeling down, she bathed his forehead, her soft brown hands pushing back the short close crop of hair. Then putting her right hand in the form of a cup to his parched lips, she let a little moisture trickle, drop by drop, into his mouth, and sat back to observe the effect of her manœuvres.

The birds on the branches of the tall trees peeped down at her. Butterflies, bees, and many-hued creeping things flittered and crept by on high intent, the sun mounted in the heavens, and her horse pawed the ground in disgust.

"You take an unconscionable time, my good man!" she said in a vexed tone. "Whatever you are going to do, I wish you'd do it quickly!"

With that she gave him a poke with the butt-end of her whip; and the vigour of the attack enforced attention on the man's part. He slowly opened his eyes.

She hailed the movement.

"That's right!" she cried cheerily. "Look alive—I'm downright glad you're not *dead* anyway. You would have been so heavy!"

He turned his head and gave her a long stare.

"Know me again, will you? All right, I'm game! Now. Can you move? that's the point. I'll help you if you try."

But without the trial on his part, she had raised him to a sitting posture.

"There! Hold on a bit, and we'll fix you yet!"

She propped him against her knee, as if he were a baby, and with infinite trouble and unceasing toil contrived to raise him to his feet.

"If we can only get you on to my horse," said she, "we'll soon have you home and tucked up!"

She did all the talking; he scarcely opened his mouth, except to groan. So she effected the removal, he passively enduring without making much effort, if indeed he were capable of making one.

She brought the horse to his side.

"I reckon you'll have to do this bit of play yourself, neighbour," said Bessie. "See, I'll start you fair and soft! Once to stop." She gave him a mighty lift half-way up to the bare back.

"Twice to stay!" He was a little further on the way.

"Three to be ready!" He helped her as much as he could.

"And four—away! Now you are safe. Stick fast, I'll lead."

It was a long trot, and a longer walk; and Bess was jaded and tired.

"A man's terribly heavy," she said as she wiped her brow with her disengaged hand, "and the day is hot. I wonder what happened to the dinner!"

The man had his work before him. It was as much as he could do to hold on.

The curious procession went forward, and presently the ranche was reached.

We three men were on the verandah smoking. It had not been a blissful day, and our tempers, as well as our dinners, had suffered.

"I'll see if I let Bess go for the letters again," growled the master over and over. Growls were of no use. We were minus Bess, and we fared accordingly.

Nothing was right—except our smoke.

Jim cooked our steak, and got more kicks than ha'pence by way of reward.

I washed up, and had to stand the jeers of the other two.

The master reclined in lordly state, and we both endured his rage.

Where *was* Bess? Why did she not return?

Our work done, we thankfully took seats outside, and smoked the pipe of peace. The master condescended to "shut up," and unbent sufficiently to ask our opinion as to his sister's misdemeanour.

Jim gave his freely; I did not.

Jim is another brother. He is privileged; I am not. For reasons best known to myself, I declined to be "drawn," and held my tongue discreetly.

Presently Jim looked up.

'Hallo!" he cried; and said no more.

Seeing he stared in silence, we looked up also.

"Hallo!" echoed the master in profoundest amazement.

It *was* a queer sight to be sure, and Bessie looked fagged. But waving her hand triumphantly she turned in at the gate, and led her horse to the verandah steps.

"Come, some of you, and take him. Tumble him into a bed—anybody's bed. Mine if you like. He'll die if you don't be sharp."

We were used to her ordering. We took to it kindly now.

The master leisurely walked round the horse. I took the stranger on my back. Jim ran to prepare a bed. We could not land him in her room, so he was planted down in mine. It came handiest; and I am not above a turn-over or a shake-down anywhere.

Bess hunted out her dinner from the pantry, and put it down to warm. She retired for a few moments, and reappeared as neat and as fresh as a new pin.

"There!" she exclaimed gaily. "Is there a cupful of broth to be had in the land, Matt? I want to give my man a feed."

She washed him and fed him, as any grannie might, and then, at a growl from the master, bethought herself of her own provender.

"Who is he?" asked Jim earnestly.

"Don't know—don't care! He'd have died if I had not picked him up. That's all I have to do with it." She ate her dinner and removed the dishes.

"Where's Black Dan?" she asked, coming out to look at us.

I signified that he was already stabled.

"Who put him up? You, Matt? I thought so. They'll kill you off if you don't mind. The master is growing fearfully lazy!"

She disappeared before any of us had recovered from this back-hander, and we could hear her singing about her work in the kitchen. The master knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Shouldn't wonder if he's a cut-throat," he said solemnly. This was his way of taking revenge.

Chapter II.

The days went by, and brought recovery and health to the stranger.

He was the quietest man I ever saw; just lying there taking us all in with his deep-grey eyes, and watching Bessie as if he could never see enough of her.

The master was about tired of playing at hospitality. He said as much to Bess.

"It's my house, and I won't have it!" He brought his fist down to enforce his words.

"He is my patient, and I *will* have it!" she said quite as emphatically. And we knew she meant it. She ruled us all.

How long he might have stayed I cannot tell; the offer to move came from himself, however, in the end. If was my off-day, and I chose to spend it at home—cleaning. It is not particularly enlivening work, especially to a member of an English university; but it is apt to become a trifle monotonous, and I was sorry for Bess.

The stranger sat on the window-sill; he was well and getting strong now. Bessie moved about, singing, talking, laughing, in perfect good fellowship. I sat outside washing cups and saucers in the sunshine. It was glorious weather, and we were having good times at the ranche. We are not particular as to names in these parts; we had called our guest Dick, and he had taken to it as kindly as if his godfathers and godmother had bestowed it on him in baptism.

"I must be off soon," said this same Dick presently. "It seems a long time since you picked me up, Miss Blandford. And what I *should* have done if you had not, I really do not know!"

I turned my head to give him a thorough good stare. The man could favour us with very tolerable English when he chose. It was not *often* however!

Bessie stopped making her pudding. Her sleeves were rolled above her elbows; her hands rested, amongst the flour, on the table. The arms were strong, capable ones—as Dick knew pretty well. The girl's face was strong too; keen, bright eyes looked out fearlessly at their world; her hair waved softly and lightly all over her head. The oval face was brown with the hues of sun and fresh air upon it: it was a beautiful face! But it had determination, vigour, intellect, in every line; and you felt, at one glance, that humbug would not go down with Bessie Blandford.

Now she leaned on her hands and looked at him earnestly.

"You saved my life!" he went on, speaking quietly. "I am grateful! Words are cheap, and I cannot tell you all I feel. My life may not be worth much—perhaps it is not, still it *is* life—and but for you I might now be *dead*!"

"And the future?" asked Bess gravely.

"The future!" he laughed lightly. "'*Sufficient unto the day*'—you know the rest. I never look forward."

"And yet it is the future that is always coming!" said Bessie, more to herself than to him.

"I suppose so," he answered wearily. "More's the pity! You have made me a human being again, Miss Blandford. By jingo, what a hand you have!"

"Is that supposed to be a compliment?" She held up the member, all covered with flour, and looked at it, with a bright laugh on her face.

"Yes; I gave you a grip—didn't I?"

"You believe in human nature because a human hand gripped yours that day. Yet I only did for you what I might do for the master—for Jim—for Matt there! You are somebody's son, you know, and as such you are worth saving. Life is never to be flung away, or given away. It is always *worth trying to save*! And, after all is said and done, it was the *water* that brought you round, and *Black Dan* who carried you here; so I had a very little share in the business. *See?*" She leaned further across the table in her earnestness. "And, besides these, there was Another—He led me!"

"I don't follow you," he returned sadly.

"Don't you!" cried Bess. "Ah, then, you are poor indeed. Never mind, if you so believe in a human arm and a human hand. Some day—some day there will come to you an idea that there is more beyond, more above than just blue sky and so much space. We'll leave it, stranger. Fight it out by yourself under the stars. Knowledge is for him who seeks it."

They took no more count of *me*, bless you, than if I did not exist. That is always the way, I believe; but it comes a little rough on me at times.

When all is said and done, I am a human being, and as such I have my feelings. In the twinkling of an eye it flashed across my mind that this man—bad luck to him!—had crossed my path with Miss Blandford. He, the waif of fortune—the tramp, if you like—had dared to *admire*—to put it by no stronger word—our dear Miss Bessie.

I glared at him over the little pile of dishes that were awaiting the drying process. "Who is he, I'd like to know?" I said to myself in a threatening whisper. But the stranger did not seem disposed to mince matters. He cleared his throat once or twice; and, as I have generally found that this process means unpleasantness to follow by way of revelations, I gave myself a well-merited rest, and prepared to listen also.

"You have been very good to me," he said after a bit. "If you had known more of me perhaps you might not have been quite so ready to haul me out of the gully. If you had known much about my past life," he added softly, "it's not been a good one."

She held up her finger.

"Never go back!" she cried warningly. "Let it be always onward. Light is in front; keep straight on towards it, and then you will be safe. I wish I could tell you things better. But I cannot. One thinks things out in the loneliness, but one cannot tell them straight and plain to others. It must *come* to you—as it came *others*—in a flash, and then *we see*!"

"But—if we cannot—can *never* see?"

"Then we get nothing! Yet the man whose eyes were opened saw only men as trees, walking—tall shadows, you know—all out of place. But he *saw*, and by-and-by things were made clear and came easy."

"Look here!" said he, turning towards her and speaking excitedly. "Have you ever seen the sea?"

She nodded her head.

"Well, have you seen it in tempest? Yes? Then you know what it is! Gloom without—night without—a dark sky—breakers foaming—waves roaring—death ahead and shipwreck abroad—*that is my life—that is my lot*!"

The words were sad rather than bitter; they rang mournfully round our wooden walls.

I looked up and looked round.

We had always thought Bessie a queer girl. The pictures on our walls were curious pictures. There was not one gorgeous person among them. There were portraits of one or two grand people of course; it gives you a feeling of belonging to a nation, no matter how far away in the wilds you may be, when you see these. But, besides, there were all sorts of photographs of her own choosing: Holman Hunt's "Shadow of the Cross"; one or two of Sir Noel Paton's; a large copy of Zimmerman's "Christ and the Sons of Zebedee," and, in a corner by themselves, a print of Albert Dürer's

"Praying Hands," which always made me feel queer when I looked at them. It gave you a turn, I can tell you, when, coming first into that room with its pretty curtains, its bird-cages, and its plants, you came upon those "Hands" uplifted silently in the quiet corner. They used to stop us many a time when we might have been going to say something not quite as nice as we might have liked; and, I am bound to say, it was almost as good as going to church to look at them on some Sunday morning when there was nothing else to remind you of the day—nothing but those "Hands," and the sort of peaceful *kush* that belongs to the day; when toil ceases, and men, unconsciously it may be, put on their clean shirts and jerseys, and smarten up a bit out of deference to "auld lang syne." Not quite that, altogether, boys; but you know what I mean, and I am not one given to preachments. As I looked round at those "Hands" I caught Dick staring at them too. But Bessie's head was bent over the pudding which she was pounding with might and main, for time was going, and the master liked punctuality at meal times.

"The darkest hour is just before the dawn," said she with a smile. "That's about the time of day with you, neighbour; and the sun rises in the east, remember. The dawn is cold and chill, but it means a new day."

He shook his head.

"The night that goes before the dawn is dark and cloudy and dim; I see no day."

"'Watchman,'" said she, quoting a verse I also remembered hearing long ago, "'watchman, what of the night? The night cometh, and also the day.'"

"Night is long, and terrible."

"I know!" she nodded her head. "Yet there are possibilities. There is always hope. The present can be saved from wreck. The future is always bright. If you believe in human hands, how easy to go a step higher, and believe in more! You believe in life as life; give the same faith to eternity, and hold on! Out of infinite love comes infinite peace, forgiveness, rest!"

"How?" he asked her wearily. "How? For me? You little know!"

For answer she pointed across the room to "The Hands"; then, stretching out her arm to its widest, she pointed to the "Ecce Homo" above the fireplace. "'A Man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief,'" she murmured softly.

"Grief!" he cried bitterly. "It is not grief—it is sin, sin! Burdens too heavy to bear; too sad to tell—to you!"

"'He receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.' 'For us men, and for our salvation, He came down from heaven, and was crucified.' You know the rest. Why weary yourself with continually going back? Do you believe in the forgiveness of sins, or do you not? I suppose you learnt all that when you were a boy."

There was a long silence in the room, and presently Bessie spoke again. "You'll never miss the way, neighbour; you are never very far away from Him!"

"Stop!" he cried hoarsely. "Dare I—such as I am—dare I expect, or hope, that one word of mine will avail—will reach Him?"

"Were you ever a child?" asked Bessie calmly, tying up the pudding in a basin, and putting it in a pan on the fire. "Had you ever a father? Were you ever naughty? Were you ever forgiven? When you think these four questions out, you will discover that earthly life is only a parable—a picture—and that beneath it is something higher. Go away now; I am going to sweep up. And whenever you feel like this—so low and sad—just you come in and take a good look at my 'Hands.' They'll help you! and, bless you, I know all about you, don't disturb yourself! But, be you very sure of one thing—Heaven is more merciful than earth! Matt, are you ever going to finish those cups and saucers?"

"I washed them long ago," I replied meekly. "Shall I put them in the cupboard?"

"Of course!" said my mistress sharply; "and be quick about it! It will soon be time for dinner."

Chapter III.

Our master sat in his shirt-sleeves at the close of the day. Jim sat on the fence and swung his legs backwards and forwards. I trained a climbing rose-tree over the pillars of the porch, and Bessie, her dress tucked up and her brown hands filled with nails, handed one to me from time to time, with the hammer.

"Come off that rail!" roared the master, frowning heavily. "Is it not trouble enough to make fences, without sitting on them ourselves to do mischief?"

Jim dropped without a word.

"Bess!" added the potentate, turning her way, "that's a precious scoundrel you've been harbouring! Tim Maloney sent to say that he was known to be Dick the Ranger! Nice company for you, young woman! If he returns some fine night, and treats us to a touch of his 'Winchester,' I shan't be surprised! Keep yourself spry

at nightfall, Matt, and see to the fastenings and the guns, or we'll come to grief!"

"Has he gone?" asked Jim from the background.

"Of course! Do you think I'd air my sentiments if he were prowling round? What a fool you must be, Jim!"

The youth subsided, and retreated into the shade. But Bess spoke up boldly.

"Don't be frightened! *That* man won't harm us! Shouldn't wonder if he gives up that bit of business, and takes to something more natural!"

"What did you think of him, Matt?" asked the master crossly. "You *have* opinions, I presume, like everyone else; and you saw something of him. Out with it!"

My mouth was full of nails, for Bess had been lavish in her way of handing them up to me, and my mouth was the only convenient receptacle for them, so I made no reply beyond an indistinct murmur which passed unnoticed.

"Matt can't speak, and supper is ready. Stop work, Matt, and let us go in; it is very chilly."

We despatched our suppers slowly, as men who were reluctant to rise in a hurry after a hard day's toil. But the master was an autocrat, and to-morrow was before us.

I slept on my own bed once more, but on the morrow I would be far enough away. I was to take charge of the herd of cattle which the master was sending to Los Angelos, and might outspan on the bare sward, with a blanket and the stars for covering.

My last night at the ranche was a comfort, and I slept the sleep of the just.

* * * * * * *

When I returned from Los Angelos the ranche was in mid-winter, cold and bare; the master met me gloomily, and the look of the place was all awry. Vinegar was in the far pasture, the little roan mare was down by the river, and Black Dan worked his own sweet will amongst the other horses.

"Summat's up!" said Tim Maloney gravely. "Thim bastes has no bisnis on the rant; thim's Miss Bessie's cattle!"

I dared not question the master, and Jim was invisible.

"Read that!" said the master, holding out a letter, and greeting me as if we had parted yesterday. It was a letter with an English post-mark and an English stamp. My heart beat quickly for a moment, and then I knew it was none of mine. The writing was strange. "Who is it from?" I asked, looking up quickly.

"Read it!" he repeated.

I drew the letter forth—it was on thin overland paper—it was very short:

"Dear Miss Blandford,—I owe you an apology. I never wrote to thank you for all you did for me. I write to-day, and all I can say is, God bless you! God ever, always bless you!

"Before me hang the 'Praying Hands!' I myself am in my father's home. Need I say more? Some day we shall meet. Where, when, I know not. God grant it may be soon.

"Yours ever gratefully,

"RICHARD BENTINCK."

"There's a coronet somewhere, I think," he remarked, as I returned the letter.

I never looked for it.

"Where is Bessie?" I asked quickly. "Why did she not come to meet us? She always did—she was the life and heart of the ranche!"

"Bessie!" said the master slowly; and his eyes roved over the distant plains. "Come and see!"

And I went.

Into her little chamber we passed silently. The air was heavy with flowers. Soft perfumes stole round. A dim light from unseen lamps shone over the room. The window was darkened.

On the bed lay something—all white, all flowers, all radiance. What was it?

By the bed sat Jim, crying and blubbering like an infant. Not at all ashamed was he of his tears.

I clutched at an object—it proved to be the master's arm.

"What ails you?" he asked kindly. It is only *Bessie*!" and his voice quivered with the pain he bravely suppressed. "Fever did it—up at the cottages beyond our ranche. Hold up, old man! 'It is our noblest duty to endure!' She said those words. She whispered them when she was—going. I hung the 'Hands' there, before her bed, that she might see them—and Him—the 'Ecce Homo,' last of all."

Nobody thought of me, and I lost sight of myself in the stupendous sorrow that had come to me. Yes, to *me*. For I loved Bessie Blandford as a man loves once, and only once, in a lifetime. I have only told you a little bit of a Texan girl's life. But we live by little and little; and now that she has gone I should like Richard Bentinck to know—if ever he should see these lines—that our Bessie sleeps in peace—dead in the wilderness—on the borders of the great lone land.

On the rough wood cross is one word, rudely cut by her desolate and unknown lover—the one word of hope—Resurgam.

OLD LONDON POTTERIES.

THAT Josiah Wedgwood was "the father of English pottery" is one of the primary articles in the ceramic creed upon which it would be certainly ungracious, probably impossible, to seek to cast a doubt. It is true, indeed, that the obligations which the great potter laid upon the world of his generation can never be over-estimated. No man's life-work ever exercised a more powerful, beneficent, and enduring influence upon the industry which he adorned than did Josiah Wedgwood's. No man better than he obeyed the mandate to leave the world better than he found it, in the sense of leaving it enriched with a wealth of things of art and beauty that will endure for the delight of ages, even after the civilisation that produced them may have crumbled in the dust.

But in the lustre of one great achievement other men and their labours are apt to be forgotten. If Wedgwood were the father of the modern potter's art, it had some remoter ancestors from whom it has derived an inheritance that, even beside his, is not to be despised.

A hundred years before Josiah Wedgwood lived and worked, the introduction of Oriental porcelain, of German and Dutch stoneware and delft, had given a great stimulus to the potter's art in England. Curiosity was excited, analyses were made of materials, and experiments carried out in manufacture, the results of most of which are lost in oblivion. Naturally, this foreign influence was most felt at the centres where the foreign manufactures were most seen; so the Staffordshire Potteries of the early seventeenth century being a wild and remote district little in touch with outside influences, it happened that the real centre of the more intelligent and advanced application of the potter's art was to be found in the river-side environs of the metropolis itself.

From the natural advantages which have made it to-day the great home of the potting industry of Great Britain, North Staffordshire had been from time immemorial the seat of a local trade. "Till far on in the seventeenth century the number of persons employed in the Staffordshire pot-works was not more than a thousand;" the

potteries "were scattered over a wide area, two or three perhaps in every rural village, where they stood picturesquely amidst the thatched dwellings, small orchards, and crofts, and clumps of ancient woodland, or else they stood, as more commonly they did, solitary on the green waste of the moor, an unenclosed highway passing hard by, their vicinity marked by shallow excavations for clay and coal, by the universal 'shord-rucks,' or heaps of broken pottery, and by the dammed-up spring or runnel that supplied water for the potters' use." [1]

They were a rough and rude class, those early Staffordshire potters. The largest works were run with a staff of eight men: sometimes a man and his son alone worked a moorland kiln, and its produce was carried in donkey's panniers to the country town markets by the women of the family, half unsexed beings who plodded over the miles of moor in attire little to be distinguished from that of their fathers and brothers. Only the coarsest description of ware was turned out of these kilns, such as crocks, pitchers, slab-like baking-dishes, porringers, &c. There was little more probability of ideas from outside penetrating to the dwellers in these remote wilds than of their giving birth to original ones of their own.

The cradle—the birthplace, indeed—of English ceramics is to be found in the modest little pottery which still carries on a busy existence in Church Street, Fulham. It is set nowadays in modern and uncongenial surroundings; it has a new face of the newest brick; there is a railway viaduct—an anachronism—in front of it, and the County Council have ruthlessly chipped off a corner of it to widen a road withal; new villas that ape an antiquity which would be modern as compared with its own pretensions are springing up hard by; but it is the Mecca of the china maniac, who should go pilgrimages and bow himself reverently before the oldest pot-works in Great Britain, which has kept its doors open and its fires alight for two hundred and twenty years, ever since the date of its foundation in the year 1671, in the reign of his sacred Majesty King Charles II., by John Dwight, the inventor of the art of making porcelain in England.

There are many legends hanging about this old Fulham Pottery. There was one in particular, which found favour for many years, which set forth with much circumstance how that John Dwight was in reality John De Witt, a younger brother of De Witt the unfortunate Dutch minister, who, escaping the massacre of his family, fled to England with his mother, a grim old lady who lived in a sort of

[1] Meteyard's *Life of Josiah Wedgwood.*

inaccessible state at Fulham, and received no visitors but the king himself, who came at times to pay his respects to her—rather uncongenial society for Charles, one would imagine.

I do not know who it was who first exploded this tradition—possibly Mr. Chaffers. There is a similarity between the names of Dwight and De Witt which points plausibly to a common origin, and it may very well be that the Dwights, of Oxfordshire, claimed cousinship with the De Witts, of Holland. Miss Meteyard says that it was so, and that John Dwight's name was really De Witt; but she supports this assertion with no authority beyond her own.

However that may be, it is certain that John Dwight was himself an Englishman by birth. He was a Master of Arts, of Christ Church, Oxford, and was secretary to Brian Walton, who died in 1660, and subsequently to Henry Ferne and George Hall, successive bishops of Chester. His establishment of the Fulham Pottery dates from the year 1671, in which his first patent was taken out, although it is by no means certain that the site had not been previously occupied by one of the Dutch potters, who about this time began to come over and set up manufactories of delft and stoneware on the banks of the Thames.

The patent referred to bears date April 23, 1671, and sets forth that "John Dwight, gentleman, hath represented to us that by his own industry, and at his own proper costs and charges, he hath invented and sett up at Fulham, in our county of Middlesex, several new manufactories." The inventions for which patent rights are claimed are in respect to "the mistery of transparent earthenware, commonly knowne by the name of porcelaine or China and Persian ware, as also the mistery of the stone ware vulgarly called Cologne ware"; and it is furthermore set forth that he "designed to introduce a manufacture of the said wares into England, where they have not hitherto been wrought or made."

The priority of Dwight's invention is established by this patent upon no uncertain ground. He was, as Mr. Chaffers points out, even in advance of the French china manufacturers. The earliest patent for porcelain-making in France was taken out by Louis Poterat, Sieur de St. Etienne, Rouen, in 1673, at which time Dwight had been making his porcelain for two years. St. Etienne, moreover, although he approached the secret, never perfected it, and his invention came to nothing. The next letters patent in France were granted to the heirs of Chicanneau, St. Cloud, in 1702, thirty-one years later than Dwight's English patent.[1]

[1] See Chaffers' *Marks and Monograms.*

Miss Meteyard, who, whenever she gets away from the immediate subject of her biography, is deplorably careless in her statements, asserts that Dwight, although he achieved a successful imitation of Grès de Cologne, never, as regards china-making, went beyond the production of a few pieces of imperfect porcelain, although his experiments were continued over a long period. This is an entirely gratuitous assertion, which has not the shadow of an authority to support it. The fact that Dwight continued the manufactures successfully is proved by his obtaining at the expiration of the term of fourteen years a renewal of his patent under date of June 12, 1684. It is conceivable that he may never have entirely satisfied himself with the quality of the china he produced, and that, especially in the matter of glazes, he may have found immense difficulties to contend with. There is, however, no lack of contemporary evidence of his having done a good deal more than merely conduct unsuccessful experiments, and an interesting passage from Dr. Plot's "Natural History of Oxfordshire" testifies unmistakably to the interest which John Dwight's work excited in his contemporaries, and the high value which they set upon it.

"The ingenious John Dwight, formerly M.A. of Christ Church College, Oxon, hath discovered the mystery of the stone or Cologne ware (such as D'Alva bottles, jugs, noggins), heretofore made only in Germany, and by the Dutch brought over to England in great quantities, and hath set up a manufacture of the same, which, by methods and contrivances of his own, altogether unlike those used by the Germans, in three or four years' time he hath brought it to greater perfection than it has attained where it has been used for many ages, insomuch that the Company of the Glass-sellers of London, who are the dealers for that commodity, have contracted with the inventor to buy only of his English manufacture and refuse the foreign.

"And he hath found ways to make an earth white and transparent as porcellane, and not distinguishable from it by the eye, or by experiments that have been purposely made to try wherein they disagree. To this earth he hath added the colours that are usual in the coloured china ware and divers others not seen before. The skill that hath been wanting to set up a manufacture of this transparent earthenware in England like that of China is the glazing of the white earth, which hath much puzzled the projector; but now that difficulty also is in great measure overcome.

"He hath also caused to be modelled statues or figures of the said transparent earth (a thing not done elsewhere, for China affords

us only imperfect mouldings), which he hath diversified with great variety of colours, making them of the colour of iron, copper, brass, and party-coloured, as some Achat stones. The considerations that induced him to this attempt were the duration of this hard-burnt earth, much above brass or marble, against all air and weather, and the softness of the matter to be modelled, which makes it capable of more curious work than stones that are wrought with chisels, or metals that are cast. In short, he hath so advanced the Art Plastick that 'tis dubious whether any man since Prometheus have excelled him—not excepting the famous Damophilus and Gorgarus of Pliny.

"And these arts he employs about materials of English growth, and not much applied to other uses: for instance, he makes the stone bottles of a clay in appearance like to tobacco-pipe clay, which will not make tobacco-pipes, although the tobacco-pipe clay will make bottles; so that that which hath lain buried and useless to the owners may become beneficial to them by reason of this manufacture, and many working-hands get good livelihoods, not to speak of the very considerable sums of English coyn annually kept at home by it."[1]

Further evidence that Dwight's porcelain-making was what Americans would call a "live" manufacture, is afforded by a passage in Aubrey's "Natural History of Wiltshire" (1670–1680), in which he refers to some clay, "blue as ultramarine," which he bored in Vernknoll, adjoining the lands of Easton Pierse, and speculates as to whether it might be "proper for Mr. Dwight for his making of porcelaine."

John Britton, who edited Aubrey's "Wiltshire," remarks upon this passage his inability to understand how "blue clay" could be fit for making white china; a naïve observation which proves that, thanks probably to Dwight's instruction, Aubrey knew a good deal more about china-making than his editor, for blue clay, burning very white and bearing a larger proportion of flint than any other, fetches the highest price in the market.

Another respectable authority upon Dwight is John Houghton, F.R.S., who in his papers on "Husbandry and Trade" makes special reference to a clay found at or near Poole, in Dorsetshire, in January 1693, which he says is used to clay sugars, "and the ingenious Mr. Dwight, of Fulham, tells me that 'tis the same earth china ware is made of; and 'tis made, not by long lying in the earth, but in the fire, and if it were worth while we may make as good china as any in the world."

Unfortunately, the modern connoisseur is unable to form a

[1] Dr. Plot's *Natural History of Oxfordshire.*

sound opinion upon the porcelain of John Dwight, from the unlucky fact that none of it is known to exist. It would be too much to assert that none of it does actually exist, only it has escaped identification, and some happy accident alone can now bring it to light. This is not past praying for. The author of "Marks and Monograms" is hopeful. He says, and justly, that the same dark cloud once hung over the Moustiers faïence, the Florence porcelain of the sixteenth century, the Henri Deux ware of Oirons, near Thouars, and other once undreamed-of wares which modern research has rediscovered; and Fulham even yet may have its turn.[1]

Possibly it is to the final demolition of the old Pottery, if ever that come about, that one must look for the accident that will at last reveal the secrets of John Dwight's inventions. He was given overmuch to burying things about the premises, and, though some of his hidden treasures have from time to time been found, it is by some suspected that there are important discoveries yet to be made. It was, and perhaps is still, accepted at Fulham as an article of faith that shortly before his death he buried all the models, tools, and moulds connected with his china manufacture, somewhere about the Pottery; as, although too much interested in it to relinquish the manufacture himself, he found it so expensive and unremunerative that he desired to save his successors from the temptation of carrying it on.

If this be indeed so, the buried treasure yet remains to be unearthed. Some probability is given to the legend from the fact that, about twenty years ago, a vaulted chamber was discovered which contained some fragments of stoneware, inlaid with blue, and

[1] While engaged upon this article I have received a kind letter from M. Solon, the distinguished author of "The Art of the Old English Potter," who writes: "Materials I suppose can easily be gathered upon John Dwight and his work, although they are no doubt scattered far and wide. I looked into my notes to see whether I had anything worth communicating about the great potter, but I am sorry to say I found nothing of interest. Nevertheless I copy for your examination one of my, so far, unanswered queries. 'In the British Museum a smal red teapot of the shape often made by the Elers, without any ornamentation, stamped underneath with the mark . The mark is of difficult interpretation, unless we accept the supposition that F stands for Fulham. Teapots of red Staffordshire clay were made by John Dwight, as appears from one of the receipts contained in his book. Few more examples of the same mark have come under my notice.' There is probably nothing in that; if I send it, it is merely to show you that I should like to be of help if possible. I have seen lately in London—in Wareham's shop—a very curious specimen of Fulham stoneware, a very tall Chinese pagoda, which you might perhaps like to see."

a number of stone Bellarmines of the time of the elder Dwight. They are of the same form and material as those of Cologne, with masks under the spout, and medallions in relief.

This imitation Cologne ware was probably for a long time confounded with the German *grès* itself, but it is easily distinguished by an expert. Specimens of it are frequently to be met with in collections.

John Dwight's magpie habits are rather curiously illustrated by certain entries in some old MS. books of receipts and memoranda, dated from 1689 to 1695, which were found in the Pottery some years ago. Most of the entries are of technical interest, having reference to receipts for bodies, glazes, &c.; but some pages are devoted to memoranda of hidden money, *i.e.*:

In the garret in a hole under ye fireplace, 240 g. in a wooden box.

In ye old labouratory at the old house in two holes under the fireplace on both sides ye furnace in 2 half pint gorges, cover'd 460.

In two holes of that great furnace running in almost to the oven, 2 boxes full of mill'd money; may be drawn out w^{h} a long crooked iron standing behind y^{e} kitchen door.

The most important collection of the early productions of the Fulham Pottery was purchased by Mr. Baylis, of Prior's Bank, from the last representative of the Dwight family, in 1862. A description of it appeared in the October number of the *Art Journal* in that year The collection subsequently passed from the hands of Mr. Baylis to those of Mr. Reynolds, by whom it was unhappily sold piecemeal and thus dispersed.

One of the most beautiful specimens fortunately found its way into the South Kensington Museum, where it may be inspected by the curious. It is the exquisite half-length figure, in *grés* or stoneware, of a dead child lying upon a pillow, with closed eyes, and hands clasping flowers to her breast. "Lydia Dwight dyed March 3, 1672," is the inscription on this work of consummate art. It was but a year since Dwight had taken out his first patent, so by this can be seen to what perfection in so short a time had his work attained. Truly, the artist's reputation needs no other basis than this upon which to rest securely. Even Dr. Plot's florid Promethean figure finds its excuse as one looks on the pathetic image of this little dead child who, after two centuries of the grave, seems almost by her father's art to breathe again.

A statuette of the same child wrapped in a shroud, with a skull at her feet, is also at South Kensington. It is a matter for lasting regret that the whole collection could not have been there preserved.

There were but twenty-five objects in all, and these, having been carefully handed down as heirlooms in the Dwight family, were probably regarded with justice as masterpieces of its founder's art. The statuettes and busts are of the imitation Cologne *grès* and include a life-size bust of Charles II., wearing the order of the George and collar, smaller busts of Charles and Katherine of Braganza, James II.[1] and Mary d'Este, with various full-length figures of classical divinities, some being coloured in imitation of bronze.

Among a variety of smaller specimens of later date the collection included a large faïence plateau 23 inches in diameter, in exact imitation of the early Nevers ware, covered with rich blue de Perse enamel, decorated with white flowers and scrolls, the centre being filled with the royal arms and monogram of Charles II. This is supposed to have been the sole surviving piece of a dinner service made by John Dwight for the king.

There are some very fine examples of Fulham stoneware in the British Museum; the splendid bust of Prince Rupert is probably the finest specimen in existence.

M. Solon, in "The Art of the Old English Potter," remarks of John Dwight that "to him must be attributed the foundation of an important industry. By his unremitting researches and their practical application, he not only found the means of supplying in larger quantities the daily wants of the people with an article superior to anything that had ever been known before, but besides, by the exercise of his refined taste and uncommon skill, he raised his craft to a high level. Nothing amongst the masterpieces of ceramic art of all other countries can excel the beauty of Dwight's brown stoneware figures, either for design, modelling, or fineness of material."

Mr. Chaffers says: "We are astonished at the variety of Dwight's productions and the great perfection to which he brought the potter's art, both in the manipulation and in the enamel colours used in decoration. The figures, busts, and groups are exquisitely modelled, and will bear comparison with any contemporary manufactures in Europe; and a careful inspection will convince any unprejudiced mind of the erroneous impression which exists that, until the time of Wedgwood, the potter's art in England was at a very low ebb, and none but the most modest description of pottery was made, without any attempt to display artistic excellence. Here we have examples of English pottery a century before Wedgwood's time, which would not disgrace the *atelier* of the distinguished potter himself."[2]

[1] The bust of James II. is in the South Kensington Museum.

[2] Chaffers' *Marks and Monograms.*

It is superfluous to add anything to the weighty words of M. Solon and Mr. Chaffers. That Dwight was a great and original artist, who has received something less than his meed of fame, is a fact that may hardly now be disputed by unprejudiced people.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* records the death at Fulham in 1737, of "Dr. Dwight, "author of several curious treatises in physick; he was the first who found out the secret of colouring earthenware like china." This Dr. Dwight has been rather hastily assumed to have been the original John Dwight. This, however, is impossible, for three reasons: first, that as John Dwight must have been a man of mature years when he filled the post of secretary to Brian Walton, who died in the year of the Restoration (1660), a comparison of dates would show him to have been at least a centenarian if he had survived until 1737; but John Dwight never had any claim to the title of Doctor, and, lastly, the learned author of "De febribus symptomaticis deque earum curatione," "De hydropibus," and "De vomitionis ejusque excessu curando necnon de emeticis medicamentis," was not a John Dwight at all, but Dr. Samuel Dwight. Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt suggests that he was the son and successor of John Dwight—which seems probable. They were a talented family, and there is no reason why John Dwight's son should not have been a doctor and man of science first and a potter afterwards. Probably his chemical knowledge taught him some valuable secret in colouring earthenware, which justifies the paragraph in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He apparently had not much sympathy with the artistic side of the business, for the buried porcelain models were not dug up, and the production of the finely modelled figures in grey clay was stopped at this time.

There was, according to Falkner, a Dr. Dwight who was Vicar of Fulham from 1708 to 1733. This could hardly have been either potter or physician. In all probability he was another son or a nephew of the first Dwight. The representative of the family when Samuel Dwight died was his daughter Margaret, who carried on the Pottery in partnership with Mr. Warland. It took them nine years to land the business in bankruptcy. Then Margaret married William White, who re-established the Pottery, which remained in the White family from generation to generation, until the last of the Whites died in 1862. The next proprietors, Messrs. Mackintosh & Clements, sold the Pottery in 1864 to Mr. Bailey, whose connection with it still continues, although the concern has recently been converted into a joint-stock company.

Although Fulham has finally, as it may seem, deserted the artistic

for the utilitarian side of the potter's craft, the *genius loci* makes occasional manifestations. Once, in 1873, Mr. Bailey started the manufacture of china, the body being from John Dwight's original receipt as revealed in the MS. memorandum book to which I have already referred. I do not know what became of the experiment; probably it was discontinued as not being commercially successful.

What is most interesting, however, is the curious fact that the only art pottery that is executed in or about London nowadays owes in one sense its origin to Fulham. John Doulton, the father of Sir Henry Doulton, who started stoneware works at Vauxhall in partnership with John Watts in 1818, and afterwards removed to the now world-renowned Pottery at High Street, Lambeth, served his time as an apprentice to White, of Fulham.

Robert Wallace Martin, the sculptor, the eldest of the Martin Brothers, who produced the beautiful and artistic Martin-ware at their own little Southall Pottery, began his work also at Fulham.

Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt is incorrect, by-the-by, in stating that Wallace Martin was ever engaged as modeller and designer by the Fulham Pottery proprietors.[1] He designed his own ware at their Pottery, and it was fired in their kilns under special and independent terms of arrangement. There is nevertheless something extremely interesting in the circumstance that connects the first production of the Martins' brilliant revival of the glories of artistic stoneware with the old works where John Dwight successfully essayed in his day to rival the celebrated *grès* of continental Europe.

Lambeth, to whose great modern Pottery reference has already been made, may be regarded as having been the centre of the Metropolitan pottery industry in the seventeenth century. It was from early times a perfect nest of Dutchmen, who came over and set up manufactories of delft, which has little or nothing to distinguish it from ware of the same character made in other parts of England, or in Holland. The delft makers eventually gave way to stoneware manufacturers. China was made in 1760. There is a patent for "the art of making Tiles and Porcelane" on record as having been granted to John Ariens von Hamm in 1676. At the close of the seventeenth century there were at least twenty potteries at work in Lambeth. Although possibly existing works may occupy the sites of some of these, they have no history. The High Street Pottery of Messrs. Doulton occupies one of these old sites. It is itself but a comparatively recent establishment, whose origin dates from the present century only.

[1] See *The Ceramic Art of Great Britain.*

Coade's Lithodipyra, terra-cotta, or artificial stone manufactory at Pedlar's Acre, opposite Whitehall Stairs, enjoyed some considerable reputation in its time. The works were established by Mrs. Coade, of Lyme Regis, in 1760, and were finally closed in 1840. Flaxman, John Bacon, Banks, Rossi, and Panzetta were employed as modellers. John Bacon, the sculptor, had, by-the-by, been apprenticed to a Mr. Crispe, who owned a china manufactory in Lambeth.

Among the noteworthy productions of Coade's artificial stone-works are the rood screen of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and the bas-relief in the pediment over the western portico of Greenwich Hospital—"The Death of Nelson," which was designed by Benjamin West, and modelled by Bacon and Panzetta.

The oldest existing Pottery about London next to Fulham is that of Messrs. Stiff, which was founded in a small way on part of the site of old Hereford House, Lambeth, in 1751, and is nowadays a very flourishing stoneware pottery.

There are few places in the vicinity of London where small potteries have not existed some time or other within the past three hundred years—Vauxhall, Aldgate, Millwall, Stepney, Greenwich, Deptford, Kentish Town, Isleworth, Hounslow, Mortlake (there are some interesting examples of Mortlake delft and Isleworth redware in the South Kensington Museum), and Southwark. A luckless potter of Southwark, Nathaniel Oade, has achieved unenviable immortality as the victim of a terrible domestic tragedy, the details of which are given in the *Post-Boy* of March 1, 1718. Because Oade refused to give up his house and trade to his four sons they swore to have them in spite of him. So, with the aid of an attorney, they procured their father's arrest in a sham action for £500, and then seized the house by force. The mother, who refused to give up the books, was shot dead in the struggle, as was also another woman, and the premises were only retaken after a regular siege by the police and military. The youngest son and an accomplice were hanged for murder, and the others convicted of manslaughter and transported.

The mention of old London potteries suggests to most people Chelsea and Bow *et præterea nihil.* Under what precise circumstances the making of soft porcelain was begun at the riverside "Village of Palaces" it is difficult to say. Its beginning dates from the close of the seventeenth century, and Llewellyn Jewitt is probably not far wrong in suggesting that it was inspired by the example of Dwight at the adjoining village of Fulham.

In the train of William of Orange there came over to England a

Dutchman of good family and great attainments, John Philip Elers. Elers was possessed of some important pottery secrets, and first introduced salt glazing into England. In partnership with his brother he started a pottery near Burslem where, it is said, they adopted extraordinary precautions to prevent the revelation of their trade secrets to the natives. They were even at pains, it was declared, to find deaf and dumb workmen and congenital idiots for light jobs. Eventually they were hoist by their own petard, for one Samuel Astbury, an aspiring potter, feigned idiocy for two years, and having in the course of that time mastered all the Dutchmen's mysterious processes, he threw off the mask and started an opposition. The story appears to be one that should be received with respectful reserve. However that may be, it seems that, after twenty years' contention with his neighbours, John Philip Elers had enough of North Staffordshire, and, his brother being dead, removed to Chelsea, where he did a great deal towards improving the already existing manufacture of soft porcelain.

Elers left a son, Paul Elers, who was the father of Richard Lovell Edgworth's first wife. Paul does not seem to have inherited much of the paternal ability. He was a tiresome, rather impertinent busybody who worried Josiah Wedgwood terribly with his correspondence some years later. Wedgwood executed a medallion in jasper of John Philip Elers, from a portrait which had been sent to him by Paul, who desired to claim for his father the distinction of having been the inventor of British porcelain, which Wedgwood would by no means concede. It is astonishing how often British porcelain seems to have been invented in the course of a hundred years. Then the irrepressible Elers wrote and suggested to Wedgwood the desirability of issuing a series of medallion portraits of celebrities. The idea was not worth much at this juncture, seeing that Wedgwood and Bentley had already produced some hundreds out of a series which was ultimately to number 881.

Then Paul Elers suggested that the application of the black basalt body, invented by Wedgwood, to the making of reservoirs and bomb-proof powder magazines, on account of its extreme hardness, would be an important public work. Finally, he was urgent upon Mr. Wedgwood to abandon such trivialities as cameos, plaques, &c., and to turn his serious attention to the manufacture of earthenware water-pipes for London and other great towns. At this point the great potter's overstrained patience seems to have given way at last, and we hear no more of the correspondence.

This, however, is anticipating. Returning to John Philip Elers

it does not seem clear at what date his connection with the Chelsea works terminated. The organisation under which Chelsea became celebrated came into existence about 1745, according to Mr. Chaffers. Mason, who was employed as an artist in the works, fixes the date as 1748 or 1749, but as his own connection with them did not begin before 1751 he may have been mistaken. The really halcyon days of Chelsea porcelain did not endure for more than fifteen years—1750 to 1765—but large profits were doubtless made in that period, a circumstance due, mainly, notwithstanding the great merit of the manufacture, to the fact that it was really a protected industry. It received not only the substantial money support and vigorous patronage of the Royal Family, but opposition was practically stamped out by the importation of foreign porcelain for sale being prohibited by law. The Duke of Cumberland was the main support of the undertaking, and the manager was a clever foreigner of the name of Spermont, by profession a silversmith.

Mason, whom I have already quoted, says that the Duke of Cumberland and Sir Everard Fawkener were the first proprietors, and that Spermont "was made manager at a salary of a guinea a day, with allowances for apprentices and other emoluments. Sir Everard died in 1755, much reduced in circumstances, when Mr. Spermont became sole proprietor and amassed a fortune. He retired in 1765 and travelled about England, and the manufactory was shut up for two years, for he neither would let it nor carry it on himself."

Probably Mr. Spermont, as a shrewd business man, knew perfectly well what he was about, and realised exactly wherein lay the strength of the position of the Chelsea Porcelain Works. When the Duke of Cumberland died an able friend and patron had been lost, and the interests of rival manufacturers were now so strongly backed that the protection and support of the Government was no longer to be relied upon.

Spermont understood his privileges, and was tenacious about them, as appears from an interesting memorial from "the undertaker of the Chelsea manufacture of porcelain," which is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum. This memorial is directed against the systematic evasion of the Act prohibiting the importation of Dresden china for sale. Certain exemptions were made in favour of private persons receiving the china for their own use, and of foreign ministers in England; the effect of which was that the house of one of the ambassadors was turned into a warehouse, where trade in Dresden china was unblushingly carried on.

Jonas Hanway, about the same time, called attention to the way in which this protective legislation was being set at nought.

Spermont, in the course of this memorial, sets forth that, being a silversmith by profession and having casual acquaintance with a chemist who had some special knowledge of porcelain-making, he was tempted to a trial, and, upon the progress he made, he was encouraged to pursue it with great labour and expense. Furthermore, he states that the manufacture employs one hundred persons, and "a nursery of thirty lads from the parishes and charity schools were bred to designing and painting." Notwithstanding the opposition of smuggled Dresden, business seems to have been good at the time the memorial was sent in, for the previous winter's sales were stated at more than £3,500.

Doubtless the fact that, under Spermont's judicious rule, Chelsea had become a training-ground for designers and painters, induced Josiah Wedgwood to move his enamelling works here in 1769, about the time that the old Chelsea Porcelain Works showed signs of breaking up.

The building in which the Chelsea manufacture was carried on was an aggregation of old timber houses which stood at the corner of Justice Walk, an avenue of stately lime trees leading from Church Street to Laurence Street. Wedgwood & Bentley's new works were started not far off in Little Cheyne Row, where Mr. Bentley took up his residence, his partner looking after the interests of his more important establishment at Burslem.

The Chelsea Porcelain Works were sold in 1769 to Mr. Duesbury, who had established a successful manufacture of porcelain at Derby in 1751. For some years he carried on the manufacture at both places simultaneously, until in 1784 he decided to dismantle the Chelsea Works altogether, and transfer the seat of his business to Derby. Mr. Duesbury, who had bought the Bow Porcelain Works in 1775 or 1776, had already carried out the same arrangement with respect to that once celebrated Pottery; so that, from this date, these two great London manufactories became merged in the still-existing Crown Derby Porcelain Works.

The last that we hear of Mr. Spermont, or Sprimont, is the advertisement of a sale by Christie, in March 1771, of "the pictures of the late proprietor of the Chelsea Porcelain Works, who is retired into the country, brought from his houses at Richmond and Chelsea."

The works at Bow, called New Canton, are said to have had their origin about 1730, when some samples of china clay were

brought from Virginia and made the subject of a patent by Mr. Edward Heylin. In 1749 Thomas Frye took out his patent for making porcelain. It is probably superfluous to add that Thomas Frye was described in his epitaph as "the inventor and first manufacturer of porcelain in England." Frye, if we may trust his monumental inscription, must have been a remarkable man. He was a painter originally, and executed a portrait of Frederick Prince of Wales, and when he weakened his health by too much hanging about his kilns he took to art again to such effect that his tombstone assures us that "he had the correctness of Van Dyck and the colouring of Rubens," while "in miniature painting he equalled, if not excelled, the famous Cooper."

One of Frye's daughters, Mrs. Catherine Willcox, who married unfortunately, became a clever china painter, and worked for Wedgwood & Bentley, at Chelsea. The Bow Works passed into the possession of Weatherby & Crowther, by whom a considerable business was done for several years, the old books of the firm showing a return of £10,000 to £11,000 a year up to 1765. Weatherby being dead, John Crowther, the other partner, who also carried on the business of a china-man in Cornhill, became bankrupt in 1763. After a long struggle to carry on the works they were eventually sold to Mr. Duesbury, of Derby, as already stated, and the separate existence of the Bow Porcelain Works came to an end.

Accompanying an old Bow punch-bowl in the British Museum is a curious and somewhat pathetic document, which deserves to be quoted *in extenso*: "This bowl was made at the Bow China Manufactory at Stratford-le-Bow, Essex, about the year 1760, and painted there by me, Thomas Craft—my cipher is in the bottom: it is painted in what we used to call the old Japan taste, a taste at that time much esteemed by the late Duke of Argyle. There is nearly two pennyweight of gold, about 15*s*. I had it in hand at different times about three months; about two weeks time was bestowed upon it. It could not have been manufactured, &c., for less than £4. There is not its similitude. I took it in a box to Kentish Town, and had it burned there in Mr. Gyles's kiln; cost me 3*s*.; it was cracked the first time of using it. Miss Nancy Sha. (*sic*), a daughter of the late Mr. Patrick Blake, was christened with it. I never used it but in particular respect to my company, and I desire my legatee (as mentioned in my will) to do the same. Perhaps it may be thought I have said too much about this trifling toy. A reflection steals in upon my mind that this said bowl may meet with the same fate that the manufactory where it was made has done, and like the famous

cities of Troy, Carthage, &c., and similar to Shakespeare's cloud-cap't towers, &c.

"The above manufactory was carried on for many years under the firm of Messrs. Crowther & Weatherby, whose names were known almost over the world; they employed 300 persons; about 90 painters (of whom I was one) and about 200 turners, throwers, &c., were employed under one roof. The model of the building was taken from that at Canton, in China. The whole was heated by two stoves on the outside of the building and conveyed through flues or pipes and warmed the whole, sometimes to an intense heat—unbearable in winter. It now wears a miserable aspect, being a manufactory for turpentine, and small tenements, and like Shakespeare's baseless fabric, &c. Mr. Weatherby has been dead many years; Mr. Crowther is in Morden College, Blackheath, and I am the only person, of all those employed there, who annually visit him.—T. CRAFT, 1790."

It is a melancholy picture that these last lines conjure up—a dismantled works, a lost trade, and two old men crooning together in an almshouse over the things that have been.

Marshall's emery mills and Bell & Black's match factory stand where Bow porcelain was once made. Some years ago, in digging a drain eight or ten feet below the surface, the ruins of one of the kilns were laid bare and a quantity of broken *débris* was found, which proved of great value in illustrating the different descriptions of ware made, and identifying the paste, glaze, and method of ornamentation. Some of these fragments are illustrated in both Mr. Chaffers' and Mr. Jewitt's books. Those whose interest is not technical, and who do not care for fragments, may go gaze at the fine examples included in the Schreiber collection at South Kensington. And while they

> Gloat o'er the glaze and the mark
> Of china that's *Chelsea* and *Bow*,

heave a sigh over the departed glories of those art industries of old London, that, as the old potter's painter has it, have become even as "Shakespeare's baseless fabric, &c."

CHARLES COOPER.

THE BOOKS OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

NOW two beings lived in one world. And the name of the one was Man; and the name of the other, Woman. And writers by the battalion came along and inspected the two. And they said, "Lo! Man is a normal type; there is nothing strange about *him.* He offers no field for investigation. Woman is a sport. We are not sure that she is not a fabulous monster. Assuredly there is much copy to be made out of this extraordinary creature. Let us therefore devote our attention to Woman." And they did. They pulled her into little bits, they moralised about her, they ran her down, they cracked her up, they stuck epigrams into her till her name became a weariness to the flesh of them that read; and they fled to treasure-islands and wolf caverns, if haply for a season they might forget her and find amusement. And there appeared on the scene a young editor—a Mere Boy. And he made oration to the writers, who were mostly engaged with incorrect monographs, of the most entire cock-sureness, on the usual subject; and to the readers, who were all crying out for something new. And he said, "You are a set of blatant idiots. You have spilt ink and blood about Woman for several thousand years, and you are not greatly nearer the solving of her riddle than when you began. I, myself, have tried my hand at her, and have done vastly better than most of you; because I acknowledged that I should never know more than a very little of her life. She is not the only section of humanity worth studying. I have lived and toiled with Men. I speak of what I know. Listen to me, and you shall hear, not realism, but reality. I will show you such defiant courage, such dogged endurance, such savagery, such chivalry, such piteousness as you know not of. I will draw for you the lives of your countrymen in a desolate land of lurking horror. I will make you realise the vast mystery of the world, as no one ever did before. I will tell you stories to make you laugh, to make you swear, to stir your blood like a bugle-call. You need not believe any of them unless you like."

And of the readers many have listened to Rudyard Kipling and

reported right good entertainment. But the writers and the critics are, though by no means slow to patronise, very slow to praise. For they keep sacredly to the rule of withholding from a man his rightful status so long as he continues to live—that is to say, as long as it can do him any possible good. Especially do they not approve of a genius under thirty, and far better acquainted with Browning than with Homer. So they do not usually go greater lengths than to remark that he seems really a clever young chap, and does as well as can be expected of anyone alive in '92. They call him abrupt: he whose work is polished and clean cut as the Crown diamonds. They call him illiterate, because he thinks more about the live present than the dead past. They accuse him of giving prominence to the seamy side; more commendable conduct than ineffectual lying about its existence. They sometimes say he is coarse, and the firm of Grundy & Podsnap have proved as eager as usual to take up the cry. Verily they are consistent, these good folk! The Young Person finds commended to her attention "Paradise Lost"; a lively time would be in store for her were she discovered reading "Under the Deodars." Time and pains enormous do they expend in whitewashing certain early heroes. Let any unlucky wight venture a word on behalf of John Holden or Otis Yeere, and he will encounter epithets that are not pretty.

Of course the man from India has received a great deal of praise. From all quarters the "Soldiers Three" have been hailed as revelations of the most marvellous freshness and fidelity. It is impossible to deny the crisp go of "Plain Tales from the Hills." The sketches of native life insure popularity through many qualities—absolute novelty to begin with. But critics are very slow to admit that any work of this young man's deserves to take its place in Literature with a big L. Likewise the stodgier part of the British public. As a matter of fact, they consider him too off-hand and too exciting. Standard works, the leather-bound and gilt-edged tribes, do not in general err in either of these directions. Reviewers hail "The Naulahka" with joy, because it is long enough to be praised with some semblance of orthodoxy. Now Rudyard Kipling in his most characteristic mood is not orthodox. One cannot claim respectability for the average Early Gothic gargoyle or stringing-course ornament; and his power in the region of the grotesque rivals that of a twelfth-century stone-carver. This in itself suffices to raise suspicion. Again, he possesses far too much decision for many people's taste. He never exhibits the slightest haziness or hesitation, either in manner or matter. The curt direct sentences move with

the "spring and swing and snap" of well-drilled soldiers, and like them suggest some far from unjustifiable putting on of side. The man writes with the untrammelled assurance of one who knows his subject through and through, and does not intend to alter his conclusions for anybody. That quaintly audacious humour which blends so well with his terse grim tragedy would be impossible were he not thus coolly at his ease. He clothes his thoughts in a kind of active-service garb which, albeit showing infinite grace and spirit, appears in the light of irregularity demanding suppression to some who are accustomed to a cumbrous full-dress diction. This bumptious young fellow insists on seeing with his own eyes, and declines to give honour where he does not consider honour due. Right clearly he can see, as many have borne witness. His short, bold stories throb with life like arteries. Corollary: he never pretends. He limns in bright colour the most terrible sight under the sun—a broken British regiment. He not only admits, but justifies the dread of the supernatural existing somewhere in every human being, the which India serves so efficiently to bring out. He refuses to admit that an equally learned Bengali equals his conquerors. He helps Strickland with all tortures that are needful in the fight with the Silver Man. He does not gloss over Mulvaney and Ortheris, nor ask unalloyed condolence for Boulte. Twice, forgetting the traditional dignity of his sex, he talks of a man in hysterics. He writes of men as they are. And therefore it falls out that in his tales heroism shows nobler and friendship stauncher and pathos more touching than ever books showed them before. Here they ring real. Hummil—a hero of heroes, a man for whom the V.C. would be wretchedly inadequate—would not stand so high were it not obvious that to himself, and the world without, he appeared the most ordinary of plodding civilians. His black agony would not look so gruesome had he not endured it in the midst of very real discomfort and ugliness. Mottram's comment would not contain so much weariness and pain, had it been couched in finer language. As it is recorded nothing more significant ever stood in print.

> The body lay on its back, the hands clinched by its side, as Spurstow had seen it seven days previously. In the staring eyes was written terror beyond the expression of any pen.
>
> Mottram, who had entered behind Lowndes—bent over the dead and touched the forehead lightly with his lips. "Oh, you lucky, lucky devil!" he whispered.

All the four—Mottram, Hummil, Spurstow, and Lowndes—seem as real as any acquaintance one comes across in the street. Their hankering attempts at some sort of domesticity (had they got the genuine article they would probably not have liked it at all—but that

is a detail) is an excellent instance of Rudyard Kipling's unique grasp of the pitiful side of masculine nature. The majority of writers prefer to stand on their dignity and ignore it. If the power and pathos of a certain mournful little history called "Thrown Away" fail to show them their error, nothing will. It has been demonstrated *ad nauseam* that it is sad to be a woman; nobody ever showed before how sad it is to be a man. This writer does not flinch from the fact that sensitive boys and strong men alike go sometimes in helpless pain and fear, and are not exempt from mental burdens which their wives are supposed to monopolise. The religious notions of Rudyard Kipling's men—men, be it remembered "practically alive"—are a mixture of blank stoicism and paganism primitive to ghastliness. Hummil moans in his misery, "And yet I'm not conscious of having done anything wrong," exactly as if he had flourished in the Neolithic Age. Gadsby prays as an ancient Greek might have prayed with his wife senseless and dying: "I never asked a favour yet. If there is anybody to hear me, let her know me—even if I die, too!"

An infant crying in the night. The nervous trepidation displayed on his wedding-day by "the man who went through the guns at Amdheran like a devil possessed of devils," is not altogether a thing to laugh at. No stereotyped rhapsody about a young mother was ever so striking as the description of Holden's feelings on the night when he came back. There is more pathos in Mafflin's disconsolate soliloquy and his minute attempt at a caress than in many maundering conventionalities about the sacrifices made by a bride on leaving her kindred. Mafflin, wild ass and trustiest of chums, has one's sympathy all through. By the way, how admirably Mafflin and Gadsby are differentiated. They are about the same age, in the same regiment, of the same tastes; they talk in the same diction on the same subjects; there is nothing at all out of the way in either. And they differ as two live human beings differ. Jack, the matter-of-fact, albeit he plays an entirely subordinate part, possesses the grit of a dozen Gadsbys. Pip lacks his friend's staying-power. His moral muscle wants toughness. Hence proceed his shamefaced selfishness, his self-consciousness, and the completeness of his final break-down. "Lord help him, he hadn't the nerve!" In its quiet, scathing intensity, "The Swelling of Jordan" stands first, and the rest nowhere, as a deliberate exposition of Mafflin's quotation, "A young man married is a young man marred." This scene's peculiar effectiveness lies in its moderation. Many other people have said, though not nearly so well, that marriage cripples a man's sword-arm

and plays hell with his notions of duty—and superadded considerable coarse abuse of woman in general. This hurt her, but did not help things forward. It is characteristic of Rudyard Kipling that even here he gives women—no favour, but a fair field. He makes a weighty speech against marriage, not against wives. For certain disadvantages frequently attached to them they are at present no more justly blameable than for the colour of their eyes. It is by the ample recognition accorded to this fact, the dreary sense of the inevitable, that "The Swelling of Jordan" does its work so keenly.

Any other writer would have spoilt the book by concluding with Minnie's recovery. First, because it would not have occurred to him to carry out with such grim force the study of a man marred; and secondly, because in his eagerness for a happy ending, he would have declared Nemesis satisfied over soon. The "Shadow of Death" has blotted out the "Shadowy Third"; Gadsby has undergone anguish enough; let him alone! But he is not let alone. His nerve is shattered, his spirits broken utterly; and the one to work this is the girl-wife who loves him. So a weary equation works out; "and that is the end of the story of the Gadsbys." The tragedy is so haunting, so miserable, one would fain file a small protest. There is surely some discrepancy between the spirited, capable, quick-witted little girl who insulted Pip's moustache and his unreliable blunt-witted wife. Minnie, as she appears in the first scene, would never have dreamt of allowing her husband to cut the service. Even the Minnie of the last scene would not have done so, had Mafflin but pocketed pride and politeness—no great matter in such urgency—to give her the tiniest hint of his chum's misery. Let us, therefore, find comfort in the sudden leap to burlesque taken by the Envoi in its last stanza; highly unexpected conduct on the part of so grave and polished a piece of verse.

Taking one consideration with another, an Anglo-Indian's life does not appear a happy one. He cannot enjoy himself anywhere but at Simla, and there he frequently takes his pleasure full sadly. Jack Pansay, for instance, cannot be said to have had hilariously good times in the Hills. All the gaiety is conducted like the feast of the White Hussars, with the shadow of a coffin on the supper-table. The men's work is too hard to be done half-heartedly; but they do it with a sense of total alienism weighing them down. They wear themselves out to anglicise Asia, knowing at heart that Asia is entirely ungrateful, and will revert to all her good old ways at the earliest possible moment. And her ways are ways of darkness. Englishmen in India must ceaselessly crush down a maddening

terror of her limitless capability for cruelty and sorcery. A few like Strickland can keep their heads and derive interesting occupation from the examination of this elderly, ugly, unchangeable sphinx of silence; but the rest find it weary work, even if they are Viceroys. Still they do not seem, as we at home are apt to imagine them, constantly to stand in expectation of another mutiny. Rudyard Kipling only alludes once, and then in rhetorical fashion, to that possibility,

> Of woe the years bring forth,
> Of our galley swamped and shattered in the rollers of the north,
> When the niggers break the hatches and the decks are gay with gore,
> And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing on the shore.

The characters of the native tales are entertaining, but detestable. That is to say, the men. They do not know what pity or unselfishness mean; they do not want to know. They do know a colossal amount of devilry which their rulers cannot get at. Their stolid fatalism gives them a natural advantage over people with live brains and nerves, and so does their gigantic untruthfulness over people to whom "liar" seems a disgraceful word. It is a relief to get on the frontier and see some good straight fights. One cannot like these Indians, and were their country the Garden of Eden one could not like that. Again, nobody seems to care anything for scenery which is not located in the Himalayas; and the deodars whisper mostly of grief and death. Rudyard Kipling has a light hand with nature; he always contrives to endue the story in hand with its own particular atmosphere. You can, for instance, thoroughly sympathise with the man who said "Thank God!" at the first sound of the rains. Aurelian McGoggin snubbed him for it; a piece of such gratuitous ungraciousness, that one is very glad that he in his turn received the most superb snub in history.

It is usual to say that Rudyard Kipling has given us no woman to love. Were this true, it would not materially affect the creation of Bobby Wick and little Mildred and Mottram and Deecy and Ouless and Jack Barrett. But such is not the case. Rarely in the book-world does one encounter such genuinely attractive and interesting maidens as Edith Copleigh and May Holt. Their thorough vitality renders our single glimpse of each more valuable than libraries full of the brainless, bloodless puppets, which so wearily often do duty for girls. These wholly possible shes can move hearts filled with contempt and loathing of the average novel heroine. A young lady with a sense of humour, and a mutinous disposition, forms a truly refreshing spectacle; doubly so a young

lady in love on her own account, and as many fathoms deep as Rosalind. The Hawley Boy's sweet sweetheart forms an object of parental anxiety to more than Mrs. Hauksbee. One shares in the universal excitement as the two riders draw nearer on the pine-shadowed road, encompassed by all earth and sky aroused and at watch. The stirring of the dead as May's fate grows big, is a stroke of genius. The infinitely mournful and musical pleading of their response to the graveyard pines forms a weird contrast to the irresponsible might of "the little blind devil of Chance."

THE PINES:

Lie still, lie still! O earth to earth returning,
Brothers beneath, what wakes you to your pain?

THE DEAD:

Earth's call to earth--the old unstifled yearning
To clutch our lives again.

By summer shrivelled and by winter frozen,
Ye cannot thrust us wholly from the light,
Do we not know who were of old his chosen,
Love rides abroad to-night?

By all that was our own of joy or sorrow,
By pain fordone, desire snatched away,
By hopeless weight of that unsought To-morrow,
Which is our lot to-day.

By vigil in our chambers ringing hollow,
With Love's foot overhead to mock our dearth,
We, who have come, would speak for those who follow—
Be pitiful, O Earth!

At first sight Edith cannot compare with May. She is a much slighter portrait, merely one of the ingredients in an incident. But the girl is human to her finger-tips and impressive in the depth of despair she bore so gamely. The graphic vividness of that picnic's chronicle is unsurpassable. The strain and darkness of the dust storm affect not only the people in it, but the people who read about them. One feels as limp as the narrator at Saumarez's distracted, "I've proposed to the wrong one! What on earth shall I do?" The "creepiness" of Edith's "little low voice, saying quietly to itself, 'Oh, my God!' as if a lost soul were flying about in the storm"; the hurried chase of her, and the petulant misery of the words she flung back, "Go away! I'm going home. Oh, go away!" the way in which, breaking down at the revulsion she disclosed her whole trouble to a surface acquaintance, and so shaken were both that they thought it a perfectly rational conversation; one

can follow it all as if one had been present, and would dearly like to make one in the circle of white-faced men and women, who stood round clapping as if they were at a theatre, when Edith dropped from her horse into her lover's arms. But even then you wonder what became of Maud Copleigh, without help or hope in her thrice bitter pain. The man from India has a trick of leaving his women stories off in the middle. What did Georgina do when she had cried till she could cry no more? Did she kill herself—or Georgie Porgie? Did she get back to Burmah? Did she by any chain of events come to speech of the Bride? I am entirely unable to settle these questions. Had little Bisesa to drag out a lifetime in mutilation? Did the miserable heroine of "The Hill of Illusion," verily, go into outer darkness, knowing the horror of night? What of Harriet Heriot's ruined life? Must Maisie go all her days with no friend at all, except the red-haired girl? Cholera of course arranged matters finally for Ameera; but the pretence made at ending leaves Emma Boulte's ultimate action more indecisive than ever. Did she never come very certainly to the conclusion that her existence was unendurable? Did Mrs. Vansuythen never cry out to her husband to take her away? She should become immortal, should that sound-hearted beauty; for she has endowed her language with a brand new epithet, containing the essence of several volumes. It is remarkably simply and remarkably effective.

"Well!" said Kurrell, brutally, "it seems to me Mrs. Boulte had better be fond of her husband first."

"Stop!" said Mrs. Vansuythen, "hear me first. I don't know. I don't want to know anything about you and Mrs. Boulte; but I want you to know that I hate you, that I think you're a cur, and that I'll never, never speak to you again. Oh, I don't dare to say what I think of you, you—man!"

Remains Lucy Hauksbee. It is not of the slightest use to argue about the "little thin, brown, almost skinny woman, with big violet eyes, and the sweetest manners in the world." She is bound to impress you very strongly in one of two ways. You must either fall down and worship, or stand aloof in staggered disapprobation, not unmixed with fear. If in the latter frame of mind, you will call her vulgar, fast, frisky, and cartloads of other pretty names; if in the former you will say with the Hawley Boy, "God save her Imperial Majesty!" My sentiments.

Good wine needs no bush, and "Soldiers Three" no advertisement. The miraculous grasp of character evinced in Kipling's studies of Thomas Atkins, private of the line, calls forth admiration,

whether you will or no. Andrew Lang put the case in a nutshell when he remarked that nobody ever thought of telling us these things before. It is all so completely new, so well told, so strange, and so life-like. In men of war Rudyard Kipling finds most congenial matter, even when he is not talking of the three musketeers. He and Mulvaney are in their element when war legends come to the fore; witness the square in the desert, the scrimmage in the blocked gorge, the terrible history of how the Fore and Fit became the Fore and Aft. The soldier songs are delightful. They all possess an inimitable flavour which does not appear everywhere in our author's verse. It is all as good as it can be, but it is not all Kipling. Oh, that he would complete those delicious, aggravating morsels which precede the short stories! It is dreadful to read three or four lines, just enough to set one agog for the whole poem, and then alas!—to find there is no more. Divers among his finished pieces are not so precious as these irritating scraps. But one and all own the merits of perfect music and polish, and as much force as can be crammed into them. This perhaps was to be expected from a man who can write blank verse in a style of his own. Every word tells. It would be impossible to excel the grace of such poems as "The Plea of the Simla Dancers," "Christmas in India," the Envoi to "Life's Handicap," and "The Song of the Women," the only laudatory poem ever written during its addressee's lifetime which is worth anything whatever. In the works of what Old Master will you find nineteen words more skilfully chosen and more quietly effective than these?

> Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,
> But old in grief and very wise in tears.

It is hard to say whether the curt grim power of such phrases shows best in his prose or his verse. "The Story of Uriah" stands almost unrivalled in its terse significance, even by its own author; but that is a short story in rhyme and belongs to both divisions. Pray you, list to the last two of its five verses:

> Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta
> Enjoy profound repose,
> But I shouldn't be astonished
> If *now* his spirit knows
> The reason of his transfer
> From the Himalayan snows.
>
> And when the Last Great Bugle Call
> Adown the Hurnai throbs,
> When the last grim joke is written
> In the big black Book of Jobs,

And Quetta graveyards give again
Their victims to the air,
I shouldn't like to be the man
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

But the man from India does not keep all his poetry for verse. The sense of the sea's shuddering possibilities which darkens his plesiosaurus tale, makes first-class poetry of it. In an entirely different line, it is equalled by the incisive, lurid tragedy of the "one weak man." "The Finest Story in the World"—a romance for sheer photographic realisation bad to beat—contains in its superb gruesomeness a great deal of poetry extra to the awful song with the burden, "Will you never let us go?" The now famous "Ballad of East and West"[1] is distanced by that glorious masterpiece, "The Man who Was," whose sixteen pages make up one of the *bonnes bouches* of our literature. It is a solidified echo of the clashing clank and the swinging thunder of cavalry. It warms the blood like an inspection of Dick's "beautiful men." No finer situation was ever devised than the gradual discovery of Lieutenant Austin Limmason in the dazed abject scarecrow, standing in ghastly contrast to the brilliant life of his own old mess, and grovelling before a man whom it was his business to defy. The feline Dirkovitch cuts a most telling figure in his naturally trying position of a cat watching an escaped mouse. He makes exactly the same impression as a cat, with his suave sweetness and his onyx eyes, dilating at the sight of the knout scars, visible signs as he was visible representative of his nation in the stronghold of the hereditary foe. The fierce smothered antagonism between Russian and English fills the reader with angry joy. One shares the White Hussars' delight, that after all Limmason did not apologise. The verse Mildred hummed tastes good in the mouth. So say all of us.

We're sorry for Mr. Bluebeard,
We're sorry to cause him pain;
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again.

Rudyard Kipling can pass a highly creditable examination on children and dogs, who collectively form an excellent test of an author's insight. His Majesty and poor Black Sheep (I will bet ten to one on the identity of Black Sheep with the man who has described his troubles) accomplish the well-nigh impossible feat of being really pathetic children. Tietjens and Mr. Wardle are even better creations. Mr. Wardle's fixed belief that his master was incapable of existing without his countenance and protection, hits

[1] *Barrack Room Ballads, &c.* London: Methuen & Co

off the average canine to the life. Mian Mittu and Amomma are respectively a bird and beast, whose acquaintance one should be most happy to make.

This is an illegal stoppage. But the finish must arrive some time, even if no peroration comes handy. May the Presence, having read me without skipping, live a thousand years !

GORING COPE.

BROTHER, PALADIN, AND LOVER.

Saluons, c'est Marceau ! L'honorer m'est permis,
Car devant un cercueil il n'est plus d'ennemis.
Sa vie est courte et belle ; on a vu deux armées
Ensemble faire honneur à ses cendres aimées !
Lui, son cœur était pur ! . . . Voilà d'où vient sa gloire ! . . .
Aussi le monde entier a béni sa mémoire ! . . .

Eugène Quiettant's translation of Byron.

"SOLDIER at sixteen, General at twenty-three, killed at twenty-seven." Thus is summed up the life of François-Severin Marceau, on the pedestal of the statue erected to him in his native town of Chartres ; and English subalterns, living in dread of being superseded for failing to obtain promotion, have sighed for glory so quickly won and so soon secured past losing. Byron's poem and Barbier's picture have kept before us the image of the dying hero, lamented by friend and foe, "that bright spot in the dark annals of grim-visaged war" (Major Griffiths) ; and while military historians marvel at the brilliant operations directed by so young a head, the civilian turns with satisfaction to the testimony of the Coblentz magistrates that the victor was as generous as the assailant was intrepid. Closer examination into the life of the young warrior discloses new subjects for admiration, but it discloses also, as a compensation for folk who are less outwardly favoured by Fortune, that a glorious public career can be chequered by bitter disappointments in private life, and that even a general of twenty-three may have occasion for tears as well as for smiles.

François-Severin Marceau-Desgraviers was born at Chartres, March 1, 1769, son of the local *procureur au bailliage* Desgraviers, who had already four children by a former wife. The new-comer was not particularly welcomed, even by the mother of whom he was the first-born ; and he was not only put out to nurse in the country at once, but was left there for full ten years, receiving, happily, maternal affection from his foster-mother, a vine-dresser's wife, the *bonne femme Francœur* of the General's subsequent recollections. When it became absolutely necessary to think about him, he was sent to the local college, where he learned nothing. "When he was

offered a book, he asked for a sword," says his panegyrist, in language more or less figurative. He distinguished himself principally by one day inciting some eight or ten of his schoolfellows to jump on the backs of a flock of horses grazing in a meadow and gallop away across country as far as Maintenon. The boys returned a little before midnight, very weary, and very apprehensive of chastisement, which however was declared by the masters and by Desgraviers *père* to be due only to that turbulent little Desgraviers, who was fit for nothing but to be made food for powder as soon as he should be big enough.

However, his family had what seemed to them more ambitious designs; and the lad, at fourteen, was placed as a clerk in the office of the *procureur* Champion, who had married his eldest half-sister. This office, which he straightway nicknamed *Enfer*, was made endurable to him only by the company of his half-sister Emira.[1] She had sought consolation for a loveless marriage in books, in gardening, and in drawing; and the advent of the neglected younger brother, affectionate, and craving for affection, was a godsend to her. "She, though but of the half-blood, bestowed on me those cares which nearer kindred denied," wrote Marceau in after years to his betrothed. But conjugal dissensions ended in Emira's retirement to a Parisian convent; "and then," to quote Marceau again, "everything palled upon me." "I am a stranger to the Desgraviers," he wrote to Emira, after a renewed experience of coldness. "Not one of their hearts has opened to me. Henceforth I drop their name, and will be known only by that of Marceau. Promise me to do the same, my good sister, you to whom I owe all as to a tender mother. There are only we two who love each other."

At fifteen he offered himself to a recruiting-sergeant, but was told to go home for a year and grow bigger. The next year (1785) he succeeded in entering the regiment of Savoy-Carignan, without a farthing beyond the two hundred livres he received as bounty-money. Cast off by his family, but sustained by the recollection of Emira, and, moreover, of a young girl of his own age, Marie-Anne Maugars he applied himself to the study of his profession, reading every military book from Xenophon to Marshal Saxe, and composing, it is said, a treatise on infantry manœuvres, which he presented to the War Minister in 1791. The work, however, has been searched for in vain, and is believed to exist only in the imagination of biographers. At twenty years old he was sergeant, and obtained his first leave of

[1] A decree of the Revolutionary Commune of Chartres authorised her thus to transpose her too clerical name of Marie.

absence, which he employed in a visit to Paris and to his beloved Emira, arriving opportunely to take part in the storming of the Bastille, and to lead a detachment out of Paris in readiness for the expected "Austrian hordes," which never appeared. But the youth confesses that he was not wholly proof against the seductions of the capital. "I should have gone to ruin," he wrote, "if my good sister, who never took her eye off me, had not used all her power to get me away from Paris and from my evil habits." Accordingly, in October, 1789, he used the right of a Bastille conqueror to choose his regiment, and demanded his transfer to Chartres as drill instructor of the National Guard. During the next two years we find him captain of Chasseurs, and, finally, quartered at Rheims as commandant of the Eure and Loire volunteers, but only waiting for his election as colonel to follow Emira's advice and solicit from the War Minister his transfer to the line troops.

Marceau's portrait has been made familiar by Sergent's engraving, reproduced on every French child's coloured picture sheet of *Les Grands Hommes de France.* A figure of the type of the youthful Buonaparte, not tall, but active and strongly made, the face oval, with large brown eyes, high forehead and straight nose, shaded by long chestnut hair, and moustache of a redder hue. A quick temper, well kept under control, a warm heart, knowing no bounds in its friendship, readiness to laugh or weep—such were the prominent characteristics of Marceau, who was as much beloved for his social qualities by his equals, as he was respected by his superiors for his steady conduct and for the skill with which he brought his raw volunteers under discipline. Up to the age of twenty-two he had never touched wine, and to the end of his life he could go straight from a supper-table to his cabinet, and plan the next day's battle. His letters, almost schoolgirlish in their reiterated "I embrace thee," "Let me hear from thee soon," breathe a spirit equally ready to give or take friendship, and as forgiving as it is trusting and hopeful for the future. "Why does he not write to me?" he asks of some common friend in his letter to Constantin Maugars. "Though I have lent him money which I never expect to see back, that ought to make no difference." Maugars was Marceau's old schoolfellow, and the brother of Marie-Anne, his first love, who, alas! fell a prey to consumption at twenty-one, "a fatal event," writes her lover, "which will long draw tears from me." Marceau's affairs of the heart seem to have been many, and as he adopted all his expected brothers-in-law as brothers, his circle of intimates quickly enlarged itself. We transcribe the following letter, in all its innocence of punctuation, as

indicating that the colonel of twenty-one resembled Thackeray's young cornet, in having "a still-lingering liking for toffy."

To M. Constantin Maugars.

Thou wilt receive my dear friend with this a basket of gingerbread of the country. It is said to be very good. Thou wilt give us thy opinion. There is a packet too for Legrand. As we have not had time to divide it thou wilt give him the smaller half. Farewell *mon cher* we all embrace thee. The basket contains two packets at least I think. If not thou must share it thus.

1 pound of ginger-nuts.
2½ of almond cracknels for Legrand and the rest for thee.

I embrace thee. MARCEAU.

The next letter, in a graver strain, gives notice of the enlistment of Constantin's younger brother, Hippolyte, who seems to have been packed off to the wars as a *mauvais sujet.*

Oh my friend I foresee with pain that he will have passions which may well bring trouble upon him. I have wept to see him and I have recalled with grief the moments when I have like him abandoned all that I ought most to respect. Alas how happy I should have been if like him I had found friends who would have helped me to amend. This will convince thee that thou hast nought to desire as to my watchfulness over thy brother. Write as soon as thou receivest this. Adieu my friend. I have but just the time to write to thee. For the last two days almost all of us are under arms. Adieu my friend. Didst thou get the gingerbread?

MARCEAU-DESGRAVIERS.

P.S.—We scarcely know that we have quitted our part of the country everyone is so amiable to us.

To the next letter there is a significant postscript:

Hippolyte has got two days in the *salle de discipline.* It will teach him to obey.

On the eve of marching for the frontier, we have one of poor Marceau's attempts, pathetic in its stoplessness, at reconciliation with his family:

19 *July* 1792.

Mama if there is a circumstance specially afflicting to a soul of sensibility it is when after yielding to the impulse of his heart in striving to console a mother a son still sees himself forgotten and remains an isolated being in the midst of his kinsfolk. I pray you to leave me no more in suspense as to your indifference or your affection and to be pleased to impose on me yet new obligations. It is in these sentiments that I shall never cease to be with respect

Your most humble and most affectionate son
MARCEAU.

Give my love to my brothers and sisters.

To this there was no reply.

Marceau had the unwelcome task of guarding the commissioners arrested by Lafayette at Sedan. He excused himself to them as a soldier under orders. "But be not uneasy," he added, "I shall set

to work at once to repair this involuntary insult to the representatives of the people." Accordingly, that night he spoke strongly to his battalion about Lafayette's crime of *lèse-nation*, and thus kindled the first spark of the dissension which ended in Lafayette's taking flight across the frontier. Rumour adds that Marceau, presenting his sabre at the breast of a wavering officer, and crying "Frenchmen! the defence of the frontier is a more sacred duty than fidelity to a general," restrained the whole army from following its leader to the camp of the enemy. "This lad has saved France," said Kersaint, one of the arrested ones, when he embraced Marceau in the National Assembly.

Hearing that his widowed mother, struggling on in a small draper's business at Chartres, had been robbed, the neglected son—who had already renounced in her favour his share of the succession—sold two horses and sent her the proceeds. "I know not if she will thank me," he wrote to Emira. "I did it to satisfy my conscience." He sent for one of his younger brothers to come out to him, and found for one of his sisters a home with Emira. The warm messages to old friends continue. He bids Maugars kiss one Madame Chevalier for him. "She cannot take offence. I used to call her my little cousin. It is so long since I have kissed a pretty woman that even at this distance it will do my heart good. Assure thy papa thy mama thy aunt and everybody of my respect." The next letter, written after the surrender of Verdun, "that execrable town," breathes bitterness against the officers who had counselled the surrender, and against the soldiers whose desertion had been made their pretext for it.

O my friend my heart bleeds to have to write thus of my co-citizens. Three hundred cowards have abandoned their flag. I regret to have been judged worthy to command them. How unhappy is he who suffers and finds no remedy. I must see indiscipline reign in our army. I blush to own that our troops are more dreaded than the enemy. Should this go on France will find herself deserted by all men of honour and by me among them. I prefer poverty to ignominy and would fain hear it said Marceau was virtuous and he was not a coward.

M. D.

My respects to thy papa and thy mama.

It is I who have been to the King of Prussia's camp and have drawn up the articles of capitulation.

This last postscript was all that Marceau could bear to write about what was to the last a painful subject to him—that though he alone, of all the garrison in council, had supported the Commandant Beaurepaire in his resolve to hold out, yet to him, as the youngest officer, there fell the hateful task of carrying to the enemy the terms of sur-

render. The story goes that the bandage placed on his eyes while crossing the lines was soaked through with his tears.

Marceau not only lost baggage, horses, and 400 livres of savings, but found himself involved in the condemnation of all his brother officers as traitors to their country. Now, however, Emira stood him in good stead. She had a respectful admirer in the engraver Sergent, deputy to the National Assembly, and, through Sergent's exertions, Marceau obtained a recognition of his claim to exemption from judgment, and even received a vote of thanks from the nation. Still his misfortunes were not ended. Having been transferred as a captain of cuirassiers to the Germanic Legion in the Vendée, he was again included with other officers in a sweeping charge of *incivisme*. Arrested and "loaded with fetters" (which may or may not have been literal iron), Marceau appeared before the tribunal at Tours "with that timidity which really is the accompaniment of innocence," and made his defence simply and calmly. "This is the first time that I have seen Marceau," said one of the judges, the agent in mission Goupilleau, "but if he is not as true a Republican as he is a brave soldier, I will never trust man again." The agent Bourbotte, who had been Marceau's accuser, acknowledged his error, and embraced the prisoner before the tribunal. A few days later, after the loss of Saumur, Marceau found himself, with seven cuirassiers only, posted (by a treachery, as some have supposed, like that practised on Uriah) outside the walls of the town. Retreating step by step, they fell in with a troop of Vendeans carrying along with them a prisoner, girt, as Marceau's quick eye detected, with the tricoloured scarf. Bursting on the enemy in a charge which left three out of his seven men dead on the field, he seized Bourbotte in his arms, and dismounting, bade him take his horse. "Better," he exclaimed, "that a soldier like me should perish than a representative of the people." At this moment a fourth man dropped. "My captain," he gasped, "I can fight no more: take my horse and save yourself." Marceau accepted the offer, and, with his three remaining men, cut his way to a place of safety, bringing off with him the rescued prisoner. For this feat Marceau was created Major on the field, and his appointment as General of Brigade was solicited from the Convention.

After rallying the fugitives in the defeat of Chantonnay (September 8, 1793), and contributing to the victory of Mortagne (October 15), where he took the place of the wounded General Bard, Marceau found himself bivouacked with his men, within a league of General Kléber, whom he knew only by reputation. With the ardour of

youth, he then and there set out, at 10 p.m., and intimated to Kléber his desire to be acquainted with him. "Where is your troop?" asked Kléber, sternly. "A league hence." "Then go back to it at once; you have done wrong to leave it. We shall have time enough to make acquaintance with each other." The young man withdrew disconcerted; however, on the morrow Kléber met him with all the warmth he could desire, and from that day they were as brethren, or, considering the difference in age, as godfather and godson in chivalry.

Marceau had the glory of retrieving the day at Chollet (October 17, 1793), when the advanced column, following the example set it by the agent in mission Carrier,[1] fled in panic before it had seen the enemy. "Let Carrier pass!" cried Kléber in scorn, as the dastard spurred through his ranks, "he will come back to kill after the victory." But there would have been no victory had not Marceau, by a judicious manœuvre, brought his artillery unperceived within pistol-shot of the enemy, and then, with one volley, laid low whole files. The Vendeans fled in confusion, and from that day the tide of fortune was turned.

Kléber and Marceau had much to bear from those pests the agents in mission, who took on themselves to act as masters, to reverse the decisions of the military chiefs in council, and unblushingly to favour those officers who talked the biggest about patriotism and the love of humanity. At Dol, Marceau, when pursuing the flying enemy, had the mortification of seeing his own men turned into fugitives by the arrival of a reinforcement under General Muller, with general and staff so drunk that they gave the wrong orders. Many such vexations followed:—the rout at Antrain, brought about by General Westermann's yielding to the foolish impatience of the agent Prieur, and only not resulting in complete defeat because Marceau rallied men enough to make a stout defence of the bridge; the delay in the relief of Angers, caused by Marceau's loyal obedience to his superior's orders, and yet imputed as a fault to him by that very superior, General Rossignol, with the aggravation of an insinuation by another of the generals, Robert, "that their young comrade had not been sorry to rest for a day in the pleasant town of Châteaubriand." Marceau had to hear himself sworn at by Prieur, with the doubtful alleviation, "After all, we know that it is less thy fault than thy counsellor Kléber's. To-morrow we will set up a tribunal to guillotine him." Kléber has recorded how Marceau came across, in great distress, at 11 p.m. to warn him, and how, upon this, he set

[1] Carrier's name will at once call to memory the Noyades of Nantes. "Shame on those cruel eyes, that bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!"

off to the agents' common bedchamber, and had an explanation with Prieur, which ended in the latter's muttering, in a semi-amicable manner from under the blankets, "Come, come, Kléber, *vive la République.*" But they were not yet out of their troubles, for Rossignol and Prieur wrote conjointly to the War Minister that Kléber was "a good soldier, but aristocrat"; and that Marceau was "a conceited little intriguer, something of a Girondin, and not sufficiently friendly and open with the patriots"; and the next post, though it brought to Marceau his brevet of general of brigade, and commander-in-chief till the arrival of General Thurreau, brought also the *destitution* of Kléber. Probably by inadvertence, there came with this a permission to the new-made commander to keep back this *destitution* at his discretion; and Marceau hereupon refused to accept the command save under the direction of Kléber. "I will take all the responsibility," he said, "I ask only to lead the vanguard at the moment of danger." "Be it so, my friend," replied Kléber, "we will fight, or be guillotined, together."

At Le Mans, again, the "incorrigible temerity" of Westermann led Marceau, against his better judgment, to risk an attack without waiting for the main body under Kléber—"a passing success," writes Baron Ernouf, "for which he might have paid dear had he had to do with adversaries less war-worn and unused to surprises." As it was, Marceau found himself exposed in flank and rear, and he sent in all haste to entreat Kléber to come up. "Marceau is a child," remarked Kléber, on receiving the message. "He has done a silly thing and it is well he should feel it; still we must make haste to get him out of the mess." Accordingly he marched ten leagues and arrived at midnight, in time to enable Marceau, "overwhelmed with fatigue," to draw off and renew the attack at daybreak, "when few remained save those who had not the strength to flee." "There were horrible scenes," continues Ernouf; "our comfort must be, that the true soldiers were not responsible for them." Here comes the tale which panegyrists have dilated into a representation of "the modern Scipio" covering with his cloak and defending at the sword's point a Vendean warrioress who, in the direst straits, threw down her arms, and cried "O Marceau! save me!" Now the credit of this incident must be given in the first instance to the adjutant-general Savary, to whom, when about to mount and follow the main column under Marceau and Kléber, two grenadiers brought a young girl, who gave her name as Angélique Desmesliers, swept away from her mother and sister in the hurry of flight, and craving only to be shot and thus escape a worse fate. Savary reassured her, spoke of the duty

of preserving her life for the comfort of those who had perhaps not perished, and, with a happy inspiration, indicated to her Marceau's cabriolet, the one vehicle attached to the staff. "Get in at once, we are just starting. A trusty officer shall escort you; you shall be alone, you shall be free, and I hope we may find again those whom you have lost."

"I should like," said Angélique, returning to the considerations of ordinary life, "to fetch a parcel which I had left in a house in the town."

"Be it so, give your own orders." And Savary charged his "adjunct" to accompany the carriage, and to secure for the young lady a private room, and secrecy from the bloodthirsty representatives. In the evening, at Laval, he found opportunity of speaking to the generals alone, who requested to be introduced to his *protégée*. If it be really the case, as some romantic biographers have suggested, that in this one interview—of which Kléber has recorded that "never did I see a prettier or a more interesting woman"—the Republican and the Royalist lost their hearts to each other, we agree with Ernouf that it was "quick work"; but certain it is that Marceau exerted himself to find shelter for her with a respectable couple, and that at his departure next day he left with her the following safe-conduct, "a pious fiction":

The citizeness Desmesliers, born at Nantes, dwelling at Montfauçon, having declared to us that her mother had forced her to follow the rebel army, and that she now surrenders to us, forsaking the rebel army, and engaging to live henceforth as a good citizeness, demands for her safety the present attestation:

I declare that the citizeness above-named *has surrendered of her freewill* at my head-quarters, the 22 frimaire, an II of the Republic one and indivisible.

MARCEAU.

"I recollected," he said, when next he met Emira, "that she was of your sex, and perhaps she had once had a brother who adored her."

But in the wake of the army ever followed the commissioners, swooping down with domiciliary visits, and orders to householders to declare the number of their inmates. The next we hear of Angélique is in this letter to her aunt from the prison at Laval:

What dreadful things have happened since last I saw you! You know that Mama and all of us had moved to the country: we were living there quietly when people frightened us so about the Republican army, that my mother decided to fly. In the horrible rout at Le Mans I sought only death.

I have found nothing but pity from the Republicans. I surrendered to General Marceau, who has treated me not only with humanity, but indeed with

infinite courtesy and generosity. He has himself conducted me to Laval,[1] where, despite the attestation that I had yielded voluntarily, I have been brought here, where I have been for six days. People bid me hope my youth will save me. But, dear aunt, where is my mother, my sister? I myself am beggared. Cannot you get me acquitted? Your title of Republican will surely give you rights. I trust that you will welcome to your home the innocent daughter of a beloved mother.

ANGÉLIQUE DESMESLIERS.

Angélique showed her passport; it was powerless to save her, but powerful to wound him who gave it. She was condemned, with seven other women, "for having followed the brigands, and consequently being factors and accomplices in their murders and pillages," and a writ of accusation was being made out against the general "for giving quarter to a rebel in arms," when the agent Bourbotte, mindful of his rescue at Saumur, cried, "If Marceau goes to the scaffold, I go too!" and indignantly tore up the papers. Twenty romance-writers have repeated the story that Marceau, on hearing of her peril, rode post haste from the Ardennes to Paris, and from Paris to Laval, and that when he dashed into the market-place, bearing aloft the Convention's pardon, he saw the executioner holding up her head to the people. "But who can suppose," justly remarks Wallon, "that a general on active service could leave his post on such an errand?" There is another tale, contested indeed, but resting on better authority. Marceau was on sick leave, staying at the château of his aide-de-camp near Rennes. While sitting in the garden with his hostesses, a packet was brought him from the executioner of Rennes, forwarded from his *confrère* of Laval. Marceau shuddered and made as if to reject it. "Oh, you had better just see what it is!" said the ladies. On opening it there appeared a gold watch of small value, such as would be given to a schoolgirl, fastened to a black silk cord, and with this note:

M. le général, on leaving our prison, to conduct to execution a young Vendean lady brought here from Le Mans, she gave me this little watch, which she carried hidden in her breast, and she said to me, "Promise me before God to remit to *M. le général* Marceau, wherever he may be, the only pledge I can give him of my gratitude." I promised, *M. le général*, and I keep my word.

EXECUTIONER.

"Poor child!" cried the general, bursting into a flood of tears. "I had promised that she should live."

But this is anticipating. From Laval Marceau pursued the Vendeans to the Loire, which he had predicted "would be their tomb," and thence to Savenay, where he was checked by an order from the tardy General Thurreau to wait till he should come to take the

[1] Savary seems left out in the cold. We suggest, though it spoils the romance, that Angélique, in her flurry, did not know one man in blue from another.

command. Marceau was about to return a sharp answer, which, by the advice of his elders, he toned down to "I shall attack at dawn to-morrow. If thou wouldst see the end of the war come quickly." The attack was nearly thrown into confusion by the irrepressible Prieur taking on himself to cry, "Come on, comrades! forward! forward!" "Do try and stop this screeching" (*criaillerie*), said Kléber in despair to Marceau, "or we shall find ourselves at Nantes with the enemy at our backs." "Prieur," said Marceau, in his sternest tone, "this is not thy place, and thou might'st get an awkward musket-ball or a charge of shot." Hereupon Prieur and his "company of musicians" retired, and the war was ended—at least, all that deserved the name of warfare. What remained was not work for such men as Marceau and Kléber.

Thurreau took the usual revenge of writing complaints of his rivals' "lukewarm patriotism." They protested, but what availed striving against a general who had a brother an agent in mission? When the Jacobin Club of Nantes presented civic crowns to the conquering generals, the agent Thurreau sprang to the tribune to denounce these honours "stinking of the ancient *régime*." "It is to the soldiers," he cried, "who win the victories, who bear the toils and hardships of war, that crowns are owing." Kléber replied with force, "We, who have risen from the ranks, know that; and our soldiers, who each may hope to rise, know that a thousand arms are useless unless directed by one head. We accept this crown only to attach it to our comrades' flag." The applause was for Kléber.

Marceau had a stormy interview with General Thurreau, which resulted in the younger man demanding indignantly an apology or a duel, neither of which would the new-made commander grant to one henceforth his subordinate. "A brave man," retorted Marceau, "would have come to assume his command on the battle-field." However, the matter ended in Marceau's being sent under arrest to Châteaubriand, where he fell ill and was removed to the château of the *ci-devant* Count of Châteaugiron, father of Hippolyte Le Prestre, his aide-de-camp. And here Marceau found what went some way to console him for his own disgrace, and for the conflagrations and fusillades which, as he repeated in every letter to Sergent, were just the way to swell the rebel battalions.

Hippolyte Le Prestre had a sister Agathe, seventeen years old, tall, well-made, with blonde hair, large blue eyes, and dazzling white skin. The rule that the aide-de-camp falls in love with the general's daughter is probably modified when the general is younger than his aide. Marceau believed that his passion was returned, but he durst

not speak, because the parents belonged to that numerous class of Royalists at heart who contributed one son to the Republican armies as a *paratonnerre*. However, one day the countess, seated by her guest's bedside, exclaimed in enthusiasm, "Happy is the mother of such a son!" The eager look in two pairs of young eyes showed her how matters stood. Marceau's suit was received with joy by the mother, but by the father with execrations, and oaths never to give his daughter to a devastator of the Vendée; and the lovers could only swear fidelity to each other, and wait till the completion of Agathe's twenty-first year should make the consent of one parent sufficient. Emira, sister-like, was for her brother breaking off at once with a family which had had the bad taste not to welcome him. Kléber, on the contrary, cheered him with hopes that new honours might melt the father's heart; and, sustained by the mother's permission to correspond with her, and at rare intervals to enclose a note for her daughter, the convalescent suitor departed for Paris—to be patched up in more senses than one, for Thurreau had been before him with tales, and the Committee of Public Safety was already calling him to account for having levied no contributions in the Vendée.

"I say nought to thee of the state of public opinion," wrote Marceau from Paris to his old friend Maugars. "It is here more than anywhere a whirlpool into which one must take care not to be sucked, a burning ray of which one must avoid the heat. So I show myself nowhere, I flee committees and bureaux, and keep myself to myself; it is the safest policy." However, he was introduced by the ever faithful Sergent to Carnot, then on the Committee of Public Safety. "You are very young to win battles," said the future War Minister, looking up in amazement at the boyish figure before him. Hearing that Marceau had never been reimbursed for the horses he had lost, Carnot called a subordinate: "How is this?" "Because the general's applications were not made quite in proper form." "The general," said Carnot, "does not stand upon form when his horses are shot under him. Send him his money at once. The Austrians are to be beaten again; our new commander must be mounted." And Marceau, to his delight, was appointed to the army of Sambre-et-Meuse, as General of division under Jourdan, and with opportunities of gaining laurels which, unlike those of the Vendée, would not be "stained with French blood!"

The last years of Marceau's life were probably the happiest. Uninterrupted successes, friendly relations with his commander-in-chief and with all his comrades, opportunities of seeing Emira, who, overcoming her scruples about divorce, had at last consented to marry

and share the exile of her devoted Sergent, when he was proceeded against as regicide and *Septembriseur*; and, finally, the company of Constantin Maugars, to whom Marceau writes in a strain which proves him guiltless of forgetting old friends for new ones:

Sept. 8, 1794, on the battle-field of Blendorf.

Tell me when thou art coming. Oh my friend thou neglectest me and makest me think thou dost not love me as I do thee. Only one letter from thee in two months! Thou wilt confess I hope that it is not reassuring especially now when I should be so glad to know thee well in health and ready to come and help me to finish a campaign which has been so fortunate for us.

A thousand things to our friends. In a few days I shall be fighting will give thee my news and will love thee always the same that is more than any man living.

Tell me if I can do anything for thee. Embrace our friends. I am longing and pining to see thee.

This appeal had its effect, as appears from the next letter (written from Bonn, November 29, 1794):

Thou art coming at last. I am content. Set out at once and lose no time. What are 100 lives more or less? I can never pay too dear the pleasure of seeing thee. So quick and make speed.

Maugars succeeded Le Prestre as Marceau's aide-de-camp, and they lived like brethren, with all in common, Maugars refusing promotion for fear of being parted from his friend. He was probably the aide-de-camp under whose guidance the fugitives Sergent and Emira first arrived at Coblentz, where Marceau dared not receive them, for fear of betraying Sergent to the agents in mission. But he sent them by a staff-officer forty-seven louis, a passport, and a letter of recommendation to the ladies on whom he was quartered; and, finding himself unexpectedly in their neighbourhood, he came at nightfall to visit them, and to take Emira away to be married decorously from her brother's household. An Austrian spied the blue uniform under the civilian overcoat, and next day Sergent was arrested by the Austrian authorities, and the papers signed by Marceau were found on him. These saved him. No Austrian would harm the *protégé* of the general who levied no requisitions; and after a few days' nominal confinement, Sergent was allowed to retire to Basle, where Emira joined him, and the two entered upon a happy union of forty years, Emira working with her husband at the engraver's trade, and on holidays going mountaineering with him, and astonishing him by her power of crossing torrents on tree-trunks.

Marceau is described at this period as showing "a decent gaiety" in society, avoiding political or military topics, but ready, in ladies' company, with song or improvised verse, or as a partner in

little innocent games like "Pigeon vole." It was understood that his sister was his moral and social mentor, and a wild tale is told of an Austrian baroness being employed to offer Emira a jewel of fabulous value if she would persuade him to retire and accept the hand of an Austrian heiress. "The smallest speck is seen on a white ground," and truth compels us to own that, in reference to this stage of Marceau's life, there is a passage in the *Notice* by that devoted worshipper Sergent which we wish away. No doubt, as Sergent pleads, "the virtues of a camp are not those of a cloister," and perilous, no doubt, as he also observes, is the position of a conqueror of twenty-five who hears on all sides, "Oh, le beau général!" To some extent Emira, we gather, guessed at her brother's occasional lapses from strict morality; once she learned enough to call forth from her a stern letter which produced contrition, and was the means of breaking off the connection in question. But when the worst has been said, we may still accept the testimony unanimously rendered to the departed hero, "that he wronged no maid and deceived no husband."

We turn willingly to the subject of the coach and horses offered by the Frankfort magistrates to the general evacuating their town—an honour, says Sergent, such as is often bestowed on a conqueror when entering, but not when retiring—to the letter from the Municipality of Trèves, refuting indignantly some statements in the French and German papers about the general's expensive habits and requisition of workmen—and to his continued military exploits. At Fleurus, indeed, all Marceau's recruits ran away as soon as they saw fire. "Literally alone" he galloped to the front, and waited for a bullet to strike him. Soult approached him. "Thou wouldst die, on account of thy men's dishonour. Nay, rather seek them, and return with them to victory." "Yes," cried Marceau, recovering himself, "it is the voice of honour. I hasten, and soon I will be up with thee." And by desperate efforts, in which he had two horses shot under him, he succeeded in rallying a part of his men; and the soldiers bestowed the title of Lion of Sambre and Meuse upon the general whose excitement was at that very moment relieving itself with a fit of weeping.

At Thal, Marceau gave his word of honour to the retreating Austrian general that within eight days he would be on the glacis of Ehrenbreitstein. "I'll never believe General Marceau's word again," said the officer afterwards. "He promised to be here after eight days, and here he is on the fourth." To Jourdan Marceau wrote equally confidently. "I hope to take Coblentz in a day or two. I

see thee smile and say, Halt, citizen, you go too fast. Thou art right, no doubt, but man proposes and the proverb tells who disposes." He hoped that he might not, by an "arrangement *à la diable*," be transferred to the army of the Moselle, which would not move. "It *would take a crane* to stir some people!" His next despatch was exultant. "Thy desires are fulfilled. I have taken Coblentz, it is a charming town, thou must come here. Anyone but myself would make a brilliant letter out of this brilliant affair, but to fight well is worth all the flowers of rhetoric. It was warm work, but here we are." He had to confess that at the planting of the Tree of Liberty "joy shone only on the faces of our brave soldiers. Still it is something to have set up the symbol." But the autumn of 1795 was marked by a great military blunder, of which Kléber writes as kindly as possible.

Kléber to Jourdan, from Engers, *Oct.* 18, 1795.

At 9 p.m. I saw a fire-ship appear on the Rhine, near Engers. At once I sent word to prevent its approach, and to hasten the artillery's passage of the bridge. I never doubted that this fire-ship came from the enemy, and that we should see more of them, as indeed we did, all night long, by tens, by twenties, by thirties.

The two bridges of Neuwied took fire; and at this moment I am cut off from all communication with the left bank. At daybreak we must set to work at a new bridge, or must find means of embarkation; if not I must march upon Bonn, but I fear to find the bridge there destroyed also.

Thou wilt be astonished to hear these fire-ships came not from the enemy, but from an order, ill-advised or ill-executed, of poor Marceau, who took it into his head to burn all the boats on the right bank, instead of passing them to the eft. He is in despair; and if he falls not on the field he is resolved not to survive the misfortunes he has caused, nor to hear the reproaches he will incur.

Confess, my friend, that we could hardly be worse off, but count on my courage.

Marceau had indeed received orders to burn the boats and check the enemy's pursuit, but either he or the engineer Captain Souhait under him had miscalculated the time. Mad with despair at the sight of the bridges in flames before him, he put a pistol to his head. Maugars tore it away, and sent in all haste to Emira, and she to Kléber. Kléber was at his side and embracing him in a moment. "What art thou doing? Dost thou count no more on thy old comrade? Hast thou forgotten Kléber?" Then Kléber charged the engineers to run up a new bridge as fast as possible—luckily the enemy had got no wind of their helpless condition—he sent Marceau to defend the rear; and the two generals sat down to supper with Sergent and Emira at midnight. The next day the passage of the Rhine was effected in good order, and Kléber's coolness and

promptitude saved the army from a disaster like that of the Beresina.

But Marceau left his spirits buried under the ruined bridge. "I am far from happiness," he writes to Kléber; "I have presentiments, and this year has been one of troubles." He distressed himself about desertions, pillages, "true, our starving and shoeless soldiers have much to excuse them," about the commissioners who left him two days without bread, "and drove him mad." "Why did that bullet miss me?" he cried, when the last shot fired at Sulzbach struck the officer who stood beside him. The *res angusta domi* had something to do with this. "I am ruined from top to toe," he writes. "I have nought save *cape et epée* honour and life which in faith becomes a burthen when it offers no fair prospects." To Emira he confides, "I dare not look forward. What should I do if I lost an arm or a leg? My sister my dear sister you are and ever will be my sole resource." And he thus congratulates a friend at Chartres on his marriage:

> I only regret in the midst of what thou callest glory that I cannot witness thy happiness and take like thee a young and charming companion. There one finds true joy there only my friend can one count oneself happy. All else is but ephemeral.

During the armistice of 1795 Marceau recovered a spark of his fire. "I would fain," he said to Sergent, "spread the name of Marceau so wide that, were its bearer to appear even in Persia, the sovereign should at once offer him the command of his army." But with Emira he preferred to talk of the time when he might retire with, as he hoped, an embassy or the government of a fortress, on which he might settle down and marry. Here Emira shook her head.

The two were silent awhile. Suddenly rising and throwing his arms about her, "Sister!" cried Marceau, "do you know what we will do when we get to Chartres? We will go to see the *bonne femme* Francœur. How pleased she will be when a coach stops at her door, and her little cousin, to whom she used to give cakes, hands out his bride and bids his old nurse embrace her!"

This convinced Emira that the matter was never out of her brother's thoughts; and hereupon he confided to her what he had never dared to do before. Agathe was just twenty-one, the formalities involved by the father's non-consent were nearly fulfilled, and the Directory had promised him leave of absence to come up and meet his bride and her mother at Argenteuil. Upon this the sister kissed him and wished him joy, and the lover set out with lightened heart upon what was to be his last campaign.

On September 19, 1796, Marceau, defending the defile of Altenkirchen and protecting the retreat of the main body, sat on horseback, field-glass in hand, the centre of a small group of officers. He wore—for each detail has been treasured lovingly—hussar dolman, boots and pantaloons, a hat from which the plume had been shorn at Limbourg, and no scarf, for he would have none but Emira's handiwork, and the one he was expecting from her had been delayed. The day was hot, and he was flushed and eager-looking, but sad withal, as if brooding on the defection of General Castelvert, whose unauthorised raising of the siege of Ehrenbreitstein had exposed Marceau's flank and rendered the retreat necessary. His horse, a fine dappled sorrel, of a quiet nature, never moved—would that it had swerved—when a Hungarian hussar made a threatening movement, and at the same time a shot from behind a tree struck the general's arm above the elbow. Marceau, without a word, turned his horse and retreated, while Captain Souhait dropped the hussar with a pistol-shot, and, smiling, returned with the fallen man's horse to his commander. "Never mind that now, my friend," said Marceau, whose changed tone betrayed his condition, "I am badly hurt. Let not our men know it." He dismounted just in time to save himself from falling, and while his grenadiers, crying "Let us die to avenge him!" kept up a sharp fire, he lay in the dust under the hot sun, supported by Souhait and a few others—one of whom was shot dead while holding him—and continued to give his orders. "My friends, I am done for," he gasped, as the enemy pressed, "but let me not fall into their hands—finish me." Almost against his will, he was lifted on two muskets, the horsemen cut branches to shade his head, and he was carried through the ranks, still giving his orders and directing the retreat, as far as Walmerode, three leagues off, where a more solid litter was formed of the side of a cart, and water was offered him. The wound was hopeless. The ball, after grazing the right arm, had passed slantingwise clean through the body, and was found just under the skin of the left hip. Here Bernadotte met him. Marceau took his hand. "Go you too, my comrade, to get killed for the faults of others" (this was an allusion to General Castelvert), "but let me not see our troops fly in disorder—the very thought kills me."

"No, *mon cher*," replied Bernadotte, "you shall be spared that sorrow. While you direct them, they will fight bravely." And so they did, as far as the foot-bridge of Altenkirchen, where Marceau had again to beg for water, and was set down to rest. Jourdan and his staff came up, with tears in their eyes. "My dear general," said

Marceau, "I can go no further. Write to Prince Charles that I am retiring to Altenkirchen—but let me not be counted a prisoner—nor yet the officers who accompany me." Twice again he repeated his request to be "finished" first. Jourdan promised to do as he asked, and would have had him carried on, but was told that would be at once fatal. An adjutant-general asked for orders. "I have none," said Marceau, "save that you write to Basle to Emira Marceau-Sergent, my good sister, that I must part from her for ever. Tell her that this pains me more than all. Often have I said to you that all I am, all you have given me credit for, and all I may have done, is her work, and to her is the glory." Then speaking up, to be heard by Jourdan, "I commend to you this dear sister and all my family."

The litter had to be abandoned, and his orderly, Martin—an old comrade from the days of the Germanic Legion—carried him on his back the last league to Altenkirchen, where the Austrian governor received him, with his officers, secretary, and two surgeons in his own house; the governor's daughters offered themselves as nurses, and Jourdan hastily wrote to the Archduke Charles, that "his young friend being unfit to move, he trusted to his honour that he should not be considered a prisoner, for the army would rather see him die in the midst of them." His confidence was justified. Sergent indignantly refutes the assertion that Marceau "*fell into the power* of the Imperialists." "We love to repeat that he was confided to them, a trust as dear as sacred. Why rob his Highness of the glory of a deed which, to our mind, is as great as a victory?" Equally absurd to him is the statement that the invalid was left behind "for lack of means of transport." "There was not a grenadier who would not have coveted the honour of carrying Marceau."

The wounded man was left to rest for the night, and at break of day Baron Kray, commander of the Austrian vanguard, came to inquire after him. He was admitted later on, and sat by Marceau's bedside, pressing his hands, and trying to cheer him. The wound had been dressed on first arriving, and was somewhat eased, but there remained much pain, spitting of blood, and difficulty of breathing. "I cannot get over it, I know," said Marceau; "one must be resigned. But to die so young, my career scarce begun, and in so petty an occasion—not even fighting!" He asked for paper to write his will, but then put it from him, and begged to be left alone. The assistants retired, and returned when he had fallen into a stupor. Towards dark Martin, left alone with him, fell asleep. Marceau woke and called him, then apologised for disturb-

ing him. "I could not help it, General," said Martin, much perturbed, "but I will not do it again."

"Yes, yes," said Marceau, "thou art wearied out; sleep, sleep here. But thou art ill at ease; lie down by me, since they have prepared thee no bed." And cutting short a protest, "I wish it, I order it. When I have need, I will call thee." And he twisted his legs to one side to make room for his comrade.

At one in the morning of September 21 he felt better, and seized the opportunity to dictate a letter to Jourdan, asking promotion for two of his officers, and then his will—he had, as was said, nought but his *peculum castrense*, his horses to divide among his comrades, and, in money, only 14,400 livres (£576 in English), of which he left 1,200 livres to Emira, twice as much to his young brother Auguste, serving in the Chasseurs, and the rest had to go to his creditors. He signed his name firmly, and instantly fell into a delirium in which he fancied himself in action, gave orders, and tried to rise. At three o'clock he recovered sufficiently to recognise the Austrian general Elsuitz, and to address him by name; then he again gave some order, turned his head towards Souhait, "*Mon ami, je n'en suis plus rien*," and with a last struggle he expired.

After his death there was found round his neck a miniature of Agathe, which Hippolyte Le Prestre recognised as copied from one in his possession, which the general must have obtained surreptitiously. Sergent, summoned later on to act as executor, sealed it up and sent it back with the countess's letters. The Archduke Charles came with Baron Kray to gaze on the body, and the tears of an Austrian hussar fell on Marceau's sabre. "Were I French," said the archduke, "I would rather have lost a battle than such a general." Kray's offer to provide for the funeral was refused, lest it should produce the impression that Marceau had died a prisoner. But an escort of Austrian hussars was accepted—two companies disputed the honour, and it was granted to that which had been oftenest engaged against Marceau. Kray indignantly ordered the removal of the bandages placed on the eyes of the French officers. "What have we to fear? Have they not to-day lost the best part of their forces?" The coffin, with dolman, hat, and Emira's tardily arrived scarf laid on it, was conveyed to Coblentz, where it was placed in the castle, and the street outside was illuminated by the townsfolk. Kray ordered a suspension of arms for the day, and the body, followed by four generals, a cavalry squadron, and the Coblentz magistrates dressed in black, was laid in the Fort Petersburg, henceforth renamed Fort Marceau, on the evening of September 23, 1796—the same

hour and the same place where, two years before, on October 23, he had received the capitulation of the Coblentz garrison—while the salute from the French camp was echoed by the Austrian guns from Ehrenbreitstein.

> A leur commun regret, leur chagrin confondu,
> On ne distingue point quel parti l'a perdu. LESUR.

But Sergent finds cause to complain of some remissness and signs of jealousy on the part of General Castelvert—who, indeed, could not forget that, a week ago, he had received a sharp letter of reproof from Marceau—and again on the part of the Government at home. "All Marceau's honours were bounded by the banks of the Rhine. Why did not his country raise him a tomb, when the enemy offered to do it? But the rising sun outshines the setting, and the Directory was then all taken up with its hero of Italy."

Sergent saw the news in the *Gazette* and, hoping against hope, let Emira continue to prepare her brother's room, and to count the days to his coming. "If she hears it from anyone but you," said at last the French ambassador to him, "it will kill her." Then Sergent nerved himself. She remained with eyes fixed, as if dazed. Her husband placed a ring with Marceau's hair on her finger. "*Ah! mon ami!*" she cried, and fell on his breast sobbing. All that friends could do for her was done, in the way of letters of condolence from generals, from a cousin Alexandrine at Chartres, from Agathe Le Prestre, begging that, in their common grief, they might regard each other as sisters. Kléber, lying sick at Schwensart, shut himself up two days to mourn, and wept again on meeting Sergent. "I would fain quit the service," he said, "but I must remain to avenge Marceau." He was dissatisfied with the funeral. "The corpse of a great man should never become food for worms. *O corbleu!* had I been in command, Marceau's body should have been burnt." The Directory sent an address of condolence, and, on Jourdan's application, a pension, to Marceau's mother—who had done as little to deserve it as she well could—and found Government appointments for his brothers. The Academician Lavallée pronounced, in high-flown *carmagnole* style, an *éloge*, at which Moreau wept—rather for the matter than the manner of it, suggests Maze—and which Kléber dared not trust himself to come and hear. The name of Marceau was bestowed on the Rue du Chapelet at Chartres, where the hero was born, on the *ci-devant* Rue de Chartres in Paris, and on a line-of-battle ship (a tradition kept up to this day, as we have been reminded during the

recent visit of the French fleet). "Marceau's Todesfeier," by the German poet Schaler, renewed the idea of a chorus of weeping French and Germans, the Germans invoking "blutige Rach'" on his "Mörder," the French calling on their country to mourn and exult:

Traure, Vaterland, und frohlocke,
MARCEAU fiel!
Durch des Laurers Meutergeschoss
Fiel der Held!
Traure, Vaterland!
Dem Laurer fluchten Austria's Aedle,
Die Marceau's Hochsinn würdigten,
Die dem Menschen im Helden liebten
Um im Feinde den Freund beweinten.
Frohlocke, Vaterland!

A month after Marceau's death, the Austrians made an unsuccessful attack on the fort named after him. When they had retired, the French sentinel was found still guarding his general's grave. He had meant to perish there, he explained, but the Austrians had only looked at him and passed on. Marceau's soldiers subscribed for a stone pyramid, of Kléber's design, towards which Agathe sent 12,000 francs—anonymously, for not even now would the stern father relent. Next year the body was exhumed, and, in compliance with Kléber's wishes, burnt, the ashes being, in pseudo-classical fashion, divided between the tomb and the sorrowing Agathe and Emira. The epitaph, "Hic cineres, ubique nomen," has become inappropriate, for the tomb was twice broken into in hopes of plunder, and the ashes were scattered abroad. But the pyramid stands on the "slope of rising ground," to which it was removed in 1819 on account of alterations in the citadel; and the stone placed by Captain Souhait to mark the spot where the death-shot was fired was held sacred by the peasants. "We feel sure," said an old man to Sergent, "that while that brave general's stone remains, it will preserve us from hail and thunder."

Sergent solaced himself by engraving vignettes of Marceau's funeral urn, by the side of which a dishevelled Agathe, wearing her lover's portrait about her neck, sinks fainting into the arms of an Emira in a gipsy bonnet; it spoils the pathos to find that the real Agathe ended by marrying a marquis. Further, Sergent made a point of recording every compliment paid by Austrian officers to "Madame the sister of the brave Marceau." But these were barren honours. A more substantial reward came at last to Emira in the following way. After the battle of Wagram, Buonaparte, holding a review, announced

that he would grant favours to all who had been wounded. Maugars, Marceau's former aide-de-camp, retired to his tent to write a petition, and presented it under his arm in a sling. Meeting Emira and her husband some time later, he asked her if she had any news from France. No, she replied, and Maugars changed the subject. But two years later Emira received official notice that a pension was granted her, and that the arrears of two years would be paid. She was amazed; to whose favour could this be owing? Maugar's question recurred to her mind. She wrote to him, and he replied with joy that his petition, which he had deemed forgotten, was for a pension for "Marceau's beloved sister, she who had been a true mother to him." "And Maugars has remained a captain!" comments Sergent. "This petition wanted but one word to make it perfect—*Granted to the Chef de bataillon, Maugars.*"

Emira died at Nice in 1834, aged eighty years. Her husband lived on till 1847, an old man of ninety-six, toothless, but hale and sound in mind, delighting to receive visitors of all nations in his room hung over with his various engravings of Emira and Marceau. As a special favour, he would sometimes admit the visitor to the inner cabinet, where Marceau's sabre and funeral urn stood on the mantelshelf, and where on the wall hung the last gown worn by Emira.

E. PERRONET THOMPSON.

THE OLD INNS OF SALT HILL.

THE hamlet of Salt Hill lies better than half a mile west of Slough, on the Old Bath Road. It formerly consisted of two large inns, on opposite sides of the way, at a short distance from each other and connected by what might pass for a street. But on the Slough side a number of cottages have been recently built, suited for the families of working men; and should, as seems likely in course of time, a church be added, the settlement may gradually form itself into a separate district. The more westerly of the two inns was called the "Castle," and must have been, in prosperous days, a considerable fabric—made up of three connected buildings, and standing in its own grounds, with a garden to the south, from whence a long stretch of the Thames valley came in sight. The other establishment was called the "Windmill," and, from its association with the curious old festival the Eton Montem, perhaps more generally known.

Before railway times a journey of some twenty miles was considered sufficient to carry the weary statesman or over-worked artist into a renovating country seclusion; and a Sunday was often spent by celebrities at these Salt Hill inns. The "Windmill" had a beautiful garden in front, separated from it only by the high-road. The ground was planted with fine trees and girdled by a brook; and, though the view from the windows was thus obstructed, at a little distance towards London there was, and is, a charming prospect of Windsor Castle, of the buildings at Eton, and of both towns and their environs. This can be best obtained exactly where the lane from Stoke Poges meets the main road; and it is a landscape calculated to impress a person walking up from that village. It seems not unlikely, when all things are considered, that this is the spot which inspired Gray with his delightful stanzas on Eton College. The poem in the Pembroke MS. is headed, "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Windsor and the Adjacent Country," and that accords better with what is seen at this point than the later title, which refers more particularly to the school and chapel at Eton. If it should be objected that the line—

That crown the wat'ry glade,

implies that the view included the stream flowing through the Eton fields, and that the actual river is not visible from the road here, the answer might be that Gray would not trouble himself about such a fact. With him a locality might generally supply a train of ideas, but he kept his eye on selected details rather than on the object. If he received his poetic impulse out of doors he composed at his desk, and within reach of his books. It has been urged that the churchyard of Stoke Poges was not the one that suggested the elegy, because all particulars do not agree. Gray's method did not require that they should; and Mr. Penn, who must have known, surely settled the question when he inscribed verses from the elegy on the sarcophagus he raised just opposite the spot. The Eton ode was written at Stoke in the autumn of 1742.

Mr. Charles Kean, the actor, was fond of ruralising at the "Windmill." He had distinguished himself at Eton school, and seems always to have warmly cherished the recollections of his youth, and of the friendships he made in the beautiful playing-meadows.

The first four-in-hand club in London was formed in 1807, and called the "Bensington (*breviter* Benson) Driving Club," because one of its rules was to drive twice a year to Bensington, a village between Henley and Oxford, about 46 miles from town, and containing a good inn, the "White Hart." The number of members was limited to twenty-five, and the association was so sought after that, in 1808, Mr. Charles Buxton founded a second club, called the "Four-Horse Club." The drive with this club was to the Salt Hill inns. Patronage was distributed alternately between the "Windmill" and the "Castle." The distance from London is put down in Paterson's "Roads" as twenty-one miles and a quarter. But the amateurs took it very quietly, lunching at the "Packhorse," Turnham Green, further refreshing at the "Magpies," Hounslow Heath, and finally dining and passing the night at Salt Hill. As the Bath Road was crowded during the dark hours with hay carts and provision waggons, and the times were those of "three bottles," it seems as well that the return was made the next day, with all the advantages of light and reason.

On one occasion a dispute arose as to whether the fare and accommodation were better at the "Castle" or at the "Windmill." The landlords were put on their metal, and three dinners—two at the "Castle" and one at the "Windmill"—left the question still undecided. But at the second competition dinner at the "Windmill" the weather was excessively hot, and the gentlemen were just turning to the table for their meal when a body of waiters and attendants entered, and entreated the guests not to sit down on the chairs they

were then using, but to exchange them for *cool ones*, now brought. This attention was thought so delicate that the palm was at once awarded to the "Windmill."

As we call up the procession and its surroundings to our mind's eye we must remember two points. It was before the epoch of Macadam, and therefore the stones with which the roads were made were not broken to the same size, and beaten and rolled after being watered. It may be just mentioned, in passing, that Macadam appears to have taken his master-idea from the *kunkur* roads of India, where the curious nodules of lime, so called, are found pretty well of the same dimensions. Again, the carriages were not drags, but barouches with yellow bodies. A preference was expressed for bay horses, and they carried rosettes at their headstalls. The coachmen wore long drab coats, with huge mother of pearl buttons; blue waistcoats with yellow stripes, plush breeches, and low-crowned hats. Further particulars will be found in the Duke of Beaufort's most entertaining volume on "Driving," in the Badminton Library.

By old Eton men the "Windmill" will be remembered as Botham's. It acquired this name from two brothers who conducted it, with great skill and experience. One of these, Mr. George Botham, still survives at an advanced age, as the respected owner of Wexham Court. The brothers, again, were nephews of old Mrs. Botham, of whom a pen portrait is given in the Duke's book. She presided over the "Pelican" at Speenhamland, Newbury, with regard to which hostelry Quin is said to have written:

> The famous inn at Speenhamland,
> That stands below the hill,
> May well be called the "Pelican,"
> From its enormous bill.

This, perhaps, was never true, but the name suggested a joke which could not be resisted. At any rate prices were not exorbitant in Mrs. Botham's time, and lovers of the gentle art of angling will testify to the efficient moderation of the establishment still existing there.

The Duke writes very nicely of the landlady of the "Pelican," as she appeared when he was a boy. "I must not forget dear old Mrs. Botham, with her rich black silk gown, and her high, white-sort of modified widow's cap. She was always kind and hospitable. When the family posted up they dined there, and were all made to drink a little most excellent cherry brandy; each was presented with a cornet or screw of white paper containing brandy snaps of the very best, and when children travelled by the coach they had the

same. The cherry brandy was noted all over the country. Mrs. Botham died at a ripe old age, respected by all who knew her."

Readers of Lord Grey's correspondence with the Princess Lieven will recollect that he dated occasionally from the "Cock," Eaton Socon, a famous house kept by Mrs. Walker. It was comfortable enough to afford a pleasant retreat to the busy statesman, who doubtless found a warm, if not, with poor Shenstone, his warmest welcome in an inn.

It is said that women have not hitherto produced an oratorio or opera, and that no masterpiece exists from their brush. Let it be urged, *per contra*, that they have often shown a genius for inn-keeping; and this not only in the household department—where it is not strange they should excel—but in the horsing of coaches and in the management of posting, postboys, ostlers, and the other not always very tractable hangers-on of the stable yard. Single ladies even have succeeded admirably. In the days of the old East India College, at Haileybury, Miss Fanny Brown, of the "Bull," Ware, was a well-known elderly maiden, who extended the care of an amiable aunt to some of the more frivolous students. Mrs. Walker's inn at Eaton Socon was in later days, when roads were smooth and posting rapid, a favourite resting-place for newly-married couples. It was near St. Neots, and not too distant a drive for the long afternoons of summer.

But earlier the inns at Salt Hill were similarly employed. They were not, however, very quiet places; there was a great deal of traffic on the Bath Road. Horses were often changed at Salt Hill, and the down coaches mostly breakfasted there. And when the four-horse club men were spending their evening in the little hamlet, and Captain Morris or Mr. Prowse was there and in good voice, it seems not unlikely that there was a sound of revelry by night. The patronage extended to the "Castle" by Mr. Buxton's driving companions about the year 1810 shows that at that time no prejudice existed against the establishment; but some years before, in the latter half of the last century, a tragic occurrence ruined the reputation of the house, whether justly or not shall be here briefly inquired.

On March 29, 1773, a party of gentlemen met at the "Castle." They were, it appears, members of the Colnbrook Turnpike Trust, Colnbrook being a village about five miles nearer London, and, like Salt Hill itself, on the Bath Road. They took the opportunity of the trust business to inspect a body of paupers. These poor creatures were probably applicants for outdoor relief, or were anxious to prove their right of settlement, or to urge their objections

to vexatious removal; for in those days the landowners and tenant farmers were the only persons to find the means for the poor rate, and it was their interest to prevent paupers marrying, to prohibit their building cottages, and to require clear proof of their right of settlement in any particular parish. In 1723 an Act was passed authorising the establishment of workhouses in any village where it was thought necessary; but there was no union of parishes till far later. To give an idea of what could be done in the way of ignoring, if not of suppressing, pauperism, it may be mentioned that the whole sum for the relief of the poor in England and Wales, at the time of the incident under description, is believed to have been little more than one and a half million. The poor rates now exceed fifteen millions; but the population, of course, has enormously increased, and the whole of the sum is not applied to the poor. The indigent had a rough time of it, because the ratepayers were anxious to keep them moving, or drive them into rude asylums, such as were the workhouses of the day, from whence they would voluntarily decamp. The turnpike trustees were, probably, most of them magistrates and justices of the peace, and exercised a general supervision over the disposal and treatment of the pauper classes. And the present inspection may well have been intended to allow of any obvious injustice and hardship being set right. The record of what occurred is taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under date May 1773, and is imperfect in details. After business had been transacted the trustees all dined together. Only eleven names are given, but it is not quite clear that the list is exhaustive. The names themselves indicate position in the county: the Hon. W. O'Brien, Captain Needham—three others are military men—Mr. Walpole Eyre, and so on. All who were present at the dinner, except one, were taken ill. They sickened probably gradually, and, it is said, in some ten days were seriously unwell. When the Magazine was published five were dead. With regard to one gentleman, Mr. Walpole Eyre, the exact date on which he succumbed is known, from the parish register at Burnham. It was April 13. There is no mention whether inquests were held or post-mortem examinations directed, and an inquiry made for the purposes of this paper elicits that the records at the coroner's office do not go back so far, as from time to time the older papers have been destroyed. It seems desirable that the county councils should make arrangements for the preservation of inquest records, as coroners will henceforward be appointed by them, and will remain, in some degree, under their supervision. The Magazine, however, states that "from every

circumstance that can be collected" the illnesses were caught from contagion, and that their nature was of a type of disease incident to paupers; and so it may be concluded that medical evidence was taken at the time. We know from the labours of John Howard, and the account of his life, what a scourge the so-called jail fever was at a period contemporaneous with the catastrophe under notice. Nor is there anything incredible in the supposition that a body of paupers, badly fed, badly clothed, and huddled into imperfectly drained dens, should carry with them the germs of malignant typhoid disease. The medical treatment then prevalent rendered the malady more fatal. Bleeding and drastic purgatives hastened the mischief commenced by under-nutrition and blood-poisoning.

Of course when so sad and striking an occurrence took place gossiping tongues were not idle, and a few ill-natured talkers were anxious to make out that there was something wrong either in the kitchen or the cellar at the "Castle"—some poisonous herb, perhaps, accidentally used. It was not without precedent that monkshood had been mistaken for horse radish. One story was that the Madeira had been drawn too near the filings. But from the Magazine already quoted it would appear that the belief was generally prevalent that the cause of the fatal sickness might be traced to the inspection of the body of indigent people who were collected together at the trust meeting. It would be presumptuous to call the visitation a punishment, or to attempt to trace the hand of Providence in what befell these country gentlemen. Nothing is known of their characters, and they may well enough have been benevolent and charitable persons. But what are called the laws of nature exercise themselves irrespective of the individual who perhaps unwittingly sets them in motion. If nitre and carbon and sulphur, intimately mixed, are ignited, there is an explosion, though the spark may have fallen from the lamp of a saint. Oppression and deprivations—whether of food or of air—produce with bad constitutions a condition of blood which is contagious, and the fatal possession may be transmitted to a bishop—to anyone. There can be no question that landowners and landholders had harried and worried the pauper population, in many instances driving them from the country into the suburbs of towns, where they formed the nucleus of what are now called "the dangerous classes." The drunkard, the thief, the burglar—ultimately, perhaps, the murderer—owe their existence, in some measure, to the shortcomings of responsible people.

And therefore when these outcasts at Salt Hill, who seemed so helpless, but were really so formidable, shook their pestilent rags,

and the rosy squires grew pale and sickened, some of them even unto death, it cannot but be admitted that there was a semblance of retribution, which might well produce serious reflections. And so much can be said without casting the least reproach on the particular sufferers.

The account which has been relied on is not quite free from a sense of the comical appearance of these famished scarecrows. That is a feeling which has now passed away. But as late as some sixty years ago the *cachet* of respectability bestowed by "a good coat to the back" rendered the absence of this garment a ground for ridicule. Vagabonds and paupers, and even the humbler artisans, were held to be fair game for a little—not necessarily unkind—merriment. Southey could not write the Life of John Bunyan without occasionally pausing to smile at his self-imposed task of glorifying a tinker. But, thanks to Carlyle and others, such notions have disappeared. Till within a short time back, it may be said, then, that the catastrophe at Salt Hill lived in the memory of persons who had heard of it as a local tradition, and was attributed to fever caught from intercourse with a party of infected paupers. There was no further mystery than that naturally shrouding an accident which was not very fully reported. Think of how differently it would have been treated now—pictures of the inn, pictures of the garden ; portraits of the victims, portraits of the leading indigent ; the landlord interviewed, the doctors interviewed ; and the results of "our reporter's" inquiries at the different country houses, all fully recorded.

A year or two ago, however, Mr. Bentley, himself a resident of Slough, published the journal of a Mrs. Papendiek, a member of a family who were employed about the court of George III. She has much to relate of interesting people with whom she was intimate, including the Herschels and Zoffanys, who, like herself, resided at Upton. In this work appears a wholly different account of the tragedy at the "Castle." According to her, nineteen died out of a larger number attacked immediately after dining, and only one gentleman, who was prevented dining, escaped altogether.

The fatality was so generally attributed to the cooking that the landlord, Partridge, was ruined, and, indeed, did not long survive. She then proceeds to relate that, many years after, the whole secret came out. The widow, Mrs. Partridge, set up a school at Hammersmith, and with the assistance of her daughters did very well. In the course of time, however, lying on her death-bed, Mrs. Partridge disclosed that she knew the mystery of the fatal repast. A cook had come down from London, and proposed sitting up the night before

the dinner, as, he said, the long stewing was the great point in making the turtle soup. He fell to sleep, the fire went out, and in the morning he heated up the soup without removing it from the pan. From the acids used in the cooking verdigris was formed. This impregnated one or two other dishes, and the result was that those who partook of the soup and other tainted delicacies were all poisoned.

Now from these details it will be well first to separate those which present no difficulty and rest on the authority of a lady in every way trustworthy, and then consider the remaining ones.

It may be received at once that Partridge lost his customers. Even if the accident was not generally attributed to the dinner it is not improbable that people avoided frequenting the scene of a disaster. Innkeepers have a great objection to a death occurring in their houses, and even make a charge for the injury it causes. And there is no reason for doubting that Mrs. Partridge settled at Hammersmith, and that she finally made the confession attributed to her. Further, it may be held a fact—why should it not be so?—that the cook went to sleep and allowed verdigris to form in the stewing-pan, and was entirely under the impression that he had caused the catastrophe. Mrs. Papendiek tells her anecdote in good faith, and it may be accepted in the same spirit. The circumstance that Mrs. Partridge kept the secret of the verdigris accounts for its not being mentioned in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but it does not in any way prove that the verdigris *did* cause the illnesses. With respect to the number who died, it is not gathered that Mrs. Papendiek had further authority than rumour, and in her additional statement that the attacks were immediate, and that in some cases death ensued at the hotel itself, before removal could take place, there is the difficulty that when the Magazine was published in May only five were dead up to that time, and that we know Mr. Walpole Eyre did not die till April 13.

There is a curious point. Mrs. Papendiek remarks that one gentleman entirely escaped, because he was prevented dining. This seems to have been a Mr. Pote, whose immunity from any harm was remarked at the time. But what is related of him in the contemporary record? Why, that he was not present at the inspection of the paupers, but walked about in the garden. It does not seem necessary, therefore, to come to a new conclusion in consequence of the fresh information supplied by Mrs. Papendiek. The exact number of gentlemen who were taken ill, and out of them how many died, cannot be considered certain; but little doubt need exist that Mrs. Papendiek's figures are far too high.

If Mrs. Partridge told her husband the cook's story he may have believed that the blame lay in his kitchen. If she did not tell him he may still have had to grieve over the loss of customers, and the expenses of the place may have been finally too much for him. We have seen, however, that in 1808 the "Castle" had entirely recovered its popularity. But the verdigris story, though there is no reason for doubting the perfect veracity of Mrs. Papendiek, Mrs. Partridge, and the cook, cannot be received as explaining the origin of the illnesses;—in the first place, because the effects of that acetate produced under the circumstances described could not have been of the gravity and on the scale of what was witnessed; and in the second, because the slow sickening and delayed development do not accord with the symptoms which would result from verdigris; and, thirdly, because the solution of the mystery offered at the time is sufficient, natural, and highly probable, fitting in better than any other hypothesis with all the known features of the case.

If space should be hereafter accorded some curious particulars may be related concerning the old Eton procession to the "Montem" at Salt Hill; the dinner there, and other proceedings especially connected with the "Windmill" Inn, whose dramatic end by fire may then be noted.

J. W. SHERER.

CHIVALRY AND MATRIMONY.

WITH all its fine expressions of ardent devotion to the fair sex, and the multitude of its exquisite pretensions, Chivalry was the degradation of the highest and tenderest human instincts, the veritable curse of the course of true love. Such a statement presents itself to the romantic believer as a terrible counterblast; but it is true nevertheless. The records of the Treasury and the Law Courts of those days, in furnishing the experience of popular life deeply marked by the worst shades of modern shortcomings, provide the fullest proof.

Chivalry did not make marriages, at least in the sense of those born of love's young dream; it entirely ignored all sexual affections, and sold its victims with ruthless indifference to all mutuality. There were not two parties to its bargains; there was only one, who was always the third of the group, and the one interested not in satisfying the yearnings of the impassioned, but in a pecuniary sense of their value. He was the vendor, and might be either king or baron. But whichever he was, he was the incarnation of unscrupulous power. The matrimonial transactions of chivalry were mercenary. To them there were no "contracting parties" in the shape of whispering lovers, ardent swains and coy maidens. On the other hand, there were but sullen indifference or hating compliance. Chivalry canted about its faith in women and the purity of its own motives, because it could not sing of love—it may be said that it so canted because it knew it must cant. It knew that its marriages had not been made in heaven, and of ethereal sentiment. They were coarsely bargained for, either in the King's Exchequer, or in the open market-place. Chivalry knew itself as a social falsity and the parent of lust. As a consequence, the "lower orders" have had to give us the nomenclature of our love affairs. Chaucer, the very mirror of the era of chivalry, has typified lust with his master's hand, but he has no picture of the gratified tenderness of longing youth. In his surroundings it was not suffered to exist. These surroundings had no terms to enumerate the ardent swains and coy

maidens of rusticity. But if the aristocracy can produce no one instance of the coy maiden, and the rustic sweetheart remains to mock the dubious *fiancée*, it has a wealth of the arts of diplomacy, and an inexhaustible list of the terms of intrigue. Chivalry gave expression to the word *maitresse*, which may have, and had, the funniest of meanings.

In those brave days of old the matchmakers were rapacious fathers, the most unscruplous dealers were amorous widows, actual or expectant, who with the keenness of their art and impulses were in the habit of carefully supplying themselves with gold to meet the emergency. The cash offerings that widows made to secure marital rights are astonishing in their value. A charming instance of ante-vidual diplomacy is afforded by the manœuvres of Nicholaa de Emingfrid, a despondent Huntingdonshire wife. In 1199, when the manor houses of England were filled with crippled and consumptive Crusaders, and not a single baron in the land had five hundred pounds in coin, Nicholaa was the wife of William Rufus, and evidently expecting him to die. Weary of a life that had become passionless, and grown wanton in her weariness, she approached the mercenary Lackland with a gift, and with the subtle measures prompted by a yearning love. She offered the king £100—say £2,000 of present money, and a meaningful earnest of her anxiety—that she may not be constrained to marry! Poor devoted Nicholaa! how crushed she was with the burden of her misery. But with further caution and a knowledge of the mutability of her woman's nature, she added the saving clause, that if of her own accord she should hereafter wish to marry, she will only do so after having taken the king's counsel. The manœuvre of this wily dame was delightfully successful. The year had not elapsed before one Vitor de Wade gives to the king 70 marks "for having seizin of Nicholaa," who *was* the wife, and had become the widow of William Rufus, with her goods and chattels; and with an astuteness that one recognises as hers alone, he promises to pay one-half the money on the very moment when he marries her, and the remainder at the second feast of St. Michael after the king's coronation. Such a bargain was doubly diplomatic; it alike satisfied eagerness and caution. John's love of money for the purpose of spending would expedite the marriage to the utmost. So we see how aptly chivalry could teach the art of plotting and bargaining, when once it had destroyed the pleasantries of original love.

The matrimonial bargainings were simply brutal. In the reign of John the appeal, "Come live with me and be my love," was a mockery, for the condition "And I will ever faithful prove" was an

impossibility. Mutual love was not recognised, therefore mutual fidelity was ignored. Sir Alonzo the brave might love the fair Imogene, and be loved in return with a soulful devotion, but that was of little consequence in the eyes of the king and the law. Sir Alonzo was the tenant of lands and a chattel of the king; there was, therefore, in him a pecuniary value, and he was treated accordingly. This is one fashion of restraining the imagination of Alonzo the brave. Philip FitzRobert offers to the king £200 sterling, 100 bacon hogs, and 100 cheeses, to have in custody the land which belonged to Yvo de Munbi with his heir, until the heir be of age and ought to marry, with the advice of the king and the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. Such a bargain would place Sir Alonzo the brave, willing or unwilling, in the arms of a damsel of the house of Fitz-Robert, the cult of which may be estimated by the hogs and cheeses. The domestic pæan would hardly be "Arms and the man, I sing," and yet the transaction was of chivalry.

In the highest ranks vast sums passed to effect these little arrangements, from which the king obtained a very considerable revenue. John, Earl of Lincoln, gave 3,000 marks—say £40,000 of present money—to have the marriage of Richard de Clare for the benefit of Matilda, his eldest daughter, and the money had to be secured by the pledges of his friends, the payment being spread over a term of years. Simon de Montfort gave 10,000 marks--nearly £150,000—to have the custody of the lands and heir of Gilbert de Umfraville with the marriage of the heir. These transactions may be described as of the simple order, being far above the reach of rivalry, which in John's ways meant jobbery. There were others more involved, for faithless Lackland was exorbitant in his demands, and kept possession till the highest bidder could be found; and in more than one instance —when the "chattel" was easier of reach, and so commanded a greater number of bidders—after the sale to one man had been arranged, a larger offering by some other aspirant deprived him of his intended bargain. Varying influences mark the variety of these transactions. Sewal FitzHenry, with a most clerkly knowledge of the table of affinity, offers to the king one hundred marks for license to marry the sister of his wife, Isabel Sewal de Maniai, to his nephew; and also a destrier and a palfrey which Geoffrey FitzPeter had received, with a view of hurrying the matter, as we may believe, and avoiding disappointment. This little arrangement was coolly set aside when Philip de Ulcot came and offered one hundred pounds! That was sound political economy, my masters!—selling in the highest market with the further advantage of not having bought. It was also the

most astute of trading, for it ignored all motives of conscience. King John, who knew how to drive a bargain as well as any modern Yorkshire horsedealer, is certainly maligned when described as worthless ; he was the greatest master of finance who ever occupied the English throne.

Then we have the wiles and betimes the solicitudes of the mothers of chivalry. It is due to their emotions to describe them as for the most part worthy of their object. Hugh de Haversham offers the king two hundred marks to have the custody of the land and heir of William de Clinton, with the marriage of the heir. Hugh was seeking a bargain, which the widowed mother, Isabel de Clinton, determined to deprive him of, either on the score of love or barter. She offered John Lackland three hundred marks for the marriage, and he cancelled the bargain with Hugh. There is no doubt John resorted to these tricks to squeeze impressionable and tender-hearted parents. Sometimes he had to meet combinations well calculated to baffle even his astuteness. Gilbert, son of Gilbert de Calweleya, and Alicia, his mother, offer eighty marks and two palfreys that he, young Gilbert, may have the land which belonged to Gilbert his father, and that he may marry according to his own pleasure, with the advice of Alicia, his mother, who may follow her own counsel in marrying him. This was evidently an instance of the careful mother having the bride-elect under her own wing. Gundreda, who was the wife of Geoffrey Huse, offers to the king two hundred marks to have the custody of Geoffrey, his son and heir, with all his land, until he be of such age that he may and ought to hold land, and that she may dispose of him in marriage with the advice of his kindred and friends. What little project Gundreda was working out thus thoughtfully we have not learnt, but she clearly intended her boy should be protected, even at the cost of a very smart fine. If all the transactions of chivalry could be reduced to these little diplomacies we might not speak so ill of it.

One of John's most shameless bargainings runs in a memorandum referring to the stately house of Neville, of which Mary of Middleham, an enforced wife, was then saying she would be no man's mere plaything. Hugh de Neville offers thirty marks for a marriage for the use of his granddaughter. John took his offer without naming the "chattel" to be supplied, but did not forget to add this condition :— "If anyone is willing to give more for that wardship than Hugh offers, let such person have it, unless Hugh is willing to give the same for it!" As we have already said, John was indeed a master of finance —far above the manufacture of one-pound notes. Another instance

of his greatness lies in the experience of Thomas Noel, who offered three hundred marks and three palfreys to marry his younger daughter to Eustace FitzStephen, Geoffrey FitzPeter, the sheriff, being commanded to take some pledges thereon; "and the same earl shall also give to the king one good goshawk which was in the possession of Geoffrey FitzPeter." Greedy John Lackland! That "good goshawk" was merely a violent seizure thy rapacity could not pass by.

Love-making in the days of chivalry was not a passion: as we have seen, it was a trade, and of a debased order in some of its branches. It is true brides were won, bridegrooms were hooked, even in those sad days; but neither end was reached by the powers of love and hardihood. The successful agency was then wholly, as now mainly, money; but this perhaps may be said in favour of the earlier method—the money was tendered in the open market-place, and the "chattel" put up to the highest bidder. There was no attempt to disguise this fact by arranged intervals of billing and cooing. It was not the prerogative of the Queen of Beauty to lay her own fair charms and broad acres at the feet of the bravest of the brave because he had won her admiration by the prowess of his lance or the lightning strokes of his deadly brand. As a wife, she might intrigue in the after-days, and she did, but then!—chivalry was satisfied. Nor was she singular in this deprivation. Rosy-cheeked Phyllis might not single out the best dancer on the village green, or the deftest archer at the village butts, and bid him come to her as a husband. Such power was completely and legally withdrawn from each of them—and in the case of poor Phyllis to her shame, and to the worst parental misery of her father. And if she intrigued, why—she copied her betters!

Lord Lochinvar may have unhorsed all comers, and have proved that Lady Clara Vere de Vere, who had given him her badge to carry through the fray, "was peerless of beauty and spotless of fame"; but there his efforts in the way of personal regard absolutely ended. Clara may have laid her flushed cheek upon Lochinvar's manly breast, and with the rosiest of lips, the most downcast of eyes, have declared in the witching tones of maidenly modesty, "My soul, I love thee"; but that was all she was permitted to do on the right side of morality and honesty of life. Under no circumstances, except the advance of cash, or hams, palfreys, hens and eggs which had immediate cash value, might she complete her declaration by bringing forward the priest and having the knot tied. Colin's yeoman-fortune and matchless strength may have captivated Phyllis, and earned the flocks and herds of her yeoman father; Colin and

Phyllis may have repeated all the natural effusions of Clara the peerless and proud Lochinvar; but there also came the end of their honest and affectionate efforts. In each case the check-string of the law was tightened by the cursed love of gold, and individual wishes were despised.

Norman civilisation had given the ominous phrase, *baron et femme*, the antithesis of love and affection, a phrase which has to be translated in the light of the above expressions, bargain and sale; it was a dreadful substitute for the old native expression, gaffer and gammer. But this may be said for it, the mediæval courts were never pestered with actions for breach of promise, and they knew but very little of divorce, for society could not contemplate universal outbreak. Norman civilisation had rendered these things impossible. When the "chattel" had to be sold by a third party the promises of lovers were but the beginning of disappointment—a receipt for the pecuniary consideration was the only validity. But this arrangement was not the absolute remedy for villany, for even with it as a safeguard confiding damsels found too late men would betray. One instance of the wiles of a base deceiver illustrates the humanity of human nature, for they come up from their grave of six centuries with the living features of to-day. In the reign of Edward I., Agnes de Sparkesford, a beguiled Somersetshire heiress, presumably of mature years and declining opportunity, impleaded William de Potenay, a brisk youth who insidiously wandered abroad for the prey that home would deny him. Notwithstanding the candour of the age, William had acquired all the arts of the modern betrayer, "because under the hope of marriage she had enfeoffed him of her lands." This being done he coolly threw her over, telling her the insulting truth that he was married to another woman. William was clearly a finished artist, but the outraged Agnes was superior to the feebleness of love, so she "had him up." The stolid Somersetshire jury did not appreciate his artistic qualities in the light he would have them shown. At their hands the rascal received a merited exposure and punishment. They plainly declared William came to Agnes and made her understand he would willingly marry her, "to which she consented." Then after the lapse of several days—she had been somewhat urgent, as we perceive—"he again treated with her of contracting the marriage between them, but he said to her it would be a hard thing for him to marry her, except he might be sure of her lands if he should survive her." William's cool reasoning impressed the sympathetic damsel—an unprotected female, as we may almost perceive—to the fullest extent for which

it was designed. Agnes, acting precisely as the police details show hungry females to be acting to-day, placed him in seizin of her lands, "accepting him and pressing that the marriage should be completed"—just as confiding housemaids now do who have watches and little accumulations in the savings' banks. Then the monster laid bare his treachery: "he excused himself, urging his prior marriage"—which also is precisely what the pinks of chivalry do to confiding housemaids. The sentence of the court was worthy of the gallant's enormities, and quite in accordance with the most advanced of modern police-magistrate's ideas. William was committed to gaol and ordered to pay forty marks damages—say £600 of present money—the sheriffs of Somersetshire and Hampshire being ordered to seize his lands and levy the amount of damages.

Though there were these dark spots in the arena of matrimonial legislation, post-nuptial life did not brighten in revenge of them. The schoolboy's maxim, "a bad beginning makes a good ending," was not universally true. Incompatibility of temper had its outbursts, and by reason of its surroundings was apt to become sullen, hateful defiance. In 1209 Elias, son of Elias, gains immortality by his "contumacy." This sturdy knave, accused of "despising his wife," boldly admits the impeachment, "and said he wished to stand the consideration of Holy Church, and found pledges for it." He at least had the courage of his convictions; the details of his trouble we unfortunately do not know. Capital crimes were also known, though infrequent, but often diabolical when they did happen. A startling example of matrimonial rancour occurred in 1212, when the sheriff of Southampton was ordered to take into the king's hands a knight's fee belonging to Avice, wife of Simon de Aurefeld, who was adjudged to be burnt for the death of Simon, her husband. The hearing of that trial, now so silently reposing in the long past ages, would be a great sensation; for in the nature of the times we may read that dame Avice had become weary of the man to whom she had been transferred as a "chattel."

The sins of affectionate impulse then were more frequent, and often had highly ludicrous sides in the compromises they resulted in. In 1240 Adam de Alta Ripa was arrested to answer H. de Pateshull, bishop of Coventry and Lichefield, why, without the episcopal license, he permitted himself to be married, seeing that his marriage belonged to the bishop, because Adam de Alta Ripa, Adam's father, held of Ralph Paynel by knight's service, the custody of whose land and heir the bishop had by sale from the king. The position of the fledgling husband was sufficiently distressing, for the servitude of the

gaol possibly awaited him. The bishop ruthlessly urging his rights, declared Adam permitted himself to be married, to the bishop's damage of 100 marks. The youth acknowledged his marriage belonged to the Right Reverend Father, and placed himself "in misericordia"—though he was of the primest of those "whose sires came over with the Conqueror." The bishop afterwards remitted to Adam forty marks of the hundred the damage was laid at; and for this remission Adam permitted the bishop to continue to hold all the land in his custody after Adam shall come of age, until the sixty marks shall have been fully received from the issues of the estates. So the poor youth had to support his bride upon the love which had constrained him to anger the Holy Father, who probably had entertained far other views touching his matrimonial possibilities. The episode is not without grim humour; Benedict in "reduced circumstances" is a fine suggestion, for chivalry in rags is the bathos of all dreams. It is to be hoped Adam resisted the snares of Shylock, who was a more enormous power in those days than he is in our own, though his modest rate of interest was exactly the same.

When love matters were pressed not wisely but too well under King John, the monarch was not so easily dealt with even as an incensed bishop. The weight of his hand was not only quickly and heavily felt; it knew no relaxation until its grip had extorted the uttermost farthing, and as much more as could be squeezed out. Walter de Fellington, anxious or calculating, but equal to any occasion, first married the woman he loved, and then approached the font of rapacity. Her "valuation" appears to have been 200 marks; John found room for an "increment" as necessary to secure his "benevolence," the result being that Walter offered to the king 200 marks for the crime, and additionally twenty marks to have the king's goodwill concerning the wife whom he had married, and to have that part of her father's lands which rightfully belonged to her. Having won the woman, he was content to let John count the cost, the highest wisdom. But, notwithstanding his omnivorous nature, if the landless John happened to be approached on his humorous side, there was evidently a grim joke to be found in him. What, for instance, are we to say of the adventure of William Lespec, who purchased his wife's sister with a part of the inheritance which fell to his wife, and John ratified the bargain for forty marks and a good hawk! We take the including of the hawk to be a masterpiece of satire. It is indeed astonishing how John availed himself of matrimonial necessities. Had Charles I. been his equal, we should never have heard of ship money and civil war. It would be difficult, for

instance, to advance beyond this point of opportunity, which nevertheless involves an acknowledgment of John's own treachery—Robert de Vaux owes five of his best palfreys that the king will hold his tongue about the wife of Henry Panel—except it be thus: the wife of Hugh de Neville gives 200 hens "eo quod possit jacere una nocte cum domino suo, Hugone de Nevill." That instance of the purchase of the royal grace and goodwill is presumably unique.

But of all the matrimonial trafficking, the ways of the widows are at once the boldest and most comprehensive. As a rule, their methods seldom resort to blandishment; it is remarkable when tenderness is an item in their bargain. Speed was their maxim; it was one John honoured, for he profited by it. Yet one of the rarest exceptions in the way of delicacy to these commercial negotiations has evidently been prompted by a widow who had quite an exceptional lover. In 1206, William de Landa—either one of the most famous of the Crusaders or his son—offers fifty marks and a palfrey for having to wife Joan, who was the wife of Thomas de Aresey, "if he may be pleasing to the said Joan"; the sheriff is instructed to ascertain the widow's wishes, "and if the said Joan shall be pleased to have him for a husband, then the sheriff shall cause William to have seizin of Joan and her land"—both of which he obtained in the name of gentle love and the faith of a true soldier. It is fitting that the name of one of the men who led the assault of Acre should be preserved in such a record as the above. He was in truth a very perfect knight. One of the most rampagious of the northern borderers manifested the like delicacy. Young Walter de Umfraville, son of Gilbert, had left a widow, Emma, presumably in the very blush of her charms. Peter de Vaux had fallen at her feet, but he declined to obtain her in border fashion; and this fact is the earnest pledge of the chivalry of his love. If he would not steal her he was bound to buy her, and coin with the De Vaux was always a scarcity. So he offered the king five palfreys for her "if she wished it," and with what would read as a graceful acknowledgment of the borderer's pure chivalry, John absolutely drops the commercial from his reply and simply orders Robert FitzRoger, the sheriff, "to permit it to be done."

The ways of the rank and file of these negotiations were very different. Sometimes they are interesting specimens of light diplomacy; at other times they are profound. Sarah, who was the wife of Thomas de Burgh, offers fifty marks and a palfrey, besides a former promise of £100, to be free to marry whom she pleases in the king's land, excepting he be of the land of the King of Scots, or

one of the men of the lord Archbishop of Canterbury. It is somewhat difficult to understand Sarah's tactics; she starts as a prude in 1200, offering the £100 "not to be asked to marry," and yet before the year expires she has become ardently anxious and so commiserating in her anxiety as thus to exclude from her choice only Scotsmen and the men of his Grace of Canterbury. Following on the heels of this, and separated from it not by months, but by weeks only, we find she has given her widowed heart and crushed affections to Simon FitzWalter, who in his haste flies off to the king with a further offer of thirty marks or six palfreys to have her incontinently, and he gets her at the price. John's appreciation of an impatient lover was at once sympathetic and accurate. Sometimes the tables are turned on the wily dames, though the operation does not seem to have been satisfactory in all instances. Geoffrey de Luvein offers four hundred marks to have the land and widow of Ralph de Cornhull, unless she can show reason why she ought not to accept him! In some pleasant way, however, of which we are ignorant, the widow had outwitted her furious admirer, for she had offered two hundred marks, three palfreys and two hawks not to marry Geoffrey, but to be allowed to marry whom she pleases, and to have her lands. John must have been as clearly outwitted as the ardent lover, for he thus concludes the entry: "The marks are paid because she married of her own accord."

Then we have the friendly offers of disinterested neighbours. Simon de Kime offers one hundred pounds sterling on account of Rohesia, wife of Stephen de Falconbridge, that she may have liberty to marry whom she pleases with the advice of her friends; and the sheriff of Nottinghamshire is commanded to take from her secure pledges thereupon, the said Simon de Kime to be superpledge for the £100. The arrangement had been cleverly worked out, for Simon married her forthwith. One of the best "squeezes" John ever obtained was that of Amabel, the widow of Hugh Bardolf, one of the foremost of the king's roystering companions. She gave him two thousand marks—say £30,000 of present money—and five palfreys not to be compelled to marry, but that she may remain a widow as long as she pleases, yet if she should wish to marry, she will not do so without the king's will and assent. Dame Amabel may be credited with knowing that such a husband as John would have chosen for her might have been far less desirable than a vastly reduced fortune. At least, she had had much experience of his methods and selections.

The picture here painted from contemporary sketches of the

national life is a dire revelation of the ways of our wise and virtuous ancestors. It is a sad blow to the dreamers of chivalry as an institution without shame and without reproach. Viewed in the light of human experience nothing could be fouler, for it started in shame and could not fail to end in reproach. Such lives as the ill-assorted couples who furnished its personnel must perforce lead could only result in a social degradation that could not be described as black by any contemporary writer, because there was no chance of comparing it with white. Men are now surprised how, at the moment of its dissolution, chivalry came to be described as abominable. Remembering snatches of its love-songs and the claims of its accepted maxims, they said it must have been divine. So they clung to it as to a divinity, for the knowledge had been lost that it was probably the most filthy of human charnel-houses. The only modern parallel to the morals of chivalry was the morals of the American slave plantations in the days before the emancipation of the negro; and what they were has been described beyond description.

W. WHEATER.

TRADE ROUTES OF ROMAN BRITAIN.

OF the five great highways of South Britain—Watling Street, Ermine Street, the Fosseway, Ikening Street, and Ryckneld Street—most people have heard; but few, I think, have any very clear idea whence they come, whither they go, or what was their origin. That they were the work of the Romans is certain, in spite of the Saxon names they bear; and that they existed as beaten tracks across forest, heath, and marsh, at a date anterior to the Roman conquest, is highly probable. In the following pages I have set myself the task of tracing the routes of these five streets, so far as it is possible to recover them at the present day, and in so doing have selected as landmarks those towns and villages whose names recall the existence of a great highway, or of a Roman camp established to protect the same. To the former class of names belong Stratton (Stræt tun) and Stamford or Stan-ford (stone road); to the latter, Caistor and Chesterfield. Many who have tried to study the course of Roman roads as laid down in the county histories have been absolutely cowed, and for ever deterred from pursuing their research, by constant references made to a dreadfully obscure and corrupt document called the "Antonine Itinerary," containing Latin names of stations and summaries of Roman miles. I have endeavoured to steer clear of that rock, and I hope that, with the help of the localities I have given below, and the assistance of a county atlas, the reader may find the task of following these roads not a dull one, but, on the contrary, a fascinating occupation.

There are grounds for believing that in very ancient times minerals and other merchandise passed by these same routes from hand to hand, and from one tribe to another, until they eventually reached the sea-coast. Mr. Alfred Tylor, in a most interesting paper contained in the forty-eighth volume of *Archæologia*, ably supports his contention that the main object of the Roman occupation was to develop an ancient and indigenous mineral industry, and especially

the art of lead-working, rather than to promote mere agricultural colonisation. The Romans substituted straight and sometimes paved highways for the devious native tracks, preserving their old direction and purpose, for it is evident that the five streets were not originally planned as means of communication between important military stations. The great garrison towns of Chester, York, and Silchester, for instance, lay off the line of these main arteries of traffic, and were evidently constructed at a subsequent date, with the object of protecting districts which are to this day centres of mineral industry, and of commanding and keeping open the routes that lead to these districts. An examination of the course of the streets, as hereafter indicated, has led me to the conclusion that the two great inland *entrepôts* of British trade during the Roman occupation were Lincoln and Cirencester. To the former the Ermine Street may have brought Cleveland iron and Cumberland lead from the north, and the merchandise of Kentish ports from the south, while the Ryckneld and Fosseway conveyed to it the mineral wealth of Wales, tin from Cornwall, and copper from the Mendip Hills. Cirencester must have been a still greater centre of exchange. Iron from South Wales and the Forest of Dean could travel to it by a well-defined Roman road leading through Gloucester, the wares of the eastern merchants by the Ikening, the traffic of Gaul by the Ryckneld, and the commerce of North Wales and Kent by the Watling Street. Finally, these great highways were so interlaced and connected by transverse routes that they formed a complete network of communication, both for civil and military purposes, between all parts of the island.

But what extrinsic evidence have we of the existence in early times of this alleged traffic in British minerals? We know that Britain was one of the few countries known to the ancients as producing tin, and vast quantities of that metal must have been annually consumed by the continent of Europe in the manufacture of bronze armour, weapons, and other utensils.

Herodotus, writing four centuries and a half before the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar, mentions rumours of a river called Eridanus (perhaps the Rhine) emptying itself into the Northern Sea, whence amber was procured; and of tin islands, from which came the metal used by the Greeks; and he hints that tin came "from the very ends of the earth" by the same road as did the amber (Book iii. 115).

Now Pliny tells us explicitly how amber reached the Mediterranean, viz.:—"Overland from the shores of Northern Germany to Pannonia. The people of that province passed it on to the Veneti, who lived at the head of the Adriatic Gulf, and they, in turn, con-

veyed it southward into Italy" (Book xxxvii. 11). Strabo, a writer of the Augustan age, describes the commerce between Britain and the Continent at a period, be it observed, anterior to the Roman occupation. The usual sea passages from the Continent to Britain, he tells us, were those from the mouths of the Rhine, Seine, Loire, and Garonne, besides that from Wissant, which Julius Cæsar had used. The exports were corn, cattle, gold, silver, iron, skins, slaves, and trained hounds (which the Gauls used for purposes of war); while the imports were ivory bracelets and necklaces, amber, glass vessels, and small wares (Book iv. 5). Diodorus, the Sicilian, a contemporary of the last writer, informs us that great quantities of tin were exported from Britain (which, by the way, he carefully distinguishes from the Cassiterides), and that the people of Cornwall made the tin into pigs of a knucklebone shape, and carried them on waggons to an island called *Ictis*, which Mr. Tylor identifies with Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight, and Mr. Elton with Thanet. At Ictis merchants bought the tin, and carried it to the opposite coast of Gaul, whence it was transported overland on pack-horses, a thirty days' journey, to Marseilles, Narbonne, and the mouth of the Rhone (Book v. 22 and 38).

The Museum in Jermyn Street contains a model of an ancient block of tin, measuring 2 feet 11 inches long and 11 inches broad. It roughly answers the description of a knucklebone, although it bears a much stronger resemblance to one of those common objects of the sea-shore called "sailors' purses," the four projecting arms serving as a means of carrying it, or lashing it to a pack-saddle. The overland route through Gaul, which is believed to have been established three centuries previously, by the enterprise of Pytheas, a Greek of Marseilles, had, so far as Rome was concerned, superseded the more ancient and circuitous passage from the eastern parts of Britain to the mouths of the Elbe and the Vistula, and the caravan journey across Germany. Besides sundry references by Greek and Latin authors to early British trade, there is a great body of circumstantial evidence, based upon the discoveries of antiquaries, which all tends to prove the acquaintance of the Britons with commerce. Lastly, it may be asked, who undertook the transit of minerals by sea, from Britain to the coast of Germany, for the Britons, so far as we know, had no great skill in seamanship? It is a remarkable fact that, towards the end of the fourth century, all the coast of Britain, from the Wash to the Isle of Wight, was known to the Romans as "The Saxon Shore," and it may be reasonably inferred that it was so called because it included those ports from which Saxon

ships had long been in the habit of conveying cargoes to the Baltic and German coasts.

And now we will examine more particularly the five great channels by which the natural productions of our island reached the Saxon shore. The first in order is the Watling Street. Roger de Hoveden, a chronicler of the twelfth century, tells us that it was made by the Wætlings, or sons of King Wætla, and treats it as a sort of equatorial line, dividing north from south, for he distinguishes the Northumbrians and others, who lived on that side of it, from the "Southerners," who dwelt on the other. A treaty of King Alfred's reign also recognised it as the boundary between the Saxons and Danes. The true etymology of its name is to be sought in that of the *Gwyddelins*, or "men of the woods," a Celtic people who inhabited Wales and Ireland, and the Saxons called the road "Gwatling Street," because it led towards those countries. Chaucer has a curious application of the epithet in his "House of Fame":

> See yonder, lo! the Galaxy
> The which men clepe the milky way,
> For it is white and some parfay
> Y-callen it han Watling Street.

It has been somewhat fancifully suggested that Watling Street has been constructed on lines parallel to the direction of the Galaxy, and that in the dim ages of the past, long before our Watling Street was dreamed of, the primitive Gael steered his course over sea and land to Wales and Ireland by that of the Milky Way in the heavens above him. In order to trace the course of Watling Street, we must leave Dover by the high road to Canterbury, entering that city by a street which still bears the ancient name. Several roads converged on Canterbury from Roman ports in Kent: that on the right leading from Richborough, famous for its oysters; that on the left, "Stone Street," from Lympne, near Hythe; while a third communicated with Reculver and Thanet. Canterbury was thus the key to all the south-eastern ports. Continuing our journey towards London, we cross the Medway at Rochester, Blackheath, behind Greenwich Park, and following the Old Kent Road, near which the remains of a Roman villa have been discovered, arrive at London Bridge. In the early days of the Roman occupation all the low-lying ground on the Surrey side of the river was a great tract of marsh, covered at every high tide with shallow water, so that the street must here have been carried on a high causeway, while a ferry gave access to the ancient Londinium, which at that date is supposed to have occupied a site to the east of Gracechurch Street. The road we are endeavouring

to trace next followed the direction of the Watling Street familiar to every Cockney, until it reached Battle Bridge, in Maiden Lane (now York Road). There is a tradition that at this bridge, which crossed the Fleet River, was fought the decisive battle between the Romans and Boadicea, queen of the Iceni. It is curious to observe, by the way, that there is another Roman thoroughfare called "Maiden Way"—i.e., *mai-dun*, great ridge—in the North of England. Watling Street next crossed the wilds of Hampstead Heath into the present Edgware Road, which it followed to St. Albans (the Verulam of the Britons) and Dunstable, where it intersected Ikening Street. From Dunstable the *Via Guethelinga*, as it is called by Richard of Cirencester, carries us through Fenny Stratford and Stoney Stratford (both in Bucks), whose names attest its antiquity, and continues its course through Northants, *viâ* Towcester and Weedon-on-the-Street. It next forms the boundary between the counties of Warwick and Leicester, and crosses the Fosseway at High Cross (which signifies the meeting-place of two high or raised streets). From Atherstone it cuts across the counties of Warwick and Stafford to Crackley Bank, on the borders of Shropshire, and continues almost due west to Wroxeter-on-Severn, and so through Wattlesborough into Wales.

We will now pass to Ermine Street, which ran from London to the Humber. The name has been a puzzle to etymologists. Some consider it to be *Here-man* Street, "the warrior's way," because it was used for military purposes; others that it is *Herman's* Street, because it was dedicated to the great Teutonic "war-man" (known to the Romans as Arminius), who defeated that people in battle about the commencement of the Christian era. We find the identical appellation in St. Ermin's Hill, a locality near Tothill Street, Westminster. It is in that case undoubtedly a proper name, though the addition of "St." is possibly some pious Christian's work of supererogation.

Ermine Street went northward along the line of the present great road from London Bridge to Ware. In Middlesex it passed Stamford Hill. From Ware it led to Royston, having traversed the Hundred of Edwinstree, Herts. A suggestion has been made that that name is a corruption of Ermine Street. Similarly, Elstree, on the Watling way, may be a corruption of Old Street. At Royston the great north road intersected Ikening Street, and entered the Ermingford Hundred of the county of Cambridge. Next we come to Arrington, in the same county (the Æringtun of Doomsday Book), *ærne-weg* and *ærning*, meaning a great street or course. We continue our journey to Godmanchester and Huntingdon by the main road, which, through-

out its course in Hunts, retains its old name. At Chesterton (Hunts) it leaves the present line of route, and strikes across the river Nen into Northants, at Caistor, close to Peterborough. At Southorpe, in the same county, the ground along the sides of the roads has been often opened to extract the stone with which the way is formed, and many Roman antiquities, and coins of various dates, besides a great quantity of ashes and fragments of funeral urns, have been discovered. The garrison of Caistor, probably, buried their dead here at the wayside, as was the custom of the Romans (*Arch.* i. 61). The Ermine Street next runs to Walcote, where it is locally known as the "Forty-foot Way," and making a sharp turn to avoid a hill, crosses the Welland into Rutland, near Stamford. After leaving that town it follows the "Horne Lane" through Great Casterton and Stretton, and enters Lincolnshire at Witham, and so, by way of Colsterworth and Ancaster, it arrives at Lincoln. North of that city it follows the western side of the Ancholme Valley, and never swerves from a straight line in the thirty miles between Lincoln and the Humber. At Winteringham the estuary was crossed by a ferry, and access obtained to Yorkshire.

The Fosseway derives its name from the fosse, or ditch, by which it was flanked on either side. It probably commenced at Exeter, and ran along the present highway to Taunton, passing Forcehayes (which suggests its vicinity) to Street, near Glastonbury. It continued *viâ* Stratton-on-the-Fosse to Bath. Leaving that city, it crosses Wilts, the local names of Foss-gate and Foss-house being sufficient to identify its course, until it reaches Cirencester, in Gloucestershire. In that county it passes Foss-cross and Foss-bridge, and in Warwickshire Stretton-on-the-Fosse, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, and Stretton-under-Fosse. At High Cross it cuts across Watling Street and goes straight to Leicester. Then it went on "through the wastes," as an old writer says, to Willoughby-in-the-Wolds, and across Notts to Newark. From the latter town it reached its terminus at Lincoln, where it joined the Ermine Street.

Ikening or Ickneld Street was so called because it led from Cirencester to the country of a powerful British tribe inhabiting the Eastern Counties, and known to the Romans as Iceni. The name of this people appears on the native coins as *Ecen*, and the Saxons, adding their inevitable suffix, called them Ikenings. The road started from Yarmouth, ran inland to Caistor-St.-Edmunds (*Venta Icenorum*), and turning southward through Long Stanton, crossed the Waveney, near Dis, into Suffolk. Its route then lay through Ixworth and Icklingham (near Bury), at both of which places Roman villas

have been found, and Ickleton, on the southern border of Cambs, to Royston. This is the first point at which any very distinct traces of the street can be found at the present day. Westward of that town it forms the boundary of Cambs and Herts, and running parallel with the railway to Baldock, arrives, *viâ* Ickleford, at Dunstable (Beds), where Watling Street is crossed. From Dunstable it pushes over the chalk hills, past Tring and Chinnor (near Princes Risborough), till it reaches the Thames between Streatly and Wallingford. After crossing the river, it follows the tops of the Berks Hills, and still bears the name of "Ickleton Street," or "The Ridgeway," until at Liddington, near Swindon, it falls into the Ryckneld way.

Last of all comes Ryckneld or Rignal Street, a roadway that took a great sweeping curve through the West of England from Durham to Southampton. I would suggest that it derives its name from the Regni, or ancient inhabitants of Sussex and Hants, and that the same etymological cause which converted Iceni into Ikenings and Icknelds, has also changed Regni into Reknings and Rycknelds. Ranulf Higden, the monk of Chester, mentions it in his *Polychronicon*, or universal chronicle, and calls it Ryckneld Street; so does Michael Drayton, in his confused poetical account contained in the *Polyolbion*, or description of Great Britain, which first appeared in 1613:

> And Rickneld forth that raught from Cambria's further shore,
> Where South Wales now shoots forth St. David's promontore.

Roger Gale, first vice-president of the Society of Antiquaries, who has left a valuable essay on the roads in question, says that in his time Ryckneld Street had taken the name of Ickle or Icknild Street without any just title to it. The remark holds good at the present day, as will be seen on reference to some modern maps. Ryckneld Street led from one of the ports behind the Isle of Wight, and crossed Hants to Liddington, near Swindon, where it meets Ikening Street, and goes on along the road which lies through Stratton St. Margarets and Cricklade to Cirencester. By a strange perversity the map-makers have marked this part of the route "Ermine Street." Northward out of Cirencester it ran upon the Fosseway, but branched off again westward of the present railway station at Bourton-on-the-Water. We can then trace it very plainly through the two villages of Church Honeybourne and Beoley, on the eastern edge of Worcestershire, passing Alcester midway between the two places. At Birmingham we lose it for a moment, though its name occurred in an ancient deed, but between that town and Lichfield (Staffordshire) there are distinct traces of it both at Sutton Park and Shenstone,

where it cuts the Watling Street. From Lichfield it is shown on the maps as following the existing highway through Bourton to Derby, but its original course seems to be indicated by the name of Stretton-en-le-Street, a village to the east of the main road. Close to Derby it reached the military station of Little Chesters, and ran northward through Stretton Hill to Chesterfield. From some intermediate point a road probably branched off eastward.

> Then in his oblique course the lusty straggling street
> Soon overtook the Fosse

and arrived at Lincoln, the great junction of Roman trade routes. The names of Ryckneld-Thorpe (now Thorpe-Salvin), on the south border of Yorkshire, and of Ryckneld Grange and Ryckneld Mill at Sadberg-on-Tees, seem to indicate that the well-known Roman road, running a few miles eastward of those points through Boroughbridge (where it met a prolongation of the Ermine Street which led over Stainmoor to Carlisle) and Catterick, to Corbridge on the great wall, was a northern extension of the Ryckneld Street, and it is so called in Bowen's old map of Yorkshire.

And now I will bring my survey to a close lest I weary the reader. He will be able to draw his own conclusions from the facts I have stated. Very slowly we are picking up the lost threads of history relating to the four long centuries of Roman rule in Britain. It is the work of the archæologist rather than of the historian, and it is to be hoped, that when some one at last undertakes to collect and arrange the scattered records of that obscure period, he will take into account the economic significance of these ancient trade roads which have played a not insignificant part in "the making of England."

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

SOMETHING ABOUT "NATURAL SELECTION."

WHAT is meant by "Natural Selection"? I have had frequent opportunities of watching, in a practical manner, the results both of a pure and of a cross fertilization of plants. A pure white or a pure red variety of a certain species of flower has been hitherto unknown in the market—how does the gardener set to work in order to produce a fresh cultivation, a new variety? he carefully selects from amongst a large number of plants those that show, in the most distinct manner, the particular variation that he desires, and these alone are allowed to interbreed with each other. In the course of a few generations the variation has settled down into a permanent characteristic, but nevertheless the law of "variability" or "reversion" sometimes creeps in, old ancestral traits appearing, proving that blood is blood in the vegetable as well as in the animal world. These variations from the new variety are again studiously weeded out, the bad companions in whom the evil traits of their forefathers have dared to obtrude themselves are disposed of in the most off-hand manner, and the result is something very close to perfection.

There is every reason for believing that the earliest flowers were composed simply of stamens with their pollen grains, and the pistil with its stigma and ovary; for in plants, as in animals, the great purpose of life is the fertilization of the ovum and the reproduction of kind. The caprice of fashion demands a flower with large proportioned reproductive organs, with aborted corolla or calyx, or with the petals united, or with fifty other whatnots, and the gardener adapting the laws of "Natural Selection," in due course produces what is wanted. All this is easy enough; variabilities are always occurring; he has only to be clear in his selection, to pay some regard to any peculiar condition in the surroundings of those of his cares that most frequently show the variation, prevent any cross fertilization, and the laws of inheritance will gradually do the rest. If the variability be limited, say, to a single male and female plant, he will have great

cause for regret if any accidental cross fertilization has taken place, for the sins of the parents are indeed passed down, even unto the third or perhaps the twentieth generation. A well-known breeder once crossed a mare with a quagga—the result, of course, was a hybrid. On all subsequent occasions the mare was bred with one of her own kind, but each successive foal showed distinct markings of the quagga, and furthermore (although history in this particular instance does not say so) we may safely assume that the offspring of these foals, anyhow as a variability, also showed some traits of their interpolated ancestor. The *variability* in such cases is noteworthy, for it leads up to a wide field for consideration. Doubtless some members of a third, or later generation, may have shown no traces of such an interpolation, but individual members here and there would produce conclusive evidence, to speak after a vulgar fashion, of the tar brush. Physical peculiarities can be passed along from parent to child, from animal to animal, from plant to plant; so too mental and intellectual idiosyncrasies can be inherited; they also may be subjected, as they descend, to the law of variability, and any of these traits, physical or intellectual, may crop up if they are to appear at all during any of the different phases of life, during the period of growth and development, or of maturity, or of decay. Not long since in the neighbourhood in which I live a man of forty-five years of age, who had borne throughout his life a most exemplary character, suddenly committed a most atrocious murder. Largely owing to his previous most excellent antecedents, he escaped the extreme penalty of the law. Can this man's extraordinary behaviour be accounted for by the laws of "Natural Selection," and the chances of "variability"? At all events, such an explanation is not a wild unreasoning improbability. We often hear people say that such and such a man or woman shows a touch of the Old Adam. Well, the stretch of imagination from our living selves to the Old Adam is a fairly vague one; but there is more wisdom in an expression of this kind than the speaker always conceives.

"Natural Selection" is very extensively made use of by breeders, and the rules they adopt are precisely those of the gardener with his flowers and plants. Where strength is required strength is mated with strength, when speed and power of endurance are sought after the like is mated with like, and we have the cart-horse in the one case, and the racer in the other. The greyhound has been crossed with the bloodhound, and the selected offspring have been allowed to breed together, or better still with similar hybrids, and the result has been the elk hound—a matchless combination of speed, cunning, and power.

When we consider how the rules of society so utterly ignore all that is known of what is meant by "Natural Selection," can we ever absolutely condemn the sins and errors of our fellow man, or sister woman—can we say that none of the terrible calamities that befall them are occasioned by the sudden development of some variability, evidencing a wretched eccentricity of a remote progenitor? For the time being, perhaps, the variation in their character has a fearful hold of them, and it may require more than human strength to battle against it. When we are too ready to blame others, let us remember that the force of this same law of nature may some day overtake ourselves, and that we may be either strong or weak to resist it.

From an article in a well-known evening paper on the subject of "Cruelty to Children," I extract the following lines: "The harm that is done to society by such conduct is not to be measured by the suffering endured at the time. Children brutalised by neglect and cruelty are only too likely at a later stage to treat their own children as they have been treated themselves." Is not this too true? The mating of the parents of such children can hardly be termed a natural, but an unnatural, selection.

What a world of thought is opened out by the consideration of the universal application of the law of selection to the human race. Science, music, art, strength and beauty, carefully mated, generation after generation. Inherited disease, crime, and vice would as far as possible be "prevented," or be destroyed, and when as each generation became more and more perfect, some bad ancestral variability occurred, the individual would be obliged to suffer for the good of the mass. A dream, perhaps, but not wild unreasoning! The only modern human attempt at the enforcement of any such laws was that of one of the late Prussian Emperors, who allowed no one to belong to his regiment of body guards under six feet high, and furthermore they were compelled to marry, if they married, women who were at least five and a half feet tall.

From time to time there are exhibited in London enormously tall men and women, and not infrequently we are informed that the parents of these monstrosities are ordinary-sized individuals. Here again the "variability" is the simple expression of the proof of the pre-existence of a giant ancestry, and the ordinary-sized children that may be produced by His Prussian Majesty's body guard points to the same conclusion, in the opposite direction.

An older and more perfect "selection" in man is furnished by the history of the ancient Spartans. By their laws all weakly and sickly children were carefully exterminated at birth, and the enforcement of these laws produced a race full of strength and vigour.

The selection so far described is produced artificially by man. Does anything of the kind take place as one of the unaided processes of Nature? The evidence is most conclusive that "selection" by Nature does take place. Hæckel puts it that the will of man makes the selection according to a plan, whereas Nature acts without a plan, but otherwise produces quite the same result. The artificial alterations are to the advantage of those who make the selection; in Nature's selection to the advantage of the selected organism. Here, as elsewhere, the workings of Nature are slower but more lasting than those of man, and during the progress of them the variations, the reversions, to the types of the old stock, would be more numerous, and by their cross fertilization would sadly lengthen the period leading on to perfection.

One of the first great difficulties that the gardener had to overcome, when trying to introduce a new variety by selection, was the fact that the hermaphrodites, even in a still protected atmosphere, would often fertilize themselves, and thus make hybridism impossible. This obstacle was met by selecting only those plants whose stigma and pistil grew out well above the anthers, and in the course of a few generations the condition of affairs became permanent, and self-fertilization almost impossible. It is very worthy of note that the particular variation that is being sought for, *frequently does not appear until after the hybrids have passed through many generations, and the gardener's patience become quite exhausted.* This fact, of which I have had practical evidence, bears much upon the statement that ancestral traits, good or evil, in either man or the lower animals, may, as it were, hybernate generation after generation, and then crop out when least expected, and perhaps least wished for. Parents and teachers should take this lesson to heart; it should not influence, to too great a degree, their conduct towards those who may be placed under their care, but it should have its due place in their deliberations, when punishment or praise has to be meted out.

There are other interesting points for consideration: why are the flowers dressed out at all in such charming profusion of colours, and have any of their other peculiarities any meaning whatever, and why do men and women clothe themselves in such wondrous fashions, and why do animals and birds assume the most heightened plumage, and give themselves their most entrancing and captivating airs at certain seasons of the year? The one aim of all of them—disguise it as they may—is to attract a something to themselves, the union with which is to result in the perpetuation of their species. The coloured petal is not produced solely and entirely for the delight of man, as

he would vainly believe, but for the sake of most readily proving attractive to the insects, without whose agency the ovum would never be fertilized; those flowers most gaily decorated are able to reproduce their kind, their less favoured companions succumb in the struggle for existence. There is a world of other contrivances to attract or retain the insect until he has brushed the pollen on the stigma, or during his next visit has crossed it with a neighbouring flower.

The main object of colour, or of taste, or of cultivation of beauty, in the dress or appearance of man is, then, undoubtedly to attract the opposite sex. The ordinary chance of an ugly or dowdy man or woman perpetuating his or her species is but a very small one. Dress and "get up" amongst the head of the vertebrates is a subject too fearful and demoralising to dwell upon at length, but why did mankind dress in the first instance? I am inclined to agree with the remarks in Mr. Westermarck's interesting book, "that the feeling of shame, far from being the original cause of man's covering his body, is, on the contrary, a result of this custom." It leads indeed to special attention being called to the covered parts. He may originally have adopted clothing simply for its protecting influence against the weather, or injury. His first attempts made him (and man of course includes woman) less attractive to the opposite sex, and to counteract this effect he commenced to shape and decorate his garments. I do not mean to assert that man has always placed his highest ideal of the law of selection upon the pinnacle of dress and appearance, but it ever has had, and has still, a great deal to do with his choice, and much heavy disappointment often follows, deservedly, in the train of such selection. Natural selection includes sexual selection; the attributes of sex are everything, alike to the plant, animal, or man. The whole aim of life, redress it how we will, is the production and perfection of its kind. The offspring are the ancestors of the future race, and their survival and progress amongst the nations depends primarily upon the careful selection that has been bestowed upon them, and secondarily upon their easy adoption to such altered conditions of life as they may be from time to time exposed to.

In the artificial selection of plants the gardener has an aid which can be applied but vaguely in the case of man and the lower animals. I mean as to the detection of sterility: a certain blackness about the stamens, notably at the base of the anthers, points to a barren flower or plant, and there are other variations which are equally conclusive evidences of the same thing. Speaking broadly, the hybrids of most animals are very often infertile.

Some of the most interesting details in connection with Nature's selections are provided by the study of the struggles for existence exerted by many insects, fishes, and animals. For instance, the grasshopper who wishes to live his little day and propagate his young, must have taken unto himself the tints and hues of the vegetation amongst which he lives, for the simple reason that he will then be less easily recognised by his very numerous enemies—the more unlike his surroundings he may be, the less chance has he of survival. Therefore it comes to pass that those best fitted to survive select their mates from similarly protected companions. Now it is absurd to say (as some of the text-books on the subject say) that the male or female grasshopper "naturally selects" its mate for the cogent reasons given above; it does so because the other grasshoppers are not there to be chosen from, and hence a race best fitted to survive passes down to posterity. How did the many radiant-coloured fishes of tropical seas come into existence? From this cause—that those fishes which originally showed the greatest display of colours were less easily distinguished from the gaily-decorated seaweeds and anemones of these waters, and thus more easily survived the seekings and attacks of their enemies. These were the fish that Nature selected for the propagation of their kind, and of course in each succeeding generation the variation became more and more pronounced. The fish *did not of themselves assume these hues for protective purposes*, but the hues came about through Nature's selection, which, again, included the law of the "survival of the fittest"; that is to say, they became red, yellow, and blue for the reason that their parents were red, yellow, and blue, and because if they had had at one time any relations who were not red, yellow, and blue, these relations had succumbed to the attacks of their enemies, solely for the want of a little colour. Now all these remarks would apply equally well to the flat fish that lie at the bottom of our creeks and harbours; even a careful observer often cannot make out, through the clearest water, just where the fish ends and the sand or mud begins. One more instance of this kind amongst the many thousands in the animal world: the alternate stripes of the Bengal tiger are very comparable to the lines of the jungle grass in which he is crouching, and they make him to a large extent indistinguishable alike to his enemies and to the prey that he is stalking.

Colour is not, of course, the only thing which lends its aid to the formulation of the laws of selection; strength, speed, height, beauty, and various other characteristics may, either separately or unitedly, determine the survival of a species or of a race.

An instance of a new species of bird created through the agencies of the laws of selection and survival is the case of the spur-winged plover. Probably the first plover that appeared with spurs on its wings was an anomaly; but the bird quickly found that it possessed an aggressive and defensive power denied to the rest of its brethren. This power secured the bird both greater powers of selection, and a better chance of survival, and some of its offspring inheriting the variation, the spur-winged plover in due time became a separate species.

It has been remarked by Brehm "that true marriage is only to be found among birds," and certainly there are many that are "true till death," never forsaking their mates until all thoughts of care for their brood have been long dispersed by the members of their family themselves pairing. On the other hand the domestic chanticleer is a terrible polygamist; not only has he quite unlimited notions of his proper number of wives, but shows also the most absolute unconcern as to the welfare and custody of his children. His wives, however, are patterns of parental affection. Cock and hen alike apply the Lycurgan law in the most cruel fashion: the sick and weakly fowl, be it old or young, is quickly pecked out of existence; it is a pitiless behaviour, but they are unconsciously improving their race. We call it pitiless and cruel—such behaviour on the part of the fowl—but the same law is being very often (not universally) applied by man to man, in as merciless a manner; the poor vain struggler against fate, with the conditions of his existence all against him, is left to struggle, to fail, and die. Poor fellow! his more fortunate neighbours call him, and that is the pity he gets. Poor little wretch! one hears of the sickly child; what a beautiful brave lad! of the chubby healthy one.

No paper dealing directly or indirectly with anything to do with selection is complete without such a question as this being asked—If man has an ape ancestry, why has he never reverted back to apes? and the answer, correctly given, is, Man's descent is lateral, not lineal and direct.

The peculiarly distributed hair of some of our own genus, notably the prominent hairs standing out from the eyebrows, a large proportion borne by the jaws to the rest of the cranium, prominent superciliary ridges, an abortion of the mastoid process of the temporal bone, the long and occasionally prehensile toes of man, or a lengthened forearm. Some or all of these ape variations have always remained, and tenderly remind us of the stock from whence we have sprung.

At the present time the artificial selections of man as applied to his own race are very largely influenced by the question of money.

But the examples and results of selection might be prolonged into a tale of any length. Enough if the main principle of our existence be understood; whether one takes the case of the insect that is born, lays its eggs, and having thus provided for a future race, dies; or of man, who shuffles along through the periods of growth, development, maturity, and decay—the end is the same, let the performance be quick or slow, and far from the great aim of life being a low ideal of the purposes of existence, the production, selection, and perfection of ourselves and all things is, in reality, a grand, far-reaching, and sublime conception of the will of the Creator.

W. T. FREEMAN.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

A HOLIDAY task for a holiday time. At the moment when I write many of the theatres are closed; there is little going on at those which are open that calls for comment. I will therefore take the opportunity, which I have sought for some time, of saying something—or rather allowing another to say something—on those wider questions of the drama which occupy our attention so much just now. Of all the European writers who are busy in writing about the drama no one is more remarkable than Strindberg, the Swedish dramatist. He is a realist among the realists; his plays have profoundly interested those who have studied them, and he has set forth his dramatic theories in the preface to his one-act play, "Fröken Julie." It is those theories which I propose to offer here for the first time, in an English translation, to the attention of students of the stage. Whether we agree with them or do not agree with them, they will be found well worth investigation and thought. The new movement which is so profoundly agitating the contemporary drama counts Strindberg as one of its leaders. His plays and his theories of the drama exercise an influence abroad of which it is certainly well that we here at home should know something. With which preface I stand aside to let Strindberg speak for himself.

Let me add, for the clearer understanding of Strindberg's theories, that "Fröken Julie" is the story of a young girl of high station, who surrenders herself half hysterically to a handsome serving-man, and then kills herself in despair at her own degradation and her discovery of the common, heartless nature of her lover.

"The theatre, as well as art in general, has long appeared to me to be a sort of Biblia Pauperum, an illustrated Bible for those who can read neither written nor printed matter, and the dramatic author as a lay priest who peddles the ideas of the age in a form so popular that the middle-classes, who chiefly frequent the theatres, can understand, without much brainwork, what it is all about. The theatre, therefore, has always been a free school for youth, the half-educated, and women—those who have retained the faculty of being deceived

both by themselves and by others—*i.e.* who can believe that they receive suggestions from the author.

"It has, therefore, seemed to me in our time, now that rudimentary, imperfect thought, strengthened by imagination, is beginning to reflect, to examine, to search, as though the drama, the same as religion, were on the way to shape unto itself an immortal form, to enjoy which we have not as yet the proper means. The dramatic crisis that rules in all Europe at present speaks in favour of this idea, as does in no less a degree the fact that in the lands of culture that have given us the greatest thinkers of the present times—England and Germany—the drama is dead, as are mostly all the other fine arts!

"In other lands people have hoped to create a new drama by filling the ancient forms with the contents of a newer age, but partly the new ideas have not had time to become popular enough to give the public the understanding to grasp their significance; partly the minds have been excited by party disputes, so that a purely objective enjoyment could not exist, because here one's most secret ideas were opposed, and there an applauding or hissing majority exercised its influence as openly as is possible in an auditorium; partly because no new form has been found for the new contents, so that the new wine has burst the old bottles.

"In the following drama I have not attempted to show anything *new*—for that one cannot—but only to alter the form according to the demands which, in my opinion, the new men of our time should make on this art. And to this end I have chosen, or have let myself be chosen by, a *motif* which one can truly say is outside of all the party struggles of the day; for the problem of the rise and fall of Society, of the Higher and the Lower, Better or Worse, Man or Woman, is, has been, and always will be, of lasting interest. When I took this *motif* from life, just as I had heard it related several years ago, when the event made a strong impression, I found it suitable for a tragedy, for it is always sad to witness the downfall of a person living in happy circumstances, and it is even sadder to witness the end of an ancient family. But a time may come when we, who are developing ourselves, shall be so enlightened that we shall gaze indifferently on the now vulgar, cynical, and heartless comedy which life shows us, because we shall have cast aside the low and untrustworthy thinking machines called *feelings*, as being useless and harmful as soon as our powers of judgment are fully developed.

"The fact that the heroine awakes our pity arises only from our weakness, for we cannot resist the feeling of fear that the same fate

might befall us. A very sympathetic spectator may, however, not be satisfied by this pity, and the progressionists may perhaps demand some decided propositions—in other words, a kind of programme—to remedy the evil. But there exists no absolute evil, for the downfall of one race means the good of another one that is thereby helped upwards, and it is the various ups and downs of fate that compose the greatest possibilities of life, since happiness is a matter of comparison. And I ask the men of the programme-party who wish to alter the fact that the bird of prey devours the dove, and the louse the bird of prey: why should it be altered? Life is not so mathematically idiotic that only the Great destroy the Small; it often happens that the bee kills the lion, or at least drives him to madness.

"If my tragedy affect many people sadly, it is their own fault. When we shall have become strong, as were the first men of the French Revolution, it will please and rejoice us to witness the uprooting of parts of decayed and worn-out trees, that too long have stood in the way of others, that had an equal right to vegetate, as it would please and rejoice us to know of the certain death of an incurable invalid.

"Some people have accused my tragedy, 'The Father,' of being too sad, as though one desired a merry tragedy. People call authoritatively for the 'Joy of Life,' and theatrical managers call for farces, as though the 'Joy of Life' consisted in being foolish and in describing people who each and every one are suffering from St. Vitus's dance or idiotcy! I find the joy of life in the powerful, terrible struggles of life; and the capability of experiencing something, of learning something, is a pleasure to me. And, therefore, I have chosen an unusual but instructive subject; in other words, an exception, but a great exception, that will surely strengthen the rules which offend the apostle of the commonplace. What will further create antipathy in some, is the fact that my plan of the action is not simple, and that there is not one view alone to be taken of it. An event in life—and that is a rather new discovery—is usually occasioned by a series of more or less deep-seated *motifs*, but the spectator generally chooses that one which his power of judgment finds the simplest to grasp, or that his gift of judgment considers the most honourable. For example: someone commits suicide. 'Bad business!' says the citizen; 'Unhappy love!' says the woman. 'Sickness!' the sick man; 'Disappointed hopes!' the bankrupt. But it may be that none of these reasons is the real one, and that the dead man hid the real one by pretending another that would throw the most favourable light on his memory.

"I have reasoned out Fröken Julie's sad fate by a whole crowd of circumstances: the natural instincts of the mother; the false education of the girl by the father; her own nature, and the effect of the bridegroom's suggestions on her weak and degenerated brain; also by momentary influences: the festivities of St. John's Eve; the absence of the father; the business with the dog; the exciting influence of the dancing; the approach of the night; the strong intoxicating scent of the flowers; and, finally, the chance that brings the two persons together in a secret place, as well as the importunate advances of the man.

"I have, therefore, not been one-sided, either physiologically or psychologically; I have not thrown the fault only on the inheritance from the mother, nor alone on 'immodesty'; neither have I simply preached a moral.

"I am proud of this many-sidedness of the *motif*, for it corresponds with the character of the age. And if others have done so before me, why I am proud not to stand alone with my paradoxes, as all discoveries are called.

"As to the different characters, I have tried to make them rather uncharacteristic, and for the following reasons:

"The word 'character' has gained a many-sided meaning. It probably meant originally the ruling feature of the soul's complexness, and was mistaken for temperament. Then it became the middle-class person's expression for an automaton; so that any individual whose nature has once and for all come to a standstill, or has adapted himself to a certain part in life—in one word, has ceased to grow, has been called a character; and the man who is sensible of development, the able sailor on the stream of life, who does not sail in the beaten track, but lets the vessel run before the wind, in order to luff afterwards, has been christened 'characterless.' And in a degrading sense, of course, because he was so difficult to catch, to register, and to control. This plebeian idea of the immutability of the soul was then transported to the theatre, where plebeian thoughts have ever ruled. A character there was a man always cut and dried, who appeared without variation as a drunkard, a joker, a mourner; and to characterise any one it was only necessary to give the body some deformity, such as a clubfoot, a wooden leg, a red nose, or to let him use some special words, such as 'That is gallant,' 'Barkis is willing,' and the like. Even the great Molière has this way of viewing men from one side only. Harpagon is only a miser, although Harpagon could just as well have been both a miser and an excellent financier, a splendid father, or a good

citizen ; and, what is worse, his defect is most advantageous for his daughter and his son-in-law, who inherit from him, and therefore may not blame him, even though they must wait somewhat before they get his wealth. Therefore I do not believe in plain theatrical characters. And the realist should inveigh against the summary judgment of men by the author that So-and-so is stupid, So-and-so brutal, So-and-so jealous, So-and-so miserly, &c. &c., for the realist knows how rich the soul is, and understands that vice has a reverse side, wonderfully near to virtue. As my personages are modern characters, living in a transition period, more hysterical, at any rate, than the previous one, I have depicted them as more vacillating, more worn out, more composed of a mixture of old and new ; and it seems to me not improbable that modern ideas may have penetrated, by the medium of newspapers and conversation, into the lower strata of society, even into those where lives a man-servant.

"My people are conglomerations of past degrees of culture and fragments of the present time, fragments borrowed from books and newspapers, bits of men, tattered pieces from gala-robes turned into rags ; just as the soul is patched together. And I have also depicted a little the process of development, by making the weaker steal from and repeat the words of the stronger, by letting the souls find ideas, suggestions, in each other.

"Fröken Julie is a modern character, not because the half-woman, the man-hater, has not existed at all times, but because it has now been discovered, and has stepped forward and attracted attention. The half-woman is a type that now pushes itself forward, and sells itself for power, authority, distinction, and diplomas, as formerly for gold, and indicates degeneration. It is not a good species, for it is unhealthy. It brings forth, however, new members notwithstanding its misery, and degenerate men seem unconsciously to choose from among them, so that they increase and bring forth creatures of undetermined sex, to whom life is a misery, but who luckily fall to the ground, either in discord with the reality, or in consequence of the irresistible breaking out of suppressed propensities, or in disappointment at being unable to become men. The type is tragic, for it offers the spectacle of a desperate fight against nature ; it is tragic as a romantic inheritance that will now be destroyed by naturalism, which only wills happiness ; and to happiness belong only strong and healthy species.

"But Fröken Julie is a remnant of the old warlike nobility, that now sinks before the nobility of the nerves and the brain ; a victim of the discord a mother's fault brings into a family ; a victim to the errors

of the age, to circumstances of her own weakly constitution; all of which signifies as much as the destiny of earlier times or the universal law. The realist has done away with guilt as he has done away with God, but the consequences of a deed, the punishment, the hard labour and the fear thereof, cannot be obliterated, because they will remain whether he absolve or not; because people to whom any wrong has been done are not so kindly disposed as those can easily be to whom no harm has happened. Even should the father renounce for earnest reasons the punishing of his daughter, she would punish herself, as she does here in consequence of the inborn or acquired feeling of honour, which the higher classes inherit—from where? From barbarism, from the Asiatic native country of their ancestors, from the knighthood of the middle ages? All of which is very fine, but unprofitable to the existence of species. It is the nobleman's Harikari of the Japanese law of conscience which commands him to cut open his body when anyone insults him, and it exists in more modified form in the duel, the privilege of the nobility. Therefore, the servant Jean lives on, but Fröken Julie cannot live without honour. It is the servant's advantage over the master to be free from this dangerous judgment as to honour; and in all of us Aryans there exists something of the nobleman or Don Quixote, which causes us to sympathise with the suicide who has committed a dishonourable act, and so lost his honour; and we are noblemen enough to feel sorrow at a fallen greatness, even when the fallen could rise again, and try to set things right by honourable deeds."

Here my extract from Strindberg must pause. It will show at least that there are still dramatic authors who have a very serious theory of their art and accept very seriously its responsibilities.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY

TABLE TALK.

Women of the Restoration.

NO mistake greater than that of supposing the Court of Charles II. to be in any sense representative of the general state of England can easily be made. While the Court was degraded by orgies and rites worthy of the Cotyttia, the inmost heart of the nation was cleanly, and even Puritan. The modest virtues of decency and sobriety were not even confined to the dissenting or ex-Commonwealth party. More than one of those who had fought most heroically and made most sacrifices for the First Charles, and had hailed with delight the Restoration of the Stuart dynasty, withdrew in disgust into solitude, and exhibited there the graces and proprieties which had moved the satire of a Sedley or a Wilmot. The idea of compiling a biography of the good women of the Restoration originated with the late Dean of Wells, Edward Hayes Plumptre. It has been carried out by a lady, Grace Johnstone,[1] whom his ideas inspired, and for whom, had his life been spared, he would have written a preface. Of the names that at once spring into the memory, that of Rachel, Lady Russell—"that sweet saint that stood by Russell's side"—is the most conspicuous. Mrs. Hutchinson, however, and more than one of the Verneys come scarcely behind. Mary Boyle, subsequently Countess of Warwick, is a less known type of adorable womanhood; while of Margaret Blagge, Mrs. Godolphin (Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York and to Queen Catherine of Braganza), we know little except what is told us by Evelyn; and of Margaret, Lady Maynard, just what is told us in the funeral sermon upon her by Bishop Ken. The record supplied us concerning these priestesses who aided in a dismal time to keep alive the fire of purity is interesting and instructive. I can only regret that the list supplied does not include Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle; in some respects, perhaps, the most interesting and—a little madness apart—the greatest woman of her epoch

[1] Digby, Long, & Co.

"The Sisters." [1]

BUT for the play within a play which it contains, Mr. Swinburne's new drama might hope for a success upon the boards of a theatre. Unlike his previous pieces, it is dramatic throughout, and not in portions, and its length is commensurate with what Shakespeare in the Prologue to "Romeo and Juliet" calls "the two hours' traffic of our stage." One or two poetical passages might call for lopping. Little excision would, however, be requisite, and the whole could not fail to stimulate and stir an audience. The scene of love-making, in which Mabel compels Reginald to propose to her, is eminently tender and pathetic, and could not fail to wring tears from the public. Supremely touching are, indeed, the

Misadventur'd piteous overthrows

of this "pair of star-crossed lovers." To the enjoyment of the artistic perfection of the whole, to realise the manner in which history not only repeats itself, but forges for itself the conditions of its reputation, it is needful to have the intercalated scene, the notion of which Mr. Swinburne has avowedly taken from "Dodsley's great old plays." Upon the stage the story might possibly be narrated. It could scarcely at least be allowed, as at present, to constitute an act to itself in a work with which it is remotely and accidentally connected. That "The Sisters" has robustness enough for an evening entertainment may not perhaps be maintained. A series of afternoon performances at a West End theatre would, however, attract. The only reason I see why these should not be given, lies in the fact that the male characters are all chivalrous, and that no masculine part has such supremacy as would commend it to a manager.

Mr. Swinburne's Praise of Northumberland.

IN calling a tragedy, and not a tragic comedy or a drama, a piece which depicts the rivalry of two sisters for the love of a youth, and the murder of one sister by the other, Mr. Swinburne departs from the ancient custom which confined the use of the word to the line of Pelops, or at least depicted tragedy with "sceptred pall." As its action is confined to Northumbrian families, the poet, himself a Northumbrian, may regard the departure as not greater than that of Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet." Very eloquent is his praise of his own county. There are those who will not admit the

[1] Chatto & Windus.

supremacy of Northumberland over Cumberland or Westmoreland or the Yorkshire dales. Most English counties merit a laureate, and if Mr. Swinburne constitutes himself that of Northumberland, so much the better for the northernmost of the shires. As extensive quotation from a play that deserves analysis such as I cannot afford is prohibited, I give the one passage in which the hero expresses his sentiment towards his county:

> I just ask you where you'll find its like?
> . . . . . .
> Take the streams away,
> The country would be sweeter than the south
> Anywhere: give the south our streams, would it
> Be fit to match our borders? Flower and crag,
> Burnside and boulder, heather and whin—you don't
> Dream you can match them south of this? And then,
> If all the unwatered country were as flat
> As the Eton playing-fields, give it back our burns,
> And set them singing through a sad south world,
> And try to make them dismal as its fens—
> They won't be! Bright and tawny, full of fun
> And storm and sunlight, taking change and chance
> With laugh on laugh of triumph—why, you know
> How they plunge, pause, chafe, stride across the rocks
> And chuckle along the rapids, till they breathe
> And rest and pant and build some bright deep bath
> For happy boys to dive in, and swim up,
> And match the water's laughter.

Mr. Henley's Poems.

I HAVE made acquaintance late in the day with the poetry of Mr. Henley, and, like most converts, am an enthusiast. His latest volume, "The Song of the Sword, and other Poems,"[1] reveals a genuine poet. Mystical, powerful, grim, and suggestive as it is, the "Song of the Sword" is not finer than some Roumanian folk-songs on the same subject. So soon as we reach the "London Voluntaries" and other poems which follow, we encounter work of remarkable originality, beauty, power, and charm. It is the fashion to call Mr. Henley's verses realistic. I do not like the term, and find it, degraded as it is by earlier associations, inadequate and unhappy. Realism of a sort there is. The commonest objects of the streets are depicted, and we have a single line of verse consisting of the two words "Trafalgar Square"—an utterance from which Walt Whitman might have recoiled. The light in which they are seen, however, is neither

[1] David Nutt.

common nor realistic. They are steeped in the glow of imagination, passion, poetry. Within the limits I impose on myself it is impossible to give the reader an adequate idea of the character of Mr. Henley's verse. Rugged, stern, and dark, it has in passages that meditative solemnity in which Englishmen have always delighted; passionate, sensuous, and dreamy, it seems in others to issue from a new Keats. Within a few lines of each other are specimens of the two phases. Here is the first:

> And Death the while—
> Death with his well-worn, lean, professional smile,
> Death in his threadbare working trim—
> Comes to your bedside, unannounced and bland,
> And with expert inevitable hand
> Feels at your windpipe, fingers you in the lung,
> Or flicks the clot well into the labouring heart:
> Thus signifying unto old and young,
> However hard of mouth or wild of whim,
> 'Tis time—'tis time by his ancient watch—to part
> With books, and women, and talk, and drink, and art;
> And you go humbly after him
> To a mean suburban lodging: on the way
> To what or where
> Not Death, who is old and very wise, can say.

It is fair to the author to say that the quotation breaks off in the middle. Following these lines, sombre enough for Gray, though wholly unlike him, come others, four only of which I give:

> As if my paramour, my bride of brides,
> Lingering and flushed, mysteriously abides
> In some dim, eye-proof angle of odorous dark;
> Some smiling nook of green-and-golden shade.

The melody and beauty of this are not easily surpassed.

The Poet of London.

IN the light in which he exhibits the most familiar objects in London, Mr. Henley accomplishes his most remarkable triumph. Who has not felt how

> At night this City of Trees
> Turns to a tryst of vague and strange
> And monstrous majesties?

Who not seen

> A rakehell cat—how furtive and a-cold!
> A spent witch homing from some infamous dance—
> Obscene, quick-trotting, see her tip and fade
> Through shadowy railings into a pit of shade!

Quite beautiful is the view of the Strand and Fleet Street in the morning, with its shapes of St. Clement's, St. Bride's, "that madrigal in stone," and "the high majesty of Paul"; and the picture of Trafalgar Square in the haze of golden light is a rhapsody. London has had her poets, even in modern days, from Wordsworth to H. S. Leigh. No one, however, has hymned and lauded her, wooed her so amorously, or been so receptive of her various moods, as Mr. Henley. I have marked for extract many superb passages, but I will go no farther. I will, however, counsel every reader to turn to the closing poem, to the patriotic song beginning

> What have I done for you,
> England, my England!

Patriotism seems now to be "bad form"—out of date, what not. The man, however, who can be deaf to this noble poem is—well, is not to be envied.

Forthcoming Sale of the Althorp Library.

TWO more of our "great houses" are divesting themselves of what has been most civilising and honouring in their investiture. The great Dudley collection of pictures has now gone to the hammer, and the great Althorp library is to follow it with as little delay as possible. I am not behind the scenes, and do not know what private reasons may have justified in each instance the sale. The dispersal of the library at Althorp, one of the finest private collections in the world, is at least epoch-marking. A sort of alliance between the aristocracy and letters was involved when the greatest private libraries could be found in the palaces of Blenheim, Althorp, and the like. Now, however, this slight and, in fact, misleading symptom has passed, and the divorce between the landed aristocracy and the intellectual life of the nation seems all but complete. The present book-owners of England belong to the middle classes, and the nobles are left to the enjoyment of their collections of weapons of the chase, their studs, and other signs of their feudal origin and occupations. With the growth of public libraries one can contemplate with something not far removed from equanimity the breaking up of these princely collections. The taste for fine books will not soon expire, and one may even, with no very great grudging, watch the most splendid or the rarest typographical monuments being carried off by our descendants across the Atlantic. They are at least still in the family. *A propos* to the forthcoming sale, a description from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1819 of the purchase for

Lord Spenser of the famous Valdarfer Boccaccio has been reprinted in various quarters. The previous and more spirited personal contest for the same priceless volume between Lords Spenser and Blandford, and the subsequent formation of the Roxburghe Club, are too well known to be again dragged to light.

A New National Library.

I HAVE always held that we want a second great public library accessible, under special restrictions, to students. For practical purposes the British Museum is admirable, being, in fact, one of the great national institutions in which it is difficult to find a blemish. The collection is noble, and the service unsurpassable in courtesy as in efficiency. To prosecute in the Museum a somewhat arduous search leaves one at the close with a higher estimate of one's fellows. From the point of view of the bibliographer, however, the British Museum collection is very far from complete. It has many priceless treasures, and may vie with the greatest libraries of other capitals; but it is still in some respects painfully incomplete. Its funds are inadequate to the purchase of one tithe of the literary treasures that come into the market. The library I would fain see should be confined to the works of great cost and importance for which the scholar has constant need. It should have, for example, all printed editions of Chaucer, and as many early MSS. as are obtainable. To see these things a man has now to make a pilgrimage to Oxford or Cambridge, or, it may be, to obtain admission through private interest to some collection such as that of Mr. Huth. A library such as I indicate must necessarily be slow in growth. I would have it, however, if possible, endowed both publicly and privately, so that on an occasion such as the sale of the Althorp library it could make its pick among priceless books. On no occasion should it be allowed to compete with the British Museum beyond taking up the running in case that august but carefully managed institution should be outbid from some other source. Access to works such as should then be collected should be restricted to serious workers, and a work when lent to an individual should be collated before it is restored to the shelves. Many will think this scheme visionary. It will, however, I think, be carried out on some future day when the difficulties in the way of its establishment may be much graver than they now are.

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THE ALTRUIST IN CORDUROY.

By H. V. BROWN.

I.

AS the much battered door in the high garden wall was opened —opened slowly, gently—and the undersized, deformed, rather singular-looking man dragged himself out in his limping painful way under the elms, a voice (not disagreeable in itself, yet terrible in its significance) called after him from the garden: "Jacob Laur! Jacob Laur! come back an' hear th' rest; I've on'y told ye summat o' th' truth! Come back, lad, an' hear it out like a man!"

But Jacob did not go back; and the man shouting from the garden did actually arrive at the conclusion that he was a poor-hearted sort of chap not to be able to listen to the end of a story like that. The truth! all the truth! Jacob had heard enough. He had heard more than he felt he could bear to think of with any degree of manly self-possession while the eyes of men looked on him. So he stood out here alone, under the great sweeping arms of the elms that were almost like friendly things to him in his deep suffering, with two or three fire-like rays from the hot July sun thrown across his face and his bare head and his sadly-worn clothes, and all his mind absorbed in appalled and incoherent contemplation of this pitiless flood that had suddenly rushed down upon his life. It was said, indeed, in this smiling land of Teignbury that Jacob Laur's mind was not a matter of any great moment either to himself or to the world at large; yet a stranger passing just then through the solitude of the leafy canopy under which the rough-hewn dwarf was shrinking from the light, might have imagined, perceiving the expression of the man's eyes (supposing he did not avert them, which he likely enough would have

done) and the eagerness of his rugged dark face, that he was not incapable of some sort of meditation alike on things seen and things unseen. There was a kind of indefinable pathos in the simple fact of such a man's existence. He did not seem to be wanted by anybody in the world—at times he did not seem to want himself. If he had been born in a town he would probably have been brutalised beyond all hope. But he had lived always with his face close to the breast of the Great Mother, and a widespread reputation for stupidity was the worst that had ever been urged against him by the people among whom he had spent his years; and, to say truth, stupidity was considered no unpardonable sin in Teignbury. It was so very common. Nor had Jacob ever been harshly condemned on the score of his unmistakable plainness of feature, and his still more obvious ungainliness of body. His physical imperfections were acquiesced in almost reverentially by the country folk in that scattered neighbourhood, very much as they accepted the ugliness of the toad, the craftiness of the weasel, and the fact that some days were pleasant and some not, and some harvests good and some bad. When people with short memories were speaking of Jacob, and happened to forget his name, they might be sure of making his personality manifest by referring to him descriptively as the ugly man of Teignbury. And truly he was less than handsome. One of his shoulders was a good deal lower than the other: the right side of his ill-shapen body appeared to be partially paralysed; his hands and feet were out of all reason; and his face, with its curiously ungraceful black beard, its high cheek-bones, and dark bewildered-looking eyes, could hardly be said even remotely to suggest anything like an ideal dignity of manhood.

There came the sound of laughter from the garden, and Jacob moved farther from the door in the wall. He usually seemed to walk with difficulty, though he was accounted a good workman; but now his step was like the pained movement of some sorely wounded creature. Each ring of merriment from the garden had an effect upon him as of actual laceration of the flesh. Still, he did not hurry: he was a slow son of toil. When he got out from under the trees he came to a stile beside a small pond; on the other side of the stile was a pathway leading through more trees, an irregular avenue. Some rabbits were scampering about this path: some of them frisked round, cocked their ears, and stared saucily at Jacob; and Jacob leaned slightly on the stile and watched them with a familiar sense of companionship. He had always claimed kinship with the animal creation—not that he ever said so, or even thought of anything so

pagan : still, the paganism, if paganism it be, was there, deep-rooted in his nature. There was something very solacing in the reflection that though men might make merry over this shameful thing that had happened, yet the creatures of wood and field would, at least, remain respectfully silent. He loved them all the more ever after for this consideration they showed him in his hour of suffering.

But there came a noise like the growl of a dog in the pheasant cover south of the avenue, and the rabbits fled. The declining sun could send down his glory here, and there was the shine of it all upon the little stagnant pond. Floating on the water, its stem and half of its petals already sucked down, was a white rose ; evidently some one from the Hall had let it fall into the water while getting over the stile. The rose was lying close to the bank, and Jacob went down on his knees, took it from the water, shook it with friendly gentleness, and threw it upon the grass, where a passer-by would be likely to see it. As he was getting up from his knees the stable clock chimed six. "I'll go back and put on my coat and things," Jacob Laur said to himself. The other men were hastening to the tool-house, but Jacob contrived to slip out his coat and hat without their seeing him. Then he limped home through the avenue and the fields. He lived with his widowed mother, and he was her only child.

He washed himself with a great splashing noise in the garden behind their cottage ; then, having rubbed himself with a coarse towel until you might have supposed he was trying to get the skin off his face and arms, he sat down in silence with his mother at the tea-table. She was a very old and weary-looking mother. No one seemed to see much to admire in this bent and white-haired woman; yet her wrinkled sad face was a face of wonderful sweetness and beauty in Jacob's eyes. And all that she was to him he was to her. He had always told her all his heart so far as he had been able to tell it ; and as they sat together at tea on this lovely July evening in the little sitting-room that was dearer to them than the pomp of kings, with the sunshine on the low wall where hung the faded picture of a famous battle, the canary (a venerable and beloved creature also) making believe to sing in its big wicker cage at the open window, and the fragrance of the common flowers heavy upon the summer air, Jacob told his mother of the sorrow that had come upon him. She was a wise old woman, this labouring man's mother, and very little it was that she had to say in reply.

"It mayn't be true, Jacob," she said, regarding him with infinite compassion. For she knew perfectly well, and had known for weeks

past, that the story that had just reached Jacob's ears was a dreadful fact. "Some folks has evil tongues when there's no call to have 'em," she went on, the solar rays glorifying the white weariness of her face. "Maggie was always a good girl in Teignbury, and her father and mother and all her friends afore her; they was all born and bred here, and lived and died respectable. I can remember 'em years and years back, afore you was born, Jacob, an' it seems ontrue to natur' as she should forget her past. If I was you, I'd not judge her harsh, Jacob."

"No, no, I'm not seekin' to judge her, mother. No, no . . . no, no." He shook his head as he sat looking out upon the shining green world; then, as though speaking to himself, he said: "I'll go east when dusk sets in an' ask her mother."

"You're not good friends wi' her mother, Jacob."

"No; I remember that. She's not a pleasant-spoken woman: leastways not while I'm by. But she's her mother—she ought to know the truth."

"Mothers don't allays like to speak the truth, Jacob."

"Ay, I've not forgot that. But there's no help for 'em sometimes; an' when their daughters is in trouble it's small comfort as false lies 'll bring 'em." He went on with his meal in an absent-minded way. When he had finished he began to get ready to set out.

"I think as you'd best wait, as you said, till dusk, Jacob," his mother said.

"It's wastin' time," he replied. "It'll be sundown when I get there."

"Nay, if you'll be advised by your mother, you'll wait, my lad. There's mockers i' the village; an' it's ill being laughed at when sorrow's come t' your door."

"Yes, I'll wait a while," Jacob said.

II.

He left home, after all, before the sun went down. It was a walk of some three miles and a half to the somewhat secluded cottage in which Maggie Dell's mother had lived during her widowhood. But the night was very pleasant. The air was so buoyant that when Jacob got to the eastern end of the village he could distinctly hear the cries of the wild fowl high up amid the misty solitudes of the great Teignbury hills.

He rested several times on the way, and it was nearing

nine o'clock when he reached his destination—a diminutive two-roomed dwelling that only became visible when he got close to it by reason of the grotesque mass of bushes and fruit and other trees which for years had kept up a brave struggle for breathing space all round it. There were two queer little windows in front of Mrs. Dell's abode, with an even queerer door between them ; and from one of these windows a faint light, which Jacob knew to be firelight, was shining. He went up to the window (there was only a narrow flower border before it) and looked in. A woman was sitting alone in the firelight in the room. The shine from the grate was so feeble that Jacob could barely distinguish the outline of Mrs. Dell's face. She looked back at him through the window, but made him no sign of welcome. He opened the door, without knocking, in his quiet, deliberate way, and went down the stone-floored passage between the two rooms. He said : "Good-evening, Mrs. Dell," with gentle courtesy, as he limped into the room where Maggie's mother sat ; but his salutation was not returned. Mrs. Dell remained seated, her back to her visitor, her face to the fire, her whole attitude expressive of protest against this intrusion. It was indeed in her heart to say : "'Good-evening !' Good-night, I should think, for decent folks !" but she decided that the more dignified course was to receive this ugly fellow with severe silence.

She was softly rocking a cradle. Jacob had seen her so engaged on previous occasions when he had mustered up courage to visit the home of the merry-hearted, bright-eyed girl whose being seemed, by some mysterious process, to be infused in his own. The mistress of the Teignbury mill was another daughter of Mrs. Dell's ; she was a Morris by marriage, and had been endowed with a large and tempestuous family, one or more of whom the grandmother usually took care of as a sort of company in her widowed loneliness. The children she took were generally the youngest, for the grown-up bairns found that they could not get on at all pleasantly with grandma.

Jacob seated himself behind her, a little to her left, near to the cradle, the wooden canopy of which he now and then touched timidly and apparently unconsciously as he spoke.

"I've come to ask about Maggie, Mrs. Dell," he began, in the tone of a reverent-minded man speaking of sacred things. He waited a minute or so to see if she would say anything that might prevent his uttering the word of her shame ; but Mrs. Dell did not speak : did not give the slightest indication that she was aware of his

presence. "I'm told," he went on, holding his great hand above the head of the cradle, as though to protect or bless the babe there, "I was told this afternoon in the garden for the first time—I'll tell you who it was as said it, if it's false—that Maggie's had a child since she's been in service at Corborough. No. . . . I'll not believe it! . . . But it's talked about in the village, Mrs. Dell, and if there's anybody in Teignbury as should know what's true and what's a lie about Maggie's character it's her own mother . . . an' if you'll kindly tell me whether or no . . . for there's pain an' grief upon me, Mrs. Dell. . . ."

She could scarcely hear his concluding words, but she quite understood his meaning.

"Well, I don't know as you've a right to ask sich a question, Jacob Laur! But sin' you *hev'* asked—forgettin' what the wise proverb says about folks mindin' their own business!—well, it's true as Maggie's become a mother. I've not seen the child; I've not seen *her*; so you needn't worrit me an' yourself askin' no more questions!"

And she turned her back upon him again, as though resolved not to discuss the painful subject. It did not, indeed, seem as if Jacob were going to ask any more questions. His outstretched hand had fallen on his knee; there was that in his posture which seemed to tell of anguish too deep for words—and, to say truth, Jacob was at no time able to express his thoughts with much felicity. He sat as still and as silent as a stone for some minutes. Mrs. Dell continued to rock the cradle. But as the time went on, and Jacob did not speak, did not stir, she began to fidget in her chair, and at last glanced round at her visitor. His head was bowed; Mrs. Dell fancied for a moment that he had fallen asleep.

"Well, Jacob Laur, there's no call, as I can see, for you to sit there on other folks' chairs as if you was a log o' wood shaped summat like a man!" she said sharply.

He raised his hand to his head; he appeared to be giddy, or to have forgotten where he was.

"Ay, it's great wickedness," he said. But his voice was free from reproach. It was as though he had meant to say: "There's been great wickedness—great wrong—poor Maggie! poor Maggie!"

"Well, you needn't preach!" said Mrs. Dell. "It's not your place; an' if that's all you've come for, then you're not welcome to stay!"

"I'll not trouble you long, Mrs. Dell. . . . Have you been to Corborough to see Maggie since this happened?"

"No, I hevn't been to Corborough to see her, if you'd like to be inquisitive to know! She's no more child o' mine; she's made her bed wi' her own sinfulness, an' she'll ha' to lie on't!"

"An' has she not writ to you, Mrs. Dell?"

"Oh, yes, she's writ often enough. She's writ too often; she sent a letter on'y this very mornin'. I expec' she's nothin' else to do but waste stamps and writin'-paper—for she'll never get no letters answered from *me*."

"Would you mind lettin' me see one o' her letters—maybe the one she writ this morning?" Jacob said.

"I'd be clever if I did! It's i' the fire—it's dust an' ashes by this time, I'm thinkin'. I put it i' the fire wi'out readin' it; an' that's how I've served all the letters she's took the pains to send sin' she brought this disgrace upon me and herself."

"How old is the child?" Jacob asked.

"Near three months, I suppose. It's no matter o' mine; I don't care how old or how young it may be! It was born afore I know'd. Her sister, Mrs. Morris, as she's disgraced wi' the rest o' us, saw her in Corborough this week—it was Monday afternoon—in the High Street, an' she said as she was comin' home, as she couldn't stay i' her place; but she's thought better on't—she knows, for I've sent her a message that I'll never hev' her wi' that nameless child i' *my* house; never, never shall she darken my doors again!"

"But is that behavin' as a mother should to her own flesh an' blood, Mrs. Dell?"

She turned upon him indignantly. "Well, whether it is or whether it isn't, I'm not goin' to argy the point wi' *you*, Jacob Laur! I'm recollectin' as you used to come about Maggie when she was at home——"

"Ah, she was too young to leave home!" he broke in with a kind of sob.

"An' that's *my* business, if you don't mind! But though you tried to court her, she gave you small encouragement, as far as I could see—so you've no call to feel 'grieved at what's happened."

"It's for Maggie's sake," he said. "Think o' her future, Mrs. Dell . . . think o' the awful shadow on her life for ever . . . ay, for ever . . . i' this world . . . i' the next . . ."

"I've a notion as you'd be wise t' let the next world take care o' itself, Jacob Laur," Maggie's mother said. "It's profanity as you're speakin', an' I'll not hev' the Lord's name taken i' vain i' *my* house."

"But what's to become o' her, Mrs. Dell? . . . an' you her mother! . . ."

"She'll hev' to shift for herself. I'm not responsible for her sin; an' I'm not goin' to bear the consequences of it—I couldn't if I would; the Scriptur' says plain, as them as commits sin must suffer for their sin."

"Ay, I've read that i' the Scriptur'," Jacob said in a tone of piteous resignation. "But I've also read that we should bear one another's burdens, as that's the law o' Christ."

"I tell you I'm not goin' to argy," Mrs. Dell replied, and looking down to see if the child were asleep, she stopped rocking the cradle, drew it cautiously into the middle of the hearth, and rose from her chair. "If you've no objection, Jacob Laur, I'd take it as a favour if you'd keep your eye on the child here while I run along to its mother for some lamp-oil. It's only fair as she should let me hev' some, for it's onnatural t' expec' as I should provide her childer wi' *everything*. You know the distance; an' I'll not stay when I get there—I'll be back as soon's my legs 'll carry me. I'd ask you to go for me, but I want to speak to Mary." She took a shawl from a drawer in an ancient piece of furniture in one corner of the room; the fire had burned so low that when she was stooping down to the drawer Jacob could not see her at all. "If the child should happen to wake just tilt your toe to the cradle and give it a rock; it's easy quieted by 'em as has some patience to show." She drew the shawl over her head and shoulders, holding it under her chin with both hands, and left the house. The room was momentarily darkened still more: this was when Mrs. Dell was passing the window. Then Jacob heard the click of the iron catch on the gate, and after that the silence was profound.

III.

He would have waited there passively, submissively for hours. He had no care at all for time now; one day would be like another day, and all the days of his life would be wrapt in shadow, and he would have Maggie's sorrow with him until he went to his grave. So he continued to sit just where Maggie's mother had left him; much as might a faithful collie that had been bidden not to rise. He felt in a vague way that he was doing Maggie a little service.

That was his uppermost, his absorbing thought—What can I do to help her now that the hand of affliction has been laid upon her so sorely? That he had a right to reproach her never entered his mind. If he had such a right, he had no such will; such of his reflections

as were intelligible were all in one direction: how to comfort her, how to befriend her not in word but in deed, how to redeem her to her mother's love.

This exquisite July night would never be quite dark; but its beauty continued to ripen. Jacob, looking from the window, could only make out the outline of the great uncultivated bushes in the garden, as one may distinguish one cloud from another against the horizon in the radiance of the stars on a night when there is no moon. The bushes looked shadowy and unreal; but then a good many things had seemed to fall from reality these last few hours. He was not sorry that the darkness of the night was deepening; in his heart he was thankful that it was so. It seemed to hide from the eyes of men something that had come into all the sky over Teignbury. "Ah, if only this wickedness could be put away," Jacob said to himself; "if some wonderful miracle, like as in the old times, was to happen, some manifestation o' the compassion o' the Lord . . . that she might raise her face again afore them as loved and trusted her . . ."

Jacob Laur was not much of an idealist: yet fanciful ideas occasionally came into his head. Those fantastic shadowy bushes outlined against the dark purple sky exercised a strange fascination over his not very vivid imagination. He spent much of his vigil by the sleeping child looking out at them; and at last he noticed with some surprise (for the night was a dead calm) that the tops of the bushes were moving. They moved once or twice, then were still; then stirred again gently. Jacob stared out at them intently. Was the wind rising? Yes; the wind must be rising, for there could not be a doubt that the bushes were swaying to and fro in the gloom. All at once Jacob heard the snapping of a branch at its joint—there was no deceiving his ears as to this sound; then the bush that was nearest to the window seemed to grow smaller—its branches were really being pushed aside; then a slight girlish figure came forth and stood before the window. It was Maggie—it was Maggie come home in the darkness and through the trees so that no eye should see her. She came close to the window, put her hand to her eyes, and peered in. Apparently she could see no one. "Mother . . ." she whispered, her lips almost touching the pane, her left hand supporting her on the window-sill. Jacob did not stir. He sat with his hand to his side; there was a fear upon him that his heart, after that first wild convulsion, had ceased to beat. "Mother . . . are you in, mother?" Maggie said. And Jacob marvelled at the firmness and composure of her voice.

He rose then and limped to the window. It occurred to him that something supernatural was happening ; like most men brought up with their faces to the earth, he was somewhat superstitious. He did not at once speak. When Maggie saw him she drew back a little from the window, and stood perfectly still looking at him. She could see his face better than he could see hers, and it frightened her—she had never supposed that his eyes could look like that.

Maggie turned aside, as though about to go away ; and then Jacob raised his hands as a signal to her to stay, and called out "Maggie!" in a voice in which he meant to put a ring of welcome, though it was so low that the girl did not know that he had spoken to her. She appeared undecided, and Jacob called her by name again, this time so that she could hear. She stood facing him once more: "Yes, Jacob, it's me," she said. "Is mother at home?"

He went out into the pitch-dark passage and opened the door for her. It was her own home, but it seemed to Jacob as though he were entertaining her. She stepped with strange rapidity into the passage, as though to escape from some one. Yet once she had got into the house, and after Jacob had shut the door, she remained in the passage—stood there in the darkness absolutely motionless, so far as Jacob could tell, for he could not see her in the least, and saying not a word. It was like the conduct of a girl who had lost her way, and was trying to remember where she was, where she had come from. Her child was not in her arms.

"Maggie," Jacob said, ". . . you've come home, Maggie."

She sighed twice before speaking. "Yes, Jacob," she replied: but she did not even then go down the passage. "Is mother in, Jacob?" she added after a moment's silence ; and Jacob knew from the sound of her voice that her face was turned from him.

"No, Maggie. She's gone west to your sister's. I'm lookin' after the . . . your mother asked me to stay in the house till she came back."

The girl sighed again: the deepest, strangest, most piteous sigh Jacob had ever heard from a human breast. Before either had spoken again, yet another sigh had broken from her; and then he knew that she was moving along the passage ; and then he heard her sighing again.

"Maggie! Maggie!" Jacob cried; "your heart's breakin', Maggie!"

IV.

SHE went into the room in which the child of wèdlock slept before the now smouldering fire. There was a dull red glow in the room, but it was hardly possible to see anything by this. It seemed to Jacob that, though still so slight, fragile, girl-like, Maggie had grown taller and more woman-like since he had last seen her. Against the wall, just to the right of the door, was a wooden bench, and the girl sank down on this in an attitude of unutterable weariness. Jacob stood by the table regarding her in silence. It occurred to him that she was looking at the cradle before the fire, and so that she might not see it, and so revive painful memories, he put a chair between her and it (doing this with much cunning simplicity, he imagined, though Maggie knew well enough why he did it), and sat on the chair with his back to the cradle. But she said nothing. Her continued silence was incomprehensible to Jacob ; it appalled him ; it seemed to be the cloak of some deeper, darker mystery. Her sighs, that seemed to come forth from her very soul, meant so much ; yet all the meaning of them was a mystery. Why did she not weep if she were sorrowful? Why did she not speak to him that he might answer, and try to lighten the heavy burden of her care?

She wept at last : wept so pitifully, so heartrendingly!—wept as Jacob had never heard, had never thought to hear, a woman weep. This was as they sat in the wan red light, in the hushed awe of their insupportable suffering; and when the child in the cradle behind Jacob began to cry, Jacob put his hand to the cradle and rocked it softly, and almost at once the child's crying ceased. But a loud, sudden, bitter sob had gone up ; a sob that took possession of Jacob Laur's being ; and the girl on the bench bowed her face nearly to her knees, and gave way to a convulsion of grief. Jacob, so far as words went, was not much of a comforter. "Maggie! Maggie! . . . don't cry like that, Maggie!" was all he could find to say ; and her weeping was so vehement that she did not hear him say even this.

Jacob had a small pocket-lantern with him, and he lighted this and put it on the narrow black mantelshelf among the shining metal ornaments. Then he went to the window and drew down the blind. While he was doing this there was a slight movement in the room, and turning round to see what it was, he saw Maggie on her knees by the cradle. Her left arm was thrown over the wood head-covering, her

right elbow was resting on the edge of the cradle; she was kissing the child and sobbing bitterly. "Truly her heart's breakin'," Jacob said to himself. He came back and stood near the cradle, and when Maggie looked up he saw her face clearly for the first time in the lantern-light. She did not look at him; they were close together; but he could tell that she was for the moment unconscious of his presence—that she was gazing far away at some object that might be in another world. She was as a girl partly bereft of her senses. And how old and careworn she looked! There was premature age on her sweet face; her eyes, since they had looked on sin, had lost the bright, half-mischievous merriment that used to dance continually in them. Jacob could not help recalling, even in this hour of bitter trial and humiliation, the winsome trick she had had (a trick that was just spiced with maidenly sauciness) of beginning to laugh whenever her eyes met his, which, however, had not of late been very frequent, for during her last days at home, when he had sought her out so that he might be thrilled and inspired by the radiant sweetness that seemed to shine from her presence, from all she did or said, from her every movement, from even the fun that she had been in the habit of making of him and his dog-like love for her, she had really declined to treat him seriously, and she had once (he remembered the words vividly enough now!) said to him in her laughing way: "Jacob, there's no use you hanging about as though I'd take any notice of you! You're not the kind of man I'm after for a husband. You're not my style of man in the least, Jacob; no, no, I'll only be satisfied wi' a sweetheart that's a man all up and down!" —the inference being, of course, that Jacob was not that kind of man, as, indeed, he was not exactly. But what a change now! She was like some goodly flower that in the morning had been fair to look upon, and before the night fell had been bruised and broken and laid low by a pitiless storm, or as one who had compressed a life's sorrow into a few short hours.

"Jacob," she said, still kneeling by the cradle, still staring in that fixed insane way at the dark-yellow window-blind, "Jacob, I must tell you what I've done. I've taken my child's life. . . . Oh, Jacob, it was dead when I looked at it; I didn't kill it—I didn't take its life, Jacob. . . . Oh, I was out o' my mind—I did it when I was out o' my mind; I'd never have done it else! . . ."

She was silent again. If the table had not been solid and strong, so that Jacob could lean against it, he would have sunk on his knees on the floor.

"Where's mother, Jacob?"

He did not reply; he could not: he remembered that he had told her.

"I can see the child where I put it in the hole in the wall. . . . Oh, Jacob, I've heard it crying ever since I left it there, and somebody's been following me through the fields. . . . I couldn't see him; but I heard him calling to me to go back to the child. . . . But I couldn't go back; something made me run faster and faster from the place. . . . I did it because I lost my place; they wouldn't let me keep the child there. I didn't know what to do with it, Jacob, for mother sent me word that I was never to darken her door again, an' I didn't know where to turn for shelter, for I'd no friends in Corborough as I could go to till I found another place. Jacob! I know I'm bad; I feel as God's wrath has fallen on me. . . . But they drove me out o' my mind at the station; many o' them as was there, comin' in by the same train, knew me . . . an' knew what had happened. . . . Oh, Jacob, I saw 'em pointin' at me an' whisperin', as though I was lower than the lowest; an' Mrs. Crale, when I was tryin' to get away, cried, wi' a laugh over my shoulder, 'Well, Maggie, an' how's the baby?' I had the child in my arms, an' she tried to see its face, but I wouldn't let her. . . . Oh, everybody in the station must have heard that she was mockin' me! . . . Everything was swimmin' afore my eyes; and if Susan Long hadn't given me a mouthful o' water, I'd never ha' been able to get out o' the waitin'-room, where I ran to hide myself. Then I started to walk home; for I thought, if mother does turn me away from her door, then me an' the child 'll die by the roadside. But I hadn't the heart to go through the village, so I went up by Pitbank and Longscar, and round by the Whinny Banks. . . . But I lost my way; I didn't know where I was; it was gettin' dark, an' when I looked at the child, when I was crossin' the wood bridge at the Whinny Banks, it was cold . . . cold as ice; its eyes shut like as if it was sleepin', Jacob. . . . I pressed it to my breast, an' spoke to it, but it never opened its eyes, never moved; I thought it must be dead. . . . Then, as I sat wi' it in my arms on a bank beside the hedge, something said to me, Couldn't I go home wi'out the child? . . . if it was dead . . . couldn't I put it somewhere where it would never be found . . . seein' as it was dead . . . an' say to mother as I'd put it out to nurse; then mother might relent, an' take me in, if I was alone, an' I'd begin a new life, and repent all my life what I'd done, an' pray for the child . . . for it's never been baptized, Jacob! . . . So as I walked along wi' it, everything being so lonely, I came to a wall

. . . the wall, I think it was, where Neil Dow was found when he died sudden from his heart . . . an' I went behind the wall, an' found a hole an' laid the child in there, an' ran away . . . an' ever since I've heard it crying, though it was quiet when I put it in the hole. . . . It was dead, Jacob ; I'm sure it was dead, and not sleepin' only, Jacob !" She had sobbed out this confession convulsively. She was silent for a while : then she burst out again : "Oh, Jacob, I hope as God 'll not put my sins on the child ! I hope He'll remember as I'm to blame for its not being taken to baptism, an' that the angels will take it to heaven for the sake o' the Saviour as said that about little children !"

She got up suddenly from her knees ; a strange self-possession had come to her all at once. Jacob's manner terrified her. She thought he had been stricken with paralysis. There was a terrible contortion, too, in his face. He was like a man in his death agony. The attack did not, however, last many seconds, and then Jacob, steadying himself against the table, stood up before Maggie as straight and man-like as it was possible for him to stand, his intention evidently being to give her the impression that there was nothing the matter with him ; he even smiled upon her. Not till many years had passed was that smile obliterated from Maggie's memory.

"What'll they do wi' me, Jacob, if the child should be found?"

He cleared his throat in a way that might indicate that he had been seized with sudden hoarseness ; then he smiled again as he answered: "Nay, Maggie, be sure o' that—be sure they'll find the child." Then she fell at his feet as one without hope. And as she crouched in abject wretchedness on the floor, she wept, sobbing out Jacob's name—only his name—as if he were her only hope, her only refuge now. There are secrets of the human heart too profoundly sacred for the eye of the stranger ; but it may be that in that moment of supreme bitterness there was equal suffering in the two hearts which beat in that little room. Jacob bent down and put his hands under Maggie's arms, and kept them there a while reverently, as though to steady her shaking form.

"Don't kneel like that, Maggie," he said. "Raise your face, lass, and try to be brave. There'll be suffering for this ; yes, yes, there must be punishment ; but we'll bear it together. . . . Oh, raise your face, dear. . . . Maggie ! Maggie ! Maggie !" he cried with exceeding piteousness.

V.

At length she looked up with swimming, distracted, swollen eyes, and something of self-possession was in her manner, though she still remained on her knees in a bent, remorseful position.

"I can see as you're in the right, Jacob," she said, speaking low from behind her hands as they covered her face. "If you'll go wi' me to the police I'll give myself up, Jacob."

Another paroxysm seized her.

"No, Maggie, it's me as 'll bear the punishment," he said.

She let her eyes wander to his face when he said this strange thing.

"*You*, Jacob?" she said with feeble wonderment. Her lips were apart, her swollen tongue slightly visible in her amazement at his words. She appeared more stupefied than ever.

"Ay, lass, somebody 'll have to give an account for what's been done. There's never wrong-doin', ye know, but what it's to be answered for either to God or to man, an' there's a kind o' wrong-doin' as has to be answered for to both, an' maybe man thinks more unmercifully o' some sins than God Himself does. I donno if it's allays right, the law as man has made; but you can't go behind it, right or wrong, Maggie."

"Then I'll atone; I'll give myself up and take the punishment, Jacob."

But Jacob shook his head. He seemed to be deep in thought; there was an unusual suggestion of resolution about his mouth—a weak mouth, one would have said, under ordinary circumstances. He went from the girl's side, pulled out the topmost drawer in the dresser, and began to search for something. Maggie, still on her knees, edged herself up to the table and rested her elbows on it, her face framed in her hands, watching him.

"What is't you're looking for, Jacob?"

"Ah, here they be—it's the writin' things," he replied, glancing back, and nodding to her kindly. He pushed the drawer in again and returned to the table, on one corner of which (it chanced to be the corner farthest from the kneeling girl) he placed with much deliberation a sheet of not very clean writing-paper, an envelope that had a grimy streak across its front, and a pen. Then he went on to the hearth. "I recollect as your mother keeps her ink on the mantel," he said, almost cheerfully; and, having found the ink-bottle,

he took his pocket-lantern also from the mantelshelf and put both on the table. After that he drew up a chair, seated himself thereon in quite a business-like fashion, and, first trying the pen on his large thumb-nail, began to write. He was not a very dexterous penman. It took him a long time to write the letter. Maggie knelt by the table observing every movement of the pen with a kind of awe. When the letter was at last completed it ran as follows :

"Dere Mrs. Dell this is to informe you as you dawter Maggy as cum home while you was gon west for the lamp oil what you said you was goin to fetche leaven me in charg of you dawter Mrs. Morrisses babbie when you was awa Maggy cum to the windy an she had her child in her armes an was cri-in both the child an Maggy was cri-in an i lett em in an i hav tooke the child from her an gon awa with it an iff its fownd ded its me as is to blam an not Maggy for she cried bitter when I took it butt it was mor nor i cood bare the thot as the child shood be aliv an the punishment as to bare by the lawe for whats bin done its better that i shood bare it nor Maggy shood be kep for ever out of her own home an from her own kitth and kinn with a pore namless child to bring up all her lif in sorrow an sham Jacob Laur."

Not having any blotting-paper, Jacob opened his lantern and dried this letter in the not very fierce heat of the burning wick. Then he enclosed it in the dirty envelope, and held his great hard hand on it until he supposed the gum (which, however, he had nearly licked off in his anxiety to fasten it securely) had had time to adhere. Then, having written Mrs. Dell's name on the envelope in a bold hand, he put it in a conspicuous position before one of the metal ornaments on the mantelshelf. After that he heaved a weary sigh, and turned to Maggie.

"What's that you've writ in the letter, Jacob?" the girl asked.

"Oh, it's on'y about myself," he answered.

"But what is't you've writ, Jacob?"

"It's a private letter to your mother, Maggie. You've no call to be afeared o' what's in't. No, no; it's not writ i' blame o' you, Maggie."

"But what have you writ?" the girl persisted in a suspicious tone.

He hesitated before answering again. Then, with an eager expression in his eyes, as one who was wrestling hard with his conscience, he said : "I've been writin' to your mother to tell her as you've been home, an' sayin' as you've gone to Australay."

"Gone to Australay! me!—Jacob!" Maggie panted out. She looked awe-struck. Her elbows slipped from the table.

"You'll go to Australay, Maggie, won't you, won't you?" Jacob said anxiously. "It's best you should. There'll be suffering—ah, God knows how bitter it'll be!—if you're here when they find what . . . what's been done. You'll go, Maggie, won't you?"

She sank lower, with the palms of her hands on the floor. She did not answer him at once. She seemed stunned, thunderstruck.

"You'll go, Maggie, won't you?"

"Oh, Jacob, how can I? I've no money to take me away!"

"I've thought o' that," he said quickly. "I've the money—enough; more'n you'll want, dear; an' you're welcome, welcome to it."

He approached her slowly, gently; this dimly-lighted little room had become a hallowed place in his eyes. As he stood over her she bowed herself until her brow almost touched his feet. She had no word to say, but her grief was breaking forth again. So that her deep humiliation should not seem too terrible to her, if she should ever come to think of it, Jacob knelt down also, bending low his head even as she bent hers.

"Be o' good comfort, Maggie," he said in a steady, yet scarcely audible voice, and he just touched for a moment her bare head with his hand. "The Lord 'll see you through this sore affliction that's been laid upon you. Ay, ay, be sure o' that, Maggie; nothin' can be surer than that. Men an' women is oft harsh an' onjust i' their judgment o' them as does wrong; but whatever them as should love you and help you in your trouble may say or do, Maggie dear, *He* never looks wi' a despisin' eye on th' broken an' contrite heart."

"But I've sinned, Jacob—I've sinned so as I can never expec' pardon!" the girl sobbed.

"Ah, that's not so, that's not so, Maggie. Don't never think that."

She was weeping so vehemently that he feared she would break down altogether and not be able to hasten away from the district. Moreover, he would have to hasten home for his little store of earnings; and then she would have to walk to Great Teignbury station to catch the midnight express to London. After that she would have to fight her own way to some haven of refuge in a new land. So, saying, "Come, be brave now; yes, you're goin' to be very brave an' womanly, I'm sure—for you must hurry away, you know, seein' as your mother may be back at any minute," he helped her to rise. She leaned a while, like the stricken creature she was, against his breast; then, before he had suspected what she was going to do, she pressed his hand against her hot lips, and her tears fell fast upon it.

"Jacob, will you come wi' me?" she murmured brokenly. "It's so hard to go alone!"

"No, Maggie, I can't go wi' you; but I'll see you again some day. Ah, I've faith i' that—faith that we'll meet again some day, somewhere, I donno where or how, Maggie."

"I should so like to see mother, Jacob, afore I go——"

"No, no, no!" he cried, a kind of panic seizing him all at once. "Come, Maggie, come!"

He almost dragged her from the room. In the passage she suddenly broke from him, and ran back and kissed the sleeping child. She was like one demented for some time after leaving the house.

VI.

When Mrs. Dell returned she found the room in darkness. Thinking that Jacob might have fallen asleep, she called to him; but, receiving no answer, she lighted the lamp and then saw that he was not there. Her grandchild was sleeping peacefully in its cradle; the fire was out, the room cold. Mrs. Dell relieved her feelings by abusing Jacob "behind his back," deciding also to give him a piece of her mind "before his face" when next he came in her way. "The ugly, heartless loon!" she said to herself. "He's as worthless as the ground he walks on."

It was not till the next morning that she found Jacob's letter on the mantelshelf. It gave her what she frequently took occasion to speak of as "a terrible turn." She carried it straightway to the police station, and half an hour later Jacob was arrested while at work in the garden, behind the high wall, under the elms. He was charged with wilful murder.

"Yes, I done it," he said. And this was the only statement he ever made, except to admit that he had written the letter incriminating himself. A search was made, and Maggie's dead child was discovered under Jacob's bed, nailed up in a roughly-made box, with some white flowers lying upon it, as though ready for burial. Jacob had been seen making the box at six o'clock that morning, and he had also been seen taking it home under his arm at breakfast time. The supposition was that he was waiting till nightfall to bury the child in his mother's garden. He confessed afterwards that it had occurred to him that Mrs. Dell might, to save Maggie's

name from being brought shamefully before the world, have remained silent with regard to the letter.

He was duly put on his trial for murder. The jury, however, much to the public surprise, reduced the charge to manslaughter, and Jacob was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

VII.

It was not until the spring of last year that Jacob Laur was again seen in Teignbury.

One night, soon after darkness had set in, Mr. Medd, a fluent-tongued, well-intentioned man who had set up as preacher in the village on his own account, was summoned to his door by just such a timid, hesitating knock as a child might give.

"Jacob Laur!" the preacher exclaimed, opening his eyes very wide after he had opened the door.

"Ay, it's me, Mr. Medd. I've walked up from Great Teignbury. I'm goin' on home. But as I was passin' I recollec'd as you'd been my friend when a friend was needed i' the day o' trouble, an' I took the liberty o' callin' to ask how you and Mrs. Medd was."

"Come in, Jacob! come in, come in," the preacher said. He took Jacob into his best room, and Mrs. Medd gave him such a welcome as caused his power of speech to forsake him for a time. Then, as the preacher chatted to him cheerfully, the preacher's wife spread such a supper as Jacob may have dreamed of, but had not set eyes on for many a year. He looked older, this man from penal servitude; yet not older than seemed natural in the time that had passed. There was a deeper seriousness in his manner, and a somewhat unhealthy pallor had taken the place of the former sunburn of his face. But he did not at all look the broken-down creature certain pitying souls had imagined him. Nay, the preacher even fancied he detected a suggestion of something like happiness—of quiet contentment and peace in his face, such as one may see in the face of a humble-minded man who is congratulating himself silently and without vanity on the performance of a hard day's work. Mrs. Medd perceived this too, and wondered at it. The good woman marvelled also (though she remained discreetly silent on the point) to see Jacob come back after all these years wearing the same faded brown coat and waistcoat, and the same coarse corduroy trousers, which he had worn at his trial. He was not allowed to speak much until he had made a sound supper. The good people of the house talked to him

gaily meanwhile, giving him such news as came to their memory, but studiously suppressing everything that might give him pain. When the meal was at an end, Mrs. Medd was about to leave the two men alone, but Jacob said, "I'd look upon it as a kindness to'rd me, Mrs. Medd, if you'd bide a while an' speak wi' me. It's a comfort t' hear a woman's voice again," he added, with shining eyes. So the candles were put on the mantelshelf, and they gathered round the fire.

"I've heard," Jacob said, "as Maggie Dell's been accusin' herself o' doin' away wi' her child. I heard it in the prison. . . . Maggie writ t' tell me. . . ." He stopped speaking; he appeared to be at a loss to express himself. "Of course, Mrs. Medd, you an' the preacher knows as she done this t' screen me. . . ."

"Oh, we all knew that, Jacob," Mr. Medd said. "Everybody knew what her motive was."

"It's not got her into no trouble?" Jacob said, looking up anxiously.

"Oh, no; oh, no!"

"It was a noble thing for the poor girl to do," Mrs. Medd said. "It was wrong to say what was not true—yes, it was wrong; but nobody blamed her for saying it, and I'm sure there was many as praised her for it. But she'd never list to their praise; she always put 'em off, and maintained as she was speaking only the truth. It was near a year after you was . . . was sent away that she came home again from Queensland, where, as everybody could see plain enough, she went so as they shouldn't be able to call her as a witness against you on the trial day, though she's always denied that that was why she left. I saw her soon after she came back, and I never saw a girl so stricken, so bowed down wi' grief as that poor girl was. She went about like a creature out of her senses; and she went to the police and made what she called her confession, though, of course, they never believed a word what she said; they could hardly get her to leave the police station. And then she wrote many letters to London; to the Home Office, I think, she sent them, and I've heard as she even wrote to the Queen, saying as an innocent man was in prison, and saying as she was guilty. But the authorities don't ever seem to have treated her story seriously—as was only right, though she thought she was doing all for the best," concluded Mrs. Medd.

"She tried to make a martyr of herself for your sake," the preacher said.

"Ay, I've know'd that; an' it's grateful news, hearin' this," Jacob

murmured. It was as though he were speaking to himself. As he sat silent, with bent head and downcast eyes, the candlelight shone on his face; and it was either this pleasant radiance, or some mysterious light from within, that glorified his rough features and made him appear almost beautiful to the preacher's wife.

"I suppose you know as Maggie's mother's dead and gone long since?" Mrs. Medd said kindly. "She died soon after Maggie returned home, and Maggie's been staying with your mother since then. Ah, she's been a true daughter to your poor mother, Jacob, if ever woman had a true daughter in this world. Yes, a brave girl is Maggie Dell. She's worked for your mother night and day—never a penny of charity has she let your mother need; she's given her all her love and all her time, and the comfort she has been to her is wonderful and beautiful to see."

"Ay, ay, I've know'd that, Mrs. Medd, I've know'd that, an' a great peace it's brought to my heart. Maggie has writ to me regular sin' I've been away; an' mother she allays writ a word or two o' her own at the end, though mother's no great skill in writin', as you may remember, Mrs. Medd; an' gen'r'ly it was on'y t' write in a kiss wi' her own hand, but sometimes she wrote a text o' Scriptur', an' sometimes all she writ was, 'God bless my pore boy'—ay, an' I've never doubted as He has blessed an' kep' me, Mrs. Medd; I'm sure, I've allays felt sure o' that."

"And Maggie is very much respected and looked up to in the village," Mrs. Medd went on to say, not feeling at all ashamed of the tears that were rolling down her cheeks. "Nobody has an ill word to say against her—nobody. She's had more than one good offer of marriage; but she says she'll never marry, though I've a notion she may change her mind now you've come home again, Jacob; and I've heard your old master say as he'll be glad to give you work again if you ask him for it. Why, it was only last week, when I was thinking of you, that I said to Maggie—I've often been to see her; she's so sweet and modest in her ways it's a blessing to go to her for an hour in the afternoon—and I said, speaking as if in fun, though I really was in earnest, 'What'll I buy you for a wedding gift, some day, Maggie?' but she wouldn't answer in words, and when I said, 'Well, I'll wait and ask Jacob,' then the poor lass burst into tears, and I felt sorry as I'd spoken."

They scarcely caught what it was that Jacob said in reply to this. "I'm thankful . . . your kindness . . . Mrs. Medd."

VIII.

He went round by the old mill and the fir plantation to get home. By this road he was less likely to meet anyone than he would have been had he made his way by the more direct course through the village. It was still early in the night, and the villagers were sure to be about.

His mental faculties seemed to grow suddenly stagnant, and he scarcely thought of anything during that dream-like journey to the little cottage on the cleared space among the trees on the slope of the hill. He rested several times before he got there. Not that he felt physically tired; yet there was a strange weakness upon him. "I suppose it's the spring weather," he said to himself; "I allays did feel onfit i' the spring."

But he got to the cottage at last. A bright light was shining from the window of the room in which Jacob had sat with his mother that evening on which he had heard of Maggie's affliction. He stepped in softly among the flowers (the garden seemed to be in beautiful order) and stood by the window to listen, for he was at a loss to understand the lack of courage from which he suffered. Some one was reading in the room. It was Maggie reading to his mother. Jacob's heart seemed as though it must burst within him as he crept close up to the window and listened to that dear voice once more. And these are the words which he heard Maggie read:

"'*And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.*'"

But Maggie stopped reading suddenly.

"Did you hear that, Maggie?" Jacob's mother said.

"I thought I heard a noise at the window, mother," Maggie replied. "I'll see if there's anybody there."

"Oh, if it should be Jacob!" the listening man heard his mother say.

The blind was pulled aside; a bright light shone forth. But Jacob was not at the window. He was softly opening the door of the old home.

A SPRIG OF THE HOUSE OF AUSTRIA.

NO dead and gone human visage looms so clearly through the mist of ages as that strange lymphatic face of Philip IV., which the genius of Velazquez delighted to portray from youth to age. The smooth-faced stripling in hunting dress, with his fair pink and white complexion, his lank yellow hair, and his great mumbling Austrian mouth, shows more plainly on canvas than he could have done whilst alive, how weak of will and how potent of passion he was, how easily he would be led by the overbearing Count Duke of Olivares to sacrifice all else for splendid shows and sensuous indulgence ; how his vanity would be flattered by poets, painters, and players, whilst the world-wide empire of his fathers was crumbling to nothingness beneath his sway, and his vassals were being robbed of their last maravedi to pay for the frenzy of waste and prodigality with which Charles Stuart was entertained or a royal wedding celebrated. Thenceforward, through his fastuous prime, stately and splendid in his black satin and gold, to the time when, old and disappointed, with forty years of disastrous domination, the rheumy eyes drawn and haggard, but the head still erect, haughty and unapproachable in its reserve, the great painter tells the King's story better than any pen could write it. There is something not unloveable in the shy weak poetic face ; and one can pity the lad with such a countenance who found himself the greatest king on earth at the age of sixteen, surrounded by fawning flatterers and greedy blood-suckers who plunged him into a vortex of dissipation before his father's body was cold in the marble sarcophagus at the Escurial. The old man's face, too, cold and repellent as it is, shocking as are the ravages that time and self-indulgence have stamped upon it, has yet in it an almost plaintive despair that explains those terrible broken-hearted letters in which the King, icy and undemonstrative as he was, poured out his agony and sorrow undisguised for years to the only person in the wide world he trusted, the nun Maria de Agreda. His long reign, which saw the ruin of the Spanish power

witnessed also the most splendid epoch of Spanish art and literature, the golden age of the Spanish stage, and a wasteful prodigality of magnificence in the court such as, with the exception of that displayed by Philip's son-in-law the roi soleil, the world has never seen equalled. The Elizabethan age in England may have approached it in literary strength, although even that cannot show such a galaxy as Lope de Vega, Calderon, Velazquez, Murillo, Tirso de Molina, Moreto, Quevedo, Guevara, Montalvan, and their host of imitators. The history of the reign has never yet been adequately or even fairly written. Isolated portions and detached incidents or personalities have been dealt with, and stray fragments now and again bring vivid pictures of the sumptuous court before us. Spanish writers, of late years particularly, are fond of dwelling with microscopic minuteness on the incidents and adventures of the time that happened at particular spots in the capital; but the topographical-historical style, first introduced by Mesonero Romanos, and now so popular, pleasant reading as it is, does not attempt to do more than amuse, by presenting romantic and detached pictures of a bygone age, and all that can be claimed by the writers is that materials are gradually being collected and brought to light by them from contemporary sources which will be invaluable to the future serious historian of the reign. The British Museum contains many hundreds of unpublished manuscripts bearing upon the subject; copies of official documents, letters, and "relations," from Philip's court, petitions and statements of grievance addressed to the King, and vast collections of miscellaneous papers in Spanish, Portuguese, and French, most of which have not yet been consulted for historical purposes. Amongst a great mass of rather dry official documents of the period, most of them copies, I recently came across a small compact group of papers, all originals, which tells a curious plaintive little story, nakedly enough it is true, but not without a pathos of its own. There is nothing historically important in it, or in the fact that it discloses, probably for the first time since it happened, but a quaint side-light is thrown by some of the documents on the way in which court intrigue was conducted, and also, curiously enough, on the opinion of the highest authorities of those times, as to the best way of bringing up a child, by which it will be seen that, allowing for difference of climate and national habits, no great change has taken place in this respect in the two centuries and a half that have passed since the papers were penned.

Philip had succeeded to the throne on the death of his father in March, 1621. He was only sixteen, and Olivares at once plunged

him into such distractions as the then most dissolute capital in Europe could afford. By a strange coincidence the paper in the Museum (Egerton MSS., 329) which precedes the group of which I wish to speak is a lengthy and solemn letter, dated only a few weeks after the young King's accession, addressed to the Count Duke by the Archbishop of Granada, remonstrating with the all-powerful favourite for taking the boy king out in the street at night. "People," he says, "are gossiping about it all over Madrid, and things are being said which add little to the sovereign's credit or dignity." Madrid even now is fond of scandal, but in the beginning of the seventeenth century, isolated from the world as was the capital of the Spains, its one absorbing pursuit from morn till night was tittle-tattle, and the long raised walk by the side wall of the church of St. Philip, fronting the Oñate palace in the Calle Mayor, was a recognised exchange for the scandalmongers. The Archbishop says, in his bold and outspoken letter, that not only have these people begun to whisper things that were better unsaid, but the example shown by the King and his Minister in scouring the streets, in search of adventure, is a bad one for the people at large, and he reminds Olivares of the anxiety of the late King on this very account, and his dread that his heir was already before his death being inducted into dissipation. The answer to the bold prelate's remonstrance is just such as might be expected from the insolent favourite. He tells him in effect that he is an impertinent meddler and ought to be ashamed, with his rank, and at his age, to trouble him with the vulgar gossip of the street. The King, he tells him, is 16, and he (Olivares) is 34, and it is not to be expected that they are to be kept in darkness as to what is done in the world. It is good that the King should see all phases of life, bad as well as good. He, Olivares, never trusts him with anyone else, and the favourite finishes his answer by a scarcely veiled threat that if the Archbishop does not mind his own business, worse may befall him. No doubt the prelate took the warning, for Olivares was not scrupulous, and had a short and secret way with those who incurred his displeasure.

The small group of original papers coming after this begins with a memorandum unsigned, but evidently written by Olivares to the King some nine years subsequently, namely, early in the summer of 1630. It says that it is high time that measures should be taken at once to put a boy, whose name is not given, out of the way, as he is now four years old, and it is of great importance that he should be concealed, and all communication broken off between him and the people with whom he has been. The writer goes on to say that he

has considered deeply how this is to be done, and that there are objections to be found in every solution that presents itself, but he thinks on the whole the best way will be to entrust him secretly to the care of a gentleman of his acquaintance named Don Juan Isassi Ydiaquez, who lives at Salamanca. He is a person of education, has travelled all over Europe, and could bring the lad up as his own. It will be necessary to see this gentleman first, and the writer proposes to summon him to court without telling him the reason, so that "your Majesty" may see him and then decide for the best. Across this document is written in Philip's uncertain poetic hand: "It appears very necessary that something should be done in this matter and I approve of what you suggest. P."

Presumably Ydiaquez was sent for and approved of, as the next document in the series is of a much more formal character, being a notarial deed drawn up by the Secretary of State, Geronimo de Villanueva as prothonotary of the Kingdom, who was with the exception of Olivares the principal confidant of Philip's intrigues.[1] This

[1] He was with difficulty rescued from the direst vengeance of the Inquisition a few years afterwards in consequence of his too ready co-operation in the King's amorous tendencies. Don Geronimo was patron of the convent of San Placido, next door to his own house in the Calle de la Madera in Madrid, and had inflamed the King's mind with stories of a very beautiful nun who was an inmate of the convent. Philip and his favourite, the Count Duke, insisted upon seeing this paragon of loveliness, and Don Geronimo, exerting his authority as patron, procured them entrance in disguise to the parlour, where, as was to be expected, his Catholic Majesty fell violently in love with the beautiful nun. The interviews in the parlour were constant, but, with the grating between the King and his flame, unsatisfactory, and, by dint of bribes and threats, Don Geronimo managed to break a passage from the cellars of his own house into the vaults of the convent, by means of which, notwithstanding the prayers, the entreaties, and appeals of the Abbess, the King was introduced into the cell of the unfortunate nun, with whom he was enamoured. He found her laid out as if she were a corpse, surrounded with lighted tapers, with a great crucifix by her side, but not even this availed, and the sacrilegious amours continued so long that the news reached the ever open ears of the Holy Office. The Grand Inquisitor, a Dominican friar called Antonio de Sotomayor, Archbishop of Damascus, privately took the King to task, and obtained a promise that the offence should cease. Don Geronimo was seized by the officers of the Inquisition (August 30, 1644) and taken to Toledo, where he was acccused of sacrilege and other heinous crimes against the faith. The evidence was full and conclusive, and Don Geronimo's life was trembling in the balance, when the Count Duke boldly went to the Grand Inquisitor one night with two signed royal decrees in his hands, one giving the Archbishop 12,000 ducats a year for life on condition of his resignation of the Grand Inquisitorship, and the other depriving him of all his temporalities, and banishing him for ever from all the dominions of his Catholic Majesty. The Grand Inquisitor naturally chose the former, and resigned next morning. Pressure was put on Pope Urban VIII. by the Spanish Ambassador, and very shortly an order arrived from Rome that

deed, dated June 1, 1631, recites that his Excellency Don Gaspar de Guzman, Count of Olivares, Duke of San Lucar, Grand Councillor of the Indies, Councillor of State, and Master of the Horse, delivers a boy named Francisco Fernando, aged over four years, to Don Juan Isassi Ydiaquez, this boy being the person referred to, but not named in his Majesty's warrant under his sign manual addressed to Don Juan Isassi, and countersigned, and delivered to him by the Secretary of State. The deed directs that Don Juan is to bring up the boy and educate him in conformity with the instructions to be given to him by the Count Duke, by his Majesty's orders, and Don Juan himself undertakes in the deed to deliver up the person of the said Don Francisco Fernando when required, and to obey implicitly in all things the directions of the Count Duke with regard to him. He promises to bring him up and rear him as he is ordered to do in the royal warrant. The deed is signed by the Count Duke, Isassi, the King's secretary, Carnero, and two servants, and is attested in notarial form by Villanueva, as prothonotary of the Kingdom.

Then comes the King's warrant under Philip's own sign manual in the fine old Spanish form:

"The King—Don Juan Isassi Ydiaquez. The Count Duke will deliver to you a boy in whose education and virtuous bringing up you will serve me well and with absolute secrecy, following therein all the orders given to you by the Count Duke.—I, the King."

the whole of the documents and evidence in the case were to be sealed up and sent in a box by a messenger of the Holy Office to His Holiness himself for decision. The messenger chosen was one of the Inquisition notaries called Alfonso Paredes. The Count Duke, under various pretexts, delayed this man's departure for some weeks, and in the meanwhile had good portraits of him painted and sent by special messengers to all the ports in Italy where he was likely to land, and orders were sent to the Spanish agents to capture him at all risks. On the night of his arrival at Genoa, by the connivance of the authorities, he was seized, gagged, and carried off to Naples, where he was imprisoned for the rest of his life, condemned to perpetual silence on pain of instant death. The box of papers that he bore was sent privately to the King, who with Olivares burnt the contents without even opening the packet. The new Grand Inquisitor, who was a creature of the Queen, a Benedictine monk, named Diego de Arce, was not to be entirely balked, and although no evidence now existed, he had the prothonotary Don Geronimo Villanueva brought from his prison in Toledo, where he had languished for two years, and placed before the tribunal of the Inquisition. He was stripped of his arms, accoutrements, insignia of rank and outer clothing, and sat upon a plain low wooden stool, and then, without any evidence being given or statement of specific offence, was condemned for irreligion, sacrilege, superstition, and other enormities, and, by the mercy of the Holy Office, was absolved from all this on condition that he fasted every Friday for a year, never again entered the convent, and gave 2,000 ducats to the poor through the monks of Atocha.

It is clear that this Don Francisco Fernando was no ordinary babe of four to require the personal attention of all these high and mighty gentlemen in sending him to school. Philip had one child by his wife at this time, the chubby youngster Don Baltasar, who for all time will prance on his stout bay cob on the canvas of Velazquez, and only the year previous, in 1629, there had been born to the king by the beautiful actress, Maria Calderon, the idol of the Spanish stage, a boy who, in the fulness of time was to become that second great Don John of Austria, the last virile man of his race; but Don Francisco Fernando was the first-born, and apparently his mother was of far superior social rank to the jaunty "Calderona," so that he was no doubt, baby as he was, destined for great things. The instructions given by the Count Duke to Don Juan Isassi with regard to the care of his charge are minute to the last degree, and reflect in every line the great importance that is attached to the identification of the child. The long document begins by saying that the boy delivered to Don Juan is the illegitimate son of the king by the daughter of a gentleman, and was born in the house of his grandparents, between eleven and twelve at night, on May 15, 1626. Don Francisco Eraso, Count of Humanes, took the midwife, and was present at the birth; conveying the infant as soon as it was born to the house of Don Baltasar de Alamos y Barrientos, Councillor of the Treasury, where a nurse was awaiting him, and the child had there remained until its delivery to Don Juan. After impressing upon Don Juan the need for the most exquisite care to be taken of the child's life and health, and arranging for the nurses and doctor who have had the care of him to accompany him to Salamanca for the first few months of the change, the Count Duke instructs Don Juan to seek a good doctor to be kept at hand permanently, who is not to be told who the boy is unless his services are required, and in the meanwhile is to receive a good salary. "His Majesty," says Olivares, "has confided this care to me, and I depend upon you to carry out the task." First of all the child was to be well taught in religion and morality; secondly, on no account was he to learn who he was, and if his attendants have already told him incautiously he is to be allowed to forget it, and "neither by word or behaviour is he to be made to think that he is not an ordinary person"; thirdly, he is to be taught polite learning and languages, particularly Italian and French, to dance, fence, and play tennis, and, when he is a little older, to ride. He is to be treated familiarly and without ceremony, and "in short, to be educated and brought up with the virtues and nobleness of royalty, and the study, modesty, knowledge, and tem-

perance of a private person." Don Juan is to send a weekly report to the Count Duke through his secretary Carreras, but to take care that this is done with the utmost secrecy, and on no account is the child to be shown to anyone without a written order. As secrecy is of the first importance, five hundred (ducats?) a month only are ordered to be paid, besides the doctor's fees, and Don Juan is to devise some means for the secret payment of this sum. A coach is to be secretly got ready to meet the Count Duke and the child on the night and at the place which may be appointed for the delivery; and then, after another urgent injunction of secrecy and care of the child's religious instruction, and a fervent prayer that God will give to the little one "all the happiness, spiritual and temporal, which He will see is necessary and good for the realm," the proud favourite signs himself simply Gaspar de Guzman. The hidalgo of Salamanca appears to have been quite overwhelmed at the honour done him by the charge of so important a person, and his ceremonious and verbose letter of thanks to the Count Duke needed hardly to be prefaced by the prayer that his patron will not attribute his laconic speech to the proverbial taciturnity of his countrymen, but rather to his confusion at the greatness of the honour done him by his Majesty, for which words are inadequate to express his gratitude. His only thanks can be his faithful fulfilment of orders. He begs that the doctor, who has had the care of the little one, may be sent to Salamanca with him in order to consult with Don Juan's doctor, and ascertain whether he is fit to undertake so important a charge, and if not he will approach cautiously a doctor in Vittoria, named Trevino, of whom he hears good accounts. The woman who accompanies the child shall stay with him some short time, although the good hidalgo is evidently rather doubtful of this arrangement, as he adds that if she should find the horizon of their dull country life too confined for her after Madrid, or begins to kick against the discipline, other arrangements will have to be made. All care shall be taken to prevent the boy from learning who he is, and if it should get wind efforts shall be made to silence it, but the task will be a difficult one. The child shall be so reared, please God, that he shall not become abject or servile (which is most important to a royal personage) or licentious and headstrong, and the good hidalgo thereupon breaks out into a mild pedantic little joke by quoting a Latin proverb, to the effect that to attain so great an object as this, one must be prepared to eat salt and acrid food, which he says will be easy for him to do, "as we all live on salt bacon and hung beef in my province." This does not sound very promising, nor does his description of the

water they have to drink, which he says is bad to drink raw, particularly in the summer, and needs cinnamon or other spice to correct it. The doctor, he says, will advise whether they had better boil it with mastic or some other drug. The correspondence shall be sent weekly through "my nephew, Don Alonso Juarra Isassi, the eldest of the lads I took to Madrid with me. He is a good, prudent and modest lad, and a correspondence between us as uncle and nephew will arouse no suspicion." As for the 500 ducats a month payment, the good Don says his cheeks burn with shame as he writes or even thinks about them; "but if your Excellency should deign to order them to be paid to me they might be sent without attracting notice through the treasury at Vitoria or Burgos."

So the little child is sent to Salamanca, and with him goes the ponderously learned Dr. Cristobal Nuñez, who wraps up the simplest facts in the most complicated and pedantic technical phraseology, and, what is far more troublesome for the present purpose, writes a shockingly bad hand. His first document is a microscopic report of the constitution and temperament of the child, and the simple history of his baby ailments. The description is most curious; and, if any doubt existed as to his paternity, every trait indicates the character and appearance of a son of the sovereign race of Austria. "He is," says the learned doctor, "of melancholic, choleric temperament, wilful and passionate, but playful when he is pleased, and respectful to those whom he thinks are his superiors. He is of sound constitution, being the offspring of young and healthy parents; possesses superior intelligence for his age; a wonderful memory, which gives great hope if he be well trained. He is slow of speech, and expresses himself with great difficulty, stuttering and lisping; and is so backward on his feet that he has only just learnt to walk. His person is so perfect and beautiful, that the mind of a sculptor never imagined anything better; he has a lovely fair red and white complexion, and full grey eyes. He is grave and thoughtful—not dull or sad, but full of childish humour; quick to laugh and quick to cry. He is," says the doctor, "high of spirit, courageous and pugnacious, impatient of contradiction; and, if his speech be not at once understood, he flies into such ungovernable rage, as to make it dangerous to thwart him, and he should rather be coaxed to obedience than forced."

Like all his forbears, he is described as a great eater, and very fond of sweets; and it is not surprising to learn that he has all his short life suffered from over-eating and indigestion, and for long past has had quartan ague. The drastic remedies of the times were

endured by the child, the doctor says, "without weeping, as if he knew they were for his good;" but the learned medico confesses that all his own prescriptions had done the babe less good than what he describes as an old-wife's remedy of anointing the stomach and spine with ointment and saffron.

The child's usual mode of life is carefully described. Between eight and nine in the morning he had a fowl's liver and a little loaf, or else some bread or cake sopped in broth, or bread and jam and a cup of water. At twelve o'clock broth with sippets of bread or half of the breast of a fowl, or sometimes some forcemeat balls, as he likes a change, and demands it. When he gets tired of this he may have a little loin of mutton or the leg of a fowl. He is also very fond of a piece of bacon between two slices of bread, and of quince marmalade, jams, and sweets. At five o'clock he "packs his wallet," as the doctor calls it, by a meal of bread and jam, and a cup of water. He is put to bed at nine o'clock, and sleeps with his nurse. The learned Don Cristobal then enters into a most verbose disquisition as to the fitness of the locality chosen for the temperament of the child, and arrives at the conclusion that the choice has been a wise one, although the roundabout method of argument founded on wise talk about blood and humours and vapours and the like seems rather beside the mark to a modern reader. The sum of it all is, however, that Don Juan de Isassi's house stands healthily, if somewhat bleakly, on high ground about three bow-shots from the town, and joining the great Convent of Saceso, the house itself being a good one, surrounded by its own grounds.

Thus far the doctor has only spoken of the constitution and past management of his late charge; but the next document, which bears the same date as the preceding one (June 18, 1630), lays down an elaborate plan for the future rearing of the child. He recommends that he should be allowed to play after his early supper, and not be sent to sleep before nine at night, unless he feels sleepy. He is to be woke at eight, if he is not already awake, and is to be given his light breakfast of a fowl's liver and cake, a rasher of bacon and bread and broth, or a roasted egg. At eleven or twelve he is to dine on forcemeat balls, made of two parts chicken, one part mutton, and one part bacon, with a little pie or broth with sippets. Sometimes, instead of the forcemeat balls, he may have the leg of a fowl, which, if he likes it, will be enough for him, with a little bread soaked in broth, or he may have a mouthful of mutton with chicken broth. It will be well, says the courtly doctor, that the gentleman himself should be consulted occasionally as to whether he preferred the fowl

or the sausages, or roast or boiled food. He is to sleep about an hour and a half after dinner, and play in the afternoon; but great care must be taken to keep him out of the sun, and his early supper may be as heretofore, only somewhat later; a biscuit or two with jam, a small egg, such as the fowls of the province lay, or sippets in broth. A curious and somewhat elaborate little dish is recommended for occasional breakfast or supper. "Take," says the doctor, "a half-dozen almonds or melon seeds, and press the juice from them, which mix with a little barley-cream, and some good broth. This must be boiled, and sugar and sponge-cake worked into it until it is a smooth paste, which may be served, with half a beaten egg over it, and will make a nice light supper." It will be good to excite the appetite by variety, and as the child gets older he may sometimes be given coarser food, and trout or other fresh fish. He must drink fresh spring water boiled with viper grass, or mixed with cinnamon, according to the weather. He is always to have some fruit for dessert, unless it disagrees with him; but much care must be taken to guard him from excess; and he is to be specially sparing in drinking. Full common-sense directions are given with regard to his dress, and if he needs medicine his food must be reduced by one-half, and a decoction of mallow and camomile, honey and oil administered. Red Alexandria honey is also recommended, quinces, oil of wormwood, and a variety of other remedies for simple ailments.

There is yet another document from the doctor giving some further rules, apparently in answer to special questions. In it he again learnedly describes the child's constitution, his weak stomach and aptness to catch cold, inherited from his parents, his tendency to hydrocephalus, and his almost continuous series of ailments since he was born, which, says the medico, would have killed him but for his strong constitution. From seven years old he was to eat fish and other lenten fare, and at twelve years must be taught to fast. Above all, he is not to be brought up delicately or coddled, but encouraged to run and romp. Great care must be taken that he is not exposed to the cold, but he must be well wrapped up even in summer. Drugs are to be given sparingly, if at all; mallow, camomile, sweet almonds, black sugar or honey if wanted, but he is not to be constantly dosed with red honey and other things as children usually are, and if he is really ill he is not to be lowered or bled much; by which it will be seen that Dr. Cristobal Nuñez, pedantic as he was, differed somewhat from the usual type of sangrados of the time. All this was between the 1st and 18th of

June, 1621, and it is to be supposed that the poor babe of the house of Austria lived his little life in and around the "Casa Solariega" of the Salamancan hidalgo for the next few years, although no record remains of it here. The next document of the series is a letter, dated nearly four years afterwards, March 17, 1634, from the Secretary of State, Geronimo Villanueva to Don Juan Isassi Ydiaquez, saying that his Majesty had received with the deepest grief the news of the death of Don Francisco Fernando, who showed such bright promise for his tender years, and his Majesty highly appreciates all the care that has been taken of his education. The body is to be brought with the utmost secrecy in a coach to the royal monastery of St. Lorenzo (the Escurial), where it is to be buried, and advice is to be sent by confidential special messenger to Madrid when the corpse should arrive, in order that one of the King's stewards may be there to receive it. All the other arrangements for the burial are made. The four years had apparently not been unprofitable ones to the hidalgo, as the next time his name appears he is a knight of Santiago and lord of the town of Ameyo, as well as of the castles of Isassi and Orbea. The date of the document is April 15, 1634, and again it is a notarial deed attested by the prothonotary of the Kingdom, Don Geronimo Villanueva, setting forth that Don Juan Isassi Ydiaquez delivered the body of Don Francisco Fernando, son of his Catholic Majesty Philip IV., whom God had taken to himself, to the Marquis of Torres, the Bishop of Avila, and other nobles appointed by the King to receive it. The delivery was made in the porch of the cathedral, and we are told that the corpse was dressed in a red gown, bordered with gold, and lay in a coffin of black velvet. The coffin, which had been borne by Don Juan Isassi and his servant to the porch, was thence carried to the great hall of the monastery by certain of the King's gentlemen-in-waiting, and after the religious ceremonies had been performed, was taken to the vault by the monks of the Order and laid to rest. And so ended a little life which, like that of his half-brother Baltasar, if it had been spared, might have stayed the decay of the Spanish branch of the house of Austria. It is true that Don John of Austria survived, and for a short time snatched his poor brother Charles-the-bewitched from the clutches of his foolish mother and her low-born favourite Valenzuela, but who knows whether the strong masterful spirit of the baby of four whom it was dangerous to thwart might not, if he had grown to manhood, have done more than his younger brother to keep the reins of power when once he grasped them. Poor trembling, white-faced Charles-the-bewitched, with his leaden eyes and monstrous

projecting jaw, a senile dodderer at thirty, wanted a strong masterful spirit like this to hold him up and shield him from the vultures that fought over the carcass before the poor creature was dead. But it was not to be, and the forgotten babe of the sovereign house was put with so many other princely corpses in that horrible "rotting place of princes," off the black marble stair of the regal pantheon of the Escurial, where, not so very many years ago, I saw a ghastly heap of princely and semi-princely skulls and leg-bones gathered up as they had fallen from the rotting coffins to the floor. There, all undistinguished from the others, probably enough rests still, his very name never published, and his short existence hardly known till now, Don Francis Ferdinand of Austria, one of the last male members of the Spanish branch of the sovereign house, which in four generations descended from the highest pinnacle of human greatness to contempt, disgrace, decrepitude and decay.

MARTIN A. SHARP HUME.

TREES.

Nobis placeant ante omnia silvæ.

IN all countries alike, the forests and more directly particular trees have exercised I know not what influence and fascination upon the minds of the dwellers under their shade. This line of Virgil's, indeed, will find an answering echo in the heart of every lover of Nature. And the feeling of pleasure can hardly be dissociated from the deeper feeling of reverence. Whilst the patriarch trees have survived and flourished, generations of mortals have passed away; and even in the eyes of those who would repudiate with some indignation the impeachment, these trees possess a supernatural and sacred character. If in them we see the living evidences of a beneficient and all powerful Creator, this feeling of reverence, which is as it were unconsciously evoked, is not a subject for derision or false shame, and I know not why we should attempt to conceal it.

The ancient Romans at any rate did not hesitate to avow their belief that the murmuring of the leaves of the trees which they held sacred conveyed to them the wills of the gods, and that the trees themselves were peopled by the divine attendants, the dryads and the hamadryads of their mythology. The oracles of Faunus were, according to the Æneid, disclosed through incisions made in the bark of the trees surrounding the altar, and the divine scerets were thus made known to mortals. So also sticks cut from the oak were believed to transmit the answers of the gods, while the cutting down of one of these trees was looked upon as a sacrilege only to be expiated by a solemn sacrifice. Lucian tells us of the profound impression which the Roman soldiers felt when they were commanded to destroy a sacred forest.

It was an ancient forest, up to that time respected by the ages, enclosing under the vault of its interlaced branches an obscure atmosphere, and a shadow frozen by the continual absence of the sun. There reigned neither fauns, nor sylvans, nor nymphs, the divinities of the woodmen, but the awe-inspiring altars of a barbarous religion, and each tree had received a sprinkling of human blood. The birds of the air feared to rest on these branches and the wild beasts dared not make their lairs in these thickets. . . . The solemn images of the gods are roughly shaped without art, with trunks rudely carved. . . . The inhabitants

dared not frequent this temple of their worship; they have abandoned it to the gods. In the broad day, as well as in the middle of the night, the priest himself does not approach it without becoming pale; he fears to surprise the sovereign of these sinister abodes. . . .

Cæsar gave the order to destroy this forest, but the bravest soldiers felt their hands tremble. Disturbed by the formidable majesty of the place, they believed that if they struck these sacred oaks their hatchets would be hurled back upon themselves. Then Cæsar, seeing his soldiers terrified and motionless, took up one of their arms, and delivered a blow upon an oak whose top touched the clouds. The iron buried itself in the profaned trunk. "Now," said he, "you need have no more fear; if it is a sacrilege it is I who have committed it." Immediately the whole army obeyed. All the forest fell, and the matted heads of the trees gave place to the light of day.

And as to the Romans we in England owe whatever skill we may possess in arboriculture or forestry, the feelings of reverence which commingled with their lessons have doubtless descended to us; whilst the ancient Druids crowned themselves in the celebration of their religious ceremonies with the leaves of the oak, and gathered as sacred emblems its offspring, the branches of the mistletoe.

In many countries (perhaps I should not be wrong in saying in all countries) we find that the people had their tutelary trees just as they had their tutelary gods, the former being the altars and shrines of the latter. Amongst the Scandinavians, the ash was held to be the most sacred tree. Serpents, according to their belief, dared not approach it. Hence the women left their children with entire confidence under its shade, while they went on with their harvesting. The Jews and the Arabs place the date-palm before all other trees, because it was, they say, made of the same clay as Adam, and prophesied through its leaves. The Rabbis accredited Abraham with a knowledge of what was thus conveyed for his direction. In Persia the inhabitants burn wax tapers, as at a shrine, before the trees which they hold sacred, the oriental plane and the cypress. They hope thus to obtain the cure of their maladies and the accomplishment of their wishes. So throughout the length and breadth of India the *Ficus religiosa*,[1] under which Buddha rested for seven

[1] The *Ficus religiosa* belongs to the same species as the common banyan tree of India, *Ficus benghalensis*, which Milton introduced into his *Paradise Lost*, when

> "These both together went
> Into the thickest wood – there soon they chose
> The fig-tree; not that kind for fruit renown'd,
> But such as at this day to Indians known
> In Malabar or Deccan."

The Brahmins, we may mention, put the leaves of the banyan to other uses, making of them plates to eat off. The leaves of the *Religiosa* tremble in the air like those of the aspen.

years plunged in divine thought, is dedicated to religious worship, and may on no account be felled or destroyed. With more universal but not less sincere reverence do the peasants of Russia prostrate themselves before the trees which they are about to cut, and deprecate the vengeance of the deities whose resting-places they then proceed to destroy.

Perhaps it is not unfair to believe that it was owing to the prevalence of much the same feeling amongst the early inhabitants of our own country, that there remain to us the ancient yews which are to be found in so many of our churchyards. Across the Channel, at any rate, these trees were the objects of religious worship. The Breton princes used to pray under their shade before they entered into the church itself, and none of the people dared pluck even a leaf. One day it was said that some Norman pirates showed themselves less scrupulous; two of them climbed a yew tree in order to cut some branches for bows. Both of them fell from the top of the tree and were killed on the spot.

Nor were such superstitions wholly absent from our own country, where penalties were said to follow, or in any case were made to follow, the felling of ancient trees. Borrowing the custom which prevailed in Lombardy, there were many who were glad to see the cutting of a tree followed by the cutting of the arm which felled it. Nay, there are now some who would be glad to see the revival of this gentle custom. And the protection society which has lately been formed in favour of the old woods has its supporters amongst all classes. "Hence, in all ages," says the author of the "Sylva Britannica" in his introduction, "the earliest dawn of civilisation has been marked by a reverence of woods and groves; devotion has fled to their recesses for the performance of her most solemn rites; princes have chosen the shade of some wide-spreading tree under which to receive the deputations of the neighbouring great ones of the earth; and angels themselves, it is recorded, have not disdained to deliver their celestial messages beneath the same verdant canopy."

Even for those who have less important uses for the canopy of shade, and whose ideas are more akin to the *dolce far niente* of Tityrus than to the tedium of a state ceremonial, the destruction of a noble oak, such as took place at Hampton Court the other day, touches a chord of sympathy.[1] Nor would we be apathetic if such a misfortune were to befall the famous trees of other countries. Who

[1] One of the eight largest oak trees in England, said to be 1,100 years old, with a circumference at the base of 33 feet.

would not regret to hear of the fall of the "Chestnut of the Hundred Horses" of Mount Etna, or the "Stable of the Alpine Chamois"? The former of these trees glories in an age which cannot even approximately be calculated. Tradition relates that "Jean of Aragon visited Mount Etna on her voyage from Spain to Naples, and that all the nobles of Catania accompanied her. A storm having arisen, the queen and her suite found shelter under the foliage of this immense tree." The latter, a spruce (*Abies excelsa*), the "sapin" of Switzerland, is an unpretending veteran of 1,200 years of age and of 25 feet in circumference, which rears its storm-blown crest in the mountains of Béqué. These names will recall "The Father of the Forest," "The Grizzly Bear," &c., amongst the Wellingtonias of the Mariposa Forest above the Yosemite Valley, and the numerous names, appropriate or otherwise, which have been given in all countries to trees remarkable for their beauty or their size.

The Kew Bulletin[1] tells us that "the tallest gum trees, and the tallest trees in the world, are found in the gullies of Victoria, several trees having been measured that were more than 400 feet high, and the highest was 471 feet." Visitors to the Indo-Colonial Exhibition will remember the size and beauty of other Australian woods, especially of the specimens exhibited in the Queensland court. The finest tree in the world is said to be "The Agassiz," one of the *Sequoia gigantea*, 31 feet in diameter, nearly 300 feet in height, and of remarkable symmetry. At the Paris Exhibition of 1878 there were shown no fewer than 2,530 specimens of wood from India, belonging to 906 species and 432 genera. And a more recent exhibition, that held in Edinburgh in 1884, made us acquainted with the glories of the Japanese woods, and those of the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. Go to the East India Docks, and you will see the huge logs of padowk (*Pterocarpus Indicus*), a tree rivalling mahogany in the depth of the colour of its wood and the density of its texture. Here, too, the stinkwood, the *Oreodaphne bullata* of South Africa, vies, in spite of its ill-chosen name, with the teak (*Tectona grandis*) of Burmah and Malabar. Or, if you prefer to see growing timber, cross over to Germany and note the massive beech trees of Hesse Nassau, whose branchless stems contain no less than 19,525 cubic feet per hectare, or nearly 8,000 cubic feet of timber per acre. But these recollections do not deter us from affirming that England is *par excellence* the country for trees—for those, at least, who, like Selby, "are no admirers of the Ponteylike[2] beech, whatever merits it may have in the eyes of the timber merchant, wood valuer, or carpenter."

[1] July 1889. [2] *i.e.* a beech without branches.

It is still, we hope, permitted us to approach the consideration of some matters from the non-mercantile side, even in England, and the intrusion of this into the shaping of a tree seems so wholly unnatural that a little warmth may be imported into the repudiation of the idea. Happily, however, this is not now so necessary. Still more happily, it is not now so paying.

We have not now to consider the necessity for "knees" for our ships of war, nor the long stems necessary for their masts. Our trees are grown for their beauty, or for their utility in other directions than the mere value of their timber, now imported so largely from abroad. The cause of scientific forestry, perhaps, may suffer, but practical forestry, where the two terms are not synonymous, will fitly take its place. The wealth of England in the future is likely—if forecasts are of any value at all—to lie in its parks and its meadows; and if these in their turn are to be productive they must be surrounded by trees, as well for the shelter they afford as for the floods and droughts they are able to prevent. For nine years, or it may be for nineteen years, you may do without them: in the tenth or the twentieth (although the latter calculation borders just a little on the insane) you will be ruined, and that may prove an *argumentum ad hominen*, more powerful than gain of what is curtly dismissed as mere planting for effect.

Our climate, in the consideration of trees suitable for planting, enables us to dispense with many of the conditions which wise forestry demands in other countries. There, there are separate zones which are sacred, as it were, to the cultivation of a particular tree. Thus, Japan has no fewer than five separate zones, each marked by its distinctive flora; and to take an example nearer home, the three forest regions of Switzerland are sharply defined, and resent the intrusion of any but the indigenous species of tree—the larch in particular keeping sacred its stronghold in the Central Alps. While, therefore, the larch is planted at haphazard on the fertile plains of England, it is obviously a tree better fitted for the open atmosphere and crumbling soil of the mountains; and it is this partiality for a particular zone which causes seeds of larch taken from trees grown in less exposed situations to fail in this country, and to cause great disappointment to the planters.

The same may be said of the seed, and also the seedlings, of other trees besides the larch. Those who intend to plant in the South of England will do well to get their young trees from the North, where they have been fairly hardened. Grigor, when speaking of the Scotch fir (*Pinus sylvestris*), says: "I have experienced the worthlessness of plants grown from imported seeds, on account of

their being too tender to withstand the severity of the weather in the North of Scotland, even in a nursery with some shelter." And in another place he says, speaking of coniferæ generally: "The influence of soil and climate on many species alters their character even in one generation, and sometimes produces as important a difference as that which exists between one species and another." The first larches grown in Scotland were said to be those planted at Dunkeld, of which an account is given in the Highland and Agricultural Society's Transactions. Five trees were originally planted in rough gravelly soil, 130 feet above the level of the sea. In 1809 three of these were cut down and sold for 3*s.* a foot to a ship building company in Leith. They contained, being then about 80 years old, from 140 to 170 cubic feet of timber. The remaining two are the celebrated Dunkeld Larches of our own day.

It may seem a strange step to come directly from speaking of the larch to the king of English trees, the oak, and yet they are frequently grown together. This for a twofold reason. First, the larch, growing more quickly than the oak, affords it a useful shelter—in planter's parlance it is a first-rate nurse; and, secondly, the larch derives its nourishment from the surface soil, while the oak strikes its roots deep down through intervening strata, seeking for its favourite clay. The old adage has it, "A larch will buy a horse before an oak will buy a saddle"; and the two trees, the one an exotic, the other indigenous to the soil, may profitably be cultivated together. The English oak, *Quercus robur*, with its two principal varieties (*Q. pedunculata* and *Q. sessiliflora*), is one of some hundred and fifty species which are found in greater or less quantity in all the temperate parts of the globe. Every county in England and some in Scotland boasts its favourite oak, celebrated on account of its size or its traditions. Of these, the Cowthorpe oak, in Yorkshire, with its circumference of 78 feet, is perhaps the largest. In Selby's time the finest oaks in England were said to be the Wotton and the Chandos oaks. The county of Hereford, where the soil is a thick red clay, has an unusual number of named oaks. There we have the Morcas Park, the Laugh Lady, the Croft, the Crump, the Rosamaund, &c. In the New Forest reign the Twelve Apostles, while Gog and Magog dominate the Yardley Forest. In Scotland there is the Wallace oak in Renfrew, and the far-famed Capon oak of the old Jed Forest.

Linked with the oak as a precursor of the wet or dryness of the coming summer, as foretold by the earlier or later putting forth of its leaves, comes the ash. Luxuriating in a rich and damp soil it everywhere in Great Britain attains large proportions. The Carnoch.

ash in Stirlingshire was 31 feet in circumference, and the Woburn tree girthed 20 feet at 3 feet from the ground. There are several trees in the far North of Scotland which are said to girth from 14 to 17 feet. With all this wide range of growth, the want of ash wood, which is superior to all others for the making both of waggons and lighter carriages, has of late years been greatly felt in this country, and it has been the desire of timber merchants to find a substitute for it amongst the various woods which reach us from abroad. Any really good substitute would find a ready sale. This I may venture to commend, in the interests of India and our Colonies, to the attention of the Intelligence Department of the Imperial Institute.

One of the most interesting trees in this country, from an historical point of view, is the Tortworth chestnut, in Gloucestershire, whose remains still exist to attest its former grandeur. This is said to have been the first tree that was ever planted in Great Britain by man. For the chestnut (*Castanea vesca*, the same tree as the "Chestnut of the Hundred Horses" of Mount Etna) was at some time or other, probably during the Roman Empire, imported from its native country, namely, Western Asia, into England. It was lately mentioned that this tree was used to designate and identify a boundary in the year 1135, and at the time of Strutt it measured 50 feet in girth at a height of 5 feet from the ground, and contained 1,965 cubic feet of timber. The sweet chestnut is, unfortunately, almost certain to decay at the heart in this country at an early age. In this respect it is much inferior to the horse chestnut, also introduced from the Levant, the tree which gives its name to Chestnut Sunday for visitors to Bushey Park. The Burleigh chestnut, near Exeter, used to be celebrated in former times, and in Lincolnshire there is one over 70 feet in height.

While we are on this subject of imported trees we may note the singular decline in the value of the wood of the cedar of Lebanon,[1] as compared with the same wood when grown in its native habitat. A writer in the *Field* a little time back writes as under:

> As to profit in growing cedars, the following incident may enlighten you. At a large timber sale a fine cedar was offered, which was measured to have 1,000 feet of timber in it. The only offer was £5. The auctioneer said it ought to be worth 1*s.* 6*d.* a foot, and there was a reserve of £70 on the tree.

This experience, however, is strictly in accordance with the evidence of Sir J. D. Hooker, given before the Parliamentary Committee

[1] The largest cedars in England are those at Clumber (the Duke of Newcastle's), which girth 27 feet at 3 feet high. For the purposes of comparison we may note that one of the original trees on Mount Lebanon measured 36½ feet in circumference.

on Forestry, when he pointed out that "cedars on Mount Lebanon grow during only four or five months of the year, and the timber is close-grained, hard, and durable, whereas the wood of the English grown trees is valueless." So, also, the same authority says regarding the Douglas pine:

> The difference in this country, when compared with that grown in Vancouver, is so enormous that I can never imagine that the wood of the Douglas pine of this country can ever be equal to that grown in Vancouver.

The Douglas (*Abies Douglasii*) was introduced into this country in 1826, so there has been ample time to form a fairly accurate judgment. With the introduction of exotic coniferæ, moreover, there is always the chance of introducing exotic pests, fungi, &c., and it is not necessary, I fear, to refer to the instance of the Colorado beetle, &c. to show that this is not a mere chimera. This same Douglas fir, for example, possesses a fungus of its own, the *Botrytis Douglasii*, and it has been proved that this fungus can be cultivated on, and therefore it may be assumed imparted to, two to six-year-old plants of silver fir, spruce, and larch.

Returning again to our indigenous trees, as the oak was cultivated for the requirements of our Navy when that consisted of "wooden walls," so in the earlier period of our military history the yew was planted for the bows which then formed the national weapons. We have, then, besides the individual trees already alluded to as growing in our churchyards, groves of yew such as that at Norbury in Surrey, and the yew walks which adorn the grounds of many an English and Scottish mansion and Border castle. There are very large trees of this species in different parts of Great Britain. One, for instance, at Crowhurst, the highest point of Sussex, is 33 feet in circumference. It is a matter of some speculation, remembering the fact that there is an epoch at which the yew ceases to grow, how old some of these giants must be. The increase of growth in the yew trees which are in the churchyard at Basildon, near Reading, has been chronicled in the parish register, and it is surprising to note how small a girth they attained at the age of 130 years.

I do not know how far I may try the patience of my readers by asking them to note with me the dimensions of other famous trees of Great Britain. Each of the best known species has its champions to assert and maintain its superiority to each other, while they all yield homage to their sovereign, the oak. Thus the famous "Crawley Elm," which has a circumference of nearly 61 feet—more than double that of the one at Lutry, which visitors to Lausanne will readily remember; while the Wych elm (*Ulmus montana*) has its largest representative in Renfrewshire, with a circumference of ove-

18 feet. The largest beech tree is said to grow on the "brash" formation in Cornbury Park, Berkshire; whilst the "chalk" of Sussex is held to give its favourite nourishment to the celebrated beech woods in that county. The sycamore, or greater maple, finds its largest example in Cobham Park, with a circumference of 26 feet, only 2 feet less than that of the sycamore of Troas,[1] near the source of the Rhine. In lime trees, on the other hand, we are easily beaten by the trees of Villars, near Freiburg, and of Prilly, near Lausanne, the latter of which has a circumference of nearly 40 feet. The Lombardy poplar (*Populus dilatata*), is a characteristic tree of many parts of England, as well as of the plain country of France. It has the great advantage as a hedgerow tree of not intercepting too much of the sun's rays from the adjoining crops. Grigor, I think, mentions that a villager at Great Tew, Oxfordshire, lived to see trees which he had himself planted attain a height of 125 feet. But the finest poplar tree of Saint Julien, near Troyes, far surpasses these, with a circumference of 41½ feet.

The silver fir of Roseneath, with a girth of 22 feet 4 inches at 3 feet up, has long been supposed to reign *facile princeps* in its class, though I have heard recently of another claimant to the title in Yorkshire. Bury St. Edmunds boasts—perhaps I should here use the past tense instead of the present—the largest willow; and Lee Court, Blackheath, the largest oriental plane, which last has been cultivated in Great Britain as an ornamental tree for over 300 years.

May we just mention the tulip tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*) with its rich light green leaves squared off, or rather shaped out as it were, with a pair of scissors, which we owe to Canada; the hard but somewhat cross-grained hornbeam; the graceful birch, which Burns sung of in his "Birks of Aberfeldy"; and many a pine and fir which compose the "shaggy woods" of Caledonia, "stern and wild"? And to the trees less generally known, but equally beautiful in the shades of their foliage by themselves, and doubly useful in the colours which they harmoniously blend with the greens of our native trees, and which we owe either to our own Colonies or to far-off Japan, we bid a welcome none the less hearty because the urgency of space demands that it shall be collective.

GEORGE CADELL.

[1] This tree is inseparably connected with the formation of the Republic of the Grisons, and appeals to the lovers of history, as well as of nature. On the fourth jubilee of the League, inaugurated in the first instance under its branches, there was erected a small chapel with this inscription on its porch: "You are called to liberty. Where the spirit of God is there is freedom. Our fathers had faith in thee, Seigneur, and thou hast made them free."

HEALTH AND CONDITION.

IT may seem a strange assertion to make, but nevertheless it is a true one, that as soon as a man is born into the world he begins to die, and existence is really a struggle as to how to put off to the latest date the final hour of dissolution. It is a matter of wonder that with so many circumstances against the atom endowed with the spark of life, one or the other of them does not extinguish it in the first hour of its birth. Cold, accident, inherited disease, want of proper management, and the thousand-and-one ailments incidental to infancy are the first to make this assault ; and if the period of infancy is survived the multifarious dangers of youth, adolescence, maturity, middle and old age, are waiting to take their place, till at last the citadel yields to that great conqueror to whom the greatest of the earth must bow the knee in submission.

Life, indeed, consists in a series of changes of tissue, and the human economy is simply, as far as its material part is concerned, a machine, and primarily depends on food as the most important factor in keeping it in working order. When I say we commence to die as soon as we are born, I of course mean that certain parts of the body immediately begin to perish; their existence is ephemeral, they come and go, are replenished and decay. They are the dying parts of that system of life which may last a little while, but which must eventually yield to the inexorable law of nature. The nails, the hair, &c., are observable as an instance of this decay. The same rule applies to every other organ and tissue of the body, though it is not palpable to the naked eye. The skin is always peeling. The food that is taken in the one hour nourishes the system and ejects that which was taken the hour before. Perfect health and condition, at whatever time of life we may apply the term, from infancy to old age, depends upon the proper assimilation of the food taken and its natural elimination when it is done with, by the different organs that have to deal with it. Of course, heredity and a few other circumstances must also be taken into consideration in estimating the chances of life. If the exact amount of food necessary to nourish each tissue of the body

were taken daily, having regard to work and other circumstances, and if the economy were kept properly employed, it would mean that the individual would be in the most perfect health and condition, and ought to live to the age of a hundred years or more. But how seldom does this occur! From some cause or other, more is taken than is necessary to supply constitutional requirements, and the result is that the surplus remains stored, and in some way or other acts prejudicially. If it does not cause absolute illness, it impedes vigour and elasticity and leads to a feeling of malaise and disinclination for work, making one's ordinary occupation a burden. We are tempted to eat when we are not hungry and drink when we are not thirsty, and if we do we must pay the penalty. More than this, in this life, at all events, the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and the old port drunk by the grandfather yields a crop of gout in the grandson. Stimulant taken to excess in the father transmits the curse to the progeny, and they start in the struggle of life handicapped from the first hour, and, like a race-horse with no stamina, fail early in the race.

During the period of youth the different organs are so active that it is not often any very great harm arises from surplus food that goes to waste. Nature seems to find some outlet for the used-up material, and the natural elasticity and activity of early life burns up unused waste almost like a furnace. But after youth has passed and the body has arrived at full development a different state of affairs obtains, and it becomes then a serious matter (if robust health and condition are to be maintained) how to equalise the supply to the demand. If more food is taken than the system requires, or food unsuitable to it (the old adage is quite true, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison), it becomes stored in some way or other and clogs the machine either in the form of obesity or gout poison, rheumatism or indigestion, or biliousness, or in many other ways, that mean a departure from absolute health: and any departure from absolute health means an increased liability to all sorts of more serious diseases. It is a moot point whether a perfectly healthy body is not unassailable to disease of every kind, and it is certain that a number of individuals may be subjected to, say, the poison of cholera or typhoid fever and may entirely escape, while others, under the same circumstances, fall easy victims. Cases are well known to physiologists where a man may be insusceptible to certain infectious diseases at one time and at another time fall an easy prey to their attack. The inference would be that at the particular time when he was unassailable the constitution was in a perfect state of health,

whereas at another time it was deficient in tone, or in that state of condition that enables it to withstand the attack of disease. I believe that if a person were put in a state of absolute health and sound condition, by dietetic means, he would be safe from an attack of cholera or any other disease that might then be sweeping away thousands. Certain diseases will only take root in congenial soil, the soil of low vitality, if I may so express it. They are like fungi, that require a particular soil and a damp, close atmosphere to spread in. A mushroom flourishes where a rose will die in an hour.

To learn how to attain a state of health that means immunity from attacks of disease, and the consequent attainment, bar accidents, of green old age, is worth all the trouble it entails—indeed, in many cases it is a duty to do this, as the happiness of others may depend upon it.

Now, assuming a person to be out of condition from some cause or other, how is this to be remedied? Of course, in the first place it would be necessary that the diet should be properly adjusted and that its constituents should be such as the particular idiosyncrasies and mode of life demanded; and though this may seem at first a complex question it is really by no means so. In the second place, for a time the individual should undergo a modified system of training,[1] and this simply means that for a few weeks regular exercise should

[1] Investigation by Dr. Morgan into the history of 294 "University Oars" shows conclusively that even severe training gives a long life average. He has followed up with personal inquiries the 294 "University Oars" mentioned above, and he finds, as was to be expected, that since 1829, when his list begins, some have died, some have been killed, some have fallen into ill-health, but 238 survive to describe themselves as hearty and strong. Of the deaths (39 in all) 11 were from fevers, 7 from consumption, 6 from accidents, 3 from heart disease, and lesser numbers from other special causes. Now, it is heart disease which is especially attributed to athletic sports, and it is a surprise to find statistics showing that their patrons have suffered from it rather less than the rest of the population, and much less than the sailors whom we are so solicitous to keep in good health. The death of two by drowning in attempting to save others, and three by gun-shot wounds, shows the possession of energy and unselfish courage, seldom the characteristics of a broken invalid. The cases of the seventeen who do not furnish a good account of their health are mostly somewhat vague. Among so many, several must have hereditary tendencies to disease; others say their medical attendants trace no connection between their complaints and previous muscular exertion, and in such a long period as forty years innumerable evil influences must have been in action; while in some families it seems traditional always to speak of their health as only moderate, and in others to look back upon the exuberances of their youth as follies. So that seventeen is in fact a small number to be occasionally falling into the hands of the physician. The best test of the value of anything is to reduce it to Arabic numerals, and pounds, shillings, and pence, as insurance offices act by our consti-

be taken daily, so as to keep the skin acting and circulate the blood, and thus brace up the muscular and nervous systems. A certain number of hours should elapse between the meals, and these should be carefully apportioned with regard to their constituents and quality. Only three meals should be taken daily, and the best hours for these would be—breakfast 8 or 9 A.M., lunch or dinner 1 or 2 P.M., high tea or late dinner 7 or 8 P.M. : nothing but fresh fruit or liquid to quench thirst being taken between meals.

In preparing for the moors, or for the thorough enjoyment of partridge shooting, or for any pursuit requiring endurance, the reduction of fat should be carried on until the body only retains a little more than the normal quantity, and the amount of exercise should be gradually raised to that necessary for a fair day's sport. Many a sudden death has occurred on the moors and in the hunting-field through neglect of these precautions, for there is nothing more dangerous than to take violent exercise day after day before the heart and nervous system are toned up to it.

The pain in the back and side which hunting and sporting men often experience at the beginning of the season, arises generally from imperfect expansion of the lungs, due to want of condition.

In ordinary breathing the muscles of the trunk are strained in the effort of expiration during exercise, and the rules that I have here laid down would obviate this.

Where this occurs in ladies, the use of the dumb-bells and exercise —walking and riding, or tricycling, gradually increased from day to day, will soon remedy the fault ; and of course tight lacing should be avoided.[1]

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tutions. Dr. Morgan has applied this test to the 294 cases under consideration. According to Dr. Farr's life tables the expectation of life at 20, the average age of University oarsmen, is 40 years. But the survivors have still an expectation of life of 14 years before them, and this must be added on, while a calculated allowance must be made for those who have died, and an estimate also deducted for the seventeen lives who reckon themselves damaged. The whole calculation is too long to be gone into here, but the result is decidedly favourable; for, taking the experience as it stands, the expectation of life of each individual comes out, not 40, but 42 years. So that any insurance office which had taken them all at ordinary rates would be making a handsome profit and exhibit a good prospective balance-sheet. The conclusion is inevitable that for young men in good health very severe athletic training strengthens the constitution and lengthens life.

[1] No girl who tight laces can retain her beauty long. The compression of the different organs whose free play is necessary to health soon tells, and a pale, pasty complexion and general want of tone result. Indeed, these are by no means, bad as they are, the worst penalty the votary of fashion pays for the questionable honour of looking like a wasp.

The occupation of the fairer portion of creation being, as a rule, more sedentary than that of men, it is even more essential for them to learn the few rules that lead to the attainment of perfect health, and the preservation of symmetry of form and beauty. The proper enamel for the complexion is health, and the proper way to keep the figure within the lines of beauty is by diet and exercise.

An excess of fat is not hid by tight lacing, or by the wiles of the fashionable dressmaker. In truth, she only makes it more prominent. All adventitious aids to beauty advocated by the charlatan or the quack in the way of cosmetics only destroy it. The sulphurous atmosphere of London makes the use of bismuth and all other skin enamels very palpable in a few hours after they are put on, by giving them the peculiar leaden blue tint so observable, alas ! too often.

Very simple rules indeed are necessary to insure health and condition, and these rules can be carried out without interfering with the comfort or the mode of life from day to day. It may be broadly put in this way—that to insure proper condition the human animal requires a little more of tissue-forming food, and a little less of heat-forming food, or the converse, according to the requirements of the system and the work that has to be done.

In this way the balance of supply and demand may be kept as nearly even as may be. Further than this, a little consideration must be paid as to the mode of life. A man or woman leading a sedentary life requires a little different kind of food from one who does a large amount of physical work, and it is an incontrovertible fact that health and condition cannot be attained without a certain amount of exercise. The horse offers the best illustration of what diet and exercise will do, and for health and usefulness fresh air and exercise are as important a factor in the attainment of proper condition as food. If a horse is brought in from grass fat and out of condition, and is put in the stable and fed on corn and hay, he will rapidly part with his surplus substance and become high-spirited and active, but if he is not properly *groomed* and *exercised* he will not gain the condition that is essential for hard work and continued health : and what exercise and grooming will do for a horse it will also do for a man.[1] I think everyone who keeps horses will agree with me when

[1] Of late years massage has attracted a great deal of attention, and really it does for the human being what grooming does for the horse, for grooming is really massage, and is undoubtedly a great adjunct to health and condition. An extremely handy appliance for this purpose is the "Massage Rubber," which can be procured from Mr. E. Crutchloe, of Albert Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster. The use of this in the case of people who are unable to take active exercise, either in walking, riding, or any other way, will undoubtedly tend to conduce to robust health and keep the skin acting healthily.

I say that a horse kept in good condition and properly fed and groomed is far less liable to disease than the converse, and will do hard work for a greater number of years; and this applies with equal force to human beings. More men rust out than wear out. It is an incontrovertible fact that men in penal servitude enjoy better health than those in workhouses. During the cholera epidemic in 1847 the inmates of the workhouse at Taunton died like flies, while those in the gaol escaped. That was due to the fact that the prison inmates had more fresh air, work, and exercise than the unfortunate pauper who was doomed to end his days in that horrible den known as the "Union." Let us hope that before another epidemic comes the waifs and strays of our civilisation may have a happier lot and a better home for their declining years, and that they may not be the focus from which epidemics spread, as has often been the case in the past.

The advantages and benefits of training, which really means putting the body in a perfect state of health, are well put by Dr. Chambers. He says it leads to—

1. The removal of superfluous fat and water.
2. The increase of contractile power in the muscles.
3. Increased endurance.
4. "Wind," that is, a power of breathing and circulating the blood steadily in spite of exertion.

The first object is aimed at by considerably adding to the daily amount of nitrogenous food, *i.e.* meat, and diminishing farinaceous foods and sweets, and providing that the supply should be so consumed as to be fully digested. The second and third are secured, says Dr. Chambers, by gradually increasing the demands made upon the muscles till they have learnt to exert at will all the powers of which they are capable, and for as long a period as the natural structure of the individual permits. Wind is improved by choosing as part of the training an exercise, such as running, which can be sustained only when the respiratory and circulating organs do their duty fairly.

The muscles of the limbs become under a regimen of this kind more "corky" or elastic, and more prominent when "put up" in a state of contraction. They improve in quality and efficiency, but that they become larger is extremely problematical; nor is this necessary. Increase of size does not always mean increase of strength.

The skin becomes soft and smooth, and apparently more translucent, so that the red bloom of youth shines through it more brilliantly. The insensible perspiration is regular and even; while at

the same time sweating is not so readily induced by bodily exertion, and it is never cold and sudden, even with mental excitement.

Superfluous fat is removed from all parts of the person, as is evinced by loss of weight.[1] This requires to be carefully tested by the scales from time to time; for if the reduction be carried beyond a certain point, which varies in different men, a loss of power and of endurance is felt, and probably future evil results may arise.[2] This point is technically called the "fighting weight," but the observation of it need not be confined to the pugilistic trade. The meaning of this is that when perfect condition is attained, a rigorous mode of diet and exercise should be stopped and a moderately easy one made to supplant it. This, of course, may be life-long.

Training increases wonderfully the vital capacity of the chest, so that a much greater quantity of air can be blown in and out of the lungs, and with greater force than previously. And this vital capacity endures longer than any other of the improvements—indeed, it lasts for the whole of life under certain conditions, and increases its length. It is evidence of the permanent elasticity of the pulmonary tissue, an efficient protection against asthma, emphysema, and other degenerations of the organ of breathing.

Indigestion, acidity of stomach, sleeplessness, weariness of life, nervous indecision, dyspeptic palpitations, and irregularity of the bowels disappear under a system of conditioning. But if they exist the regimen should be entered upon with more than usual caution and under medical advice.

But to proceed: the evils of want of exercise may be seen in the muscles of a broken limb, where, from disuse, they soon become wasted and powerless, and though the muscles that are exercised may be in the highest state of efficiency, these, simply from the waste of inactivity, are weak and flaccid. Not only do we find this apply to the individual, but it even applies to their progeny, where sedentary work is carried on from father to son for generations; for it is an absolute fact that the weavers of Spitalfields who have been compelled, by the nature of their work, to indoor labour for many decades, and whose exercise consists in watching the spindle and the loom from generation to generation, and who scarcely know from the cradle to the grave what a holiday means, are a small, puny, ill-developed set of people, and look old before youth is over. Were they not

[1] See *Foods for the Fat: the Scientific Cure of Corpulency.* By N. E. Yorke-Davies. London: Chatto & Windus, 214 Piccadilly.

[2] A sixth part of the weight of the body should be of fat; more than this is incompatible with proper condition or *absolute* health.

an abstemious class they would long ago have died out altogether. On the other hand, as specimens of fine physique, due to proper food and exercise, and all the surroundings that conduce to robust health, take the royal families of Europe and the upper classes. Perhaps there are, however, compensations even in these extreme cases, and the luxurious suffer from many ailments, such as gout, obesity, &c., almost unknown to the underfed, underpaid Dorset labourer or London sempstress.

I may be asked, How is robust health to be obtained and maintained at any given period of life? Of course it would be easy for me as a dietitian to draw out for any individual at any age, as I do in hundreds of cases, proper, easy rules as to diet and exercise which should compass this end, and in doing so I should only need to take into consideration the particular occupation—whether sedentary or active—of the person and the peculiarities of his or her constitution; but it is, of course, difficult in an article of this kind, limited as it is in space, to apply such knowledge so as to make it serviceable in all cases, because really so much depends upon the occupation of the individual, his mode of life and environment. A few rules may be laid down, however, which will apply in most cases. Many people seem to think that exercise will do everything, and that it does not matter what food they eat, or how much it may consist of, or how often they take it. They never experience the effect of that grandest of all medicine—hunger; a finer medicine, in many cases, than all those contained in the pharmacopœia. I am often amused watching boating men on the river in summer endeavouring to work off the results of over-eating and drinking during the other months of the year, more especially when this takes the form of obesity. This they try to do by violent exercise in the way of rowing. They seem to think that, if they tire themselves in this way, good condition is assured; and the observer will see them, after a hard day's work, sitting down to a heavy meal of meat, potatoes, bread, puddings, pastry, beer and sweet wines, bread and cheese, to say nothing of more elaborate menus. Now, what is the result? They do good in one way and undo it in another. It is true they exhaust themselves, and possibly improve a little in condition, or, from overdoing it, the reverse, but they do not lose fat, or gain stamina, and for this reason: they do not adapt their diet to their work. If a man who is out of condition and overburdened with fat and other effete products, which make themselves known in the form of gout, rheumatism, biliousness, and other ailments of overfeeding and underworking, were to take the same amount of exercise, and then go home or to an hotel and have a

little clear soup, a nice piece of plain boiled or grilled fish, a good cut of roast joint, some green vegetables and plenty of salad, a fair supply of fresh fruit, and half a bottle of hock or some dry Moselle,[1] or if a teetotaler a bottle of sparkling Rosbach table water (and I think that everyone will admit that this is a luxurious dinner), he would take off about a pound of fat a day, and certainly improve in health and condition,[2] because in this case nearly all the food taken would be utilised for the formation of muscular and nervous energy, and not for the formation of unnecessary adipose tissue, which in excess, even in middle age, is a bar to enjoyment of life, and in old age is a positive danger. Of course a diet of this kind can be varied at every meal, but if condition is to be attained until the system is freed from all waste and surplus fat, certain constituents must be carefully eliminated.

It may be urged here that a man cannot always live by rule and apportion out his food, but this is by no means necessary. Condition and equilibrium may be kept with perfect ease when normal weight is once attained. Until the close of middle age the attainment of good condition is very much simplified by the fact that the individual, male or female, can take a large amount of exercise. Nothing, in my opinion, looks better, or is more conducive to the improvement of a race yet unborn, than to see on "the silver Thames" a fair young English girl feathering a pair of oars—a Grace Darling perchance in some future hour of danger. When middle age is over, if condition and robust health has to be attained, more must be done by dietetic than by any other means, and as a dietitian my experience is, that in no case is a properly adjusted dietary so beneficial as in the case of the old and, I may say, of the aged. My daily occupation teaches me that the ordinary food consumed, as a rule, by old people is not the best for them.

It seems to be the general opinion that elderly people should be constantly taking food, and that their food should be mostly farinaceous, like the pap of their infantile days. My experience is that this is a mistake, and that old people really require the food of energy—that is, animal food—in a greater proportion than they are led to believe. I wonder where this idea of pap and farinaceous messes being suitable for the aged originated? Where are there a hardier race than the fisher-folk of our sea-coast towns, and the boating men of the sea-side resorts?—and they live almost entirely on

[1] Mr. Aldous, of 66 Hatton Garden, Holborn, imports pure dry Moselle.

[2] The other meals during the day should of course be properly adjusted as to time, quantity, and quality.

fish, and enjoy excellent health until they become old, weather-beaten, and wizened. I daily in my professional occupation as a dietitian get instances of this. A few days ago a most estimable and well-known dignitary, who has long since passed the three-score and ten of the Psalmist, and whom by dietetic means I had relieved of two or three stone of fat, told me that he had not felt so active or strong for many years, and that it was a pleasure for him now to do work that had previously been a burden. The tendency, as is well known, in elderly people is to lay on fat to excess by, as I have said before, improper diet; and this, of course, being a dead weight, hampers their movements as well as being a barrier to enjoyment and a danger to life. It would be impossible for a person well in the seventies to take the amount of exercise that would rid the system of surplus fat if a larger supply of farinaceous food is taken than is necessary to sustain the heat of the body, but there is no difficulty by a proper system of diet in quickly getting rid of it, and at the same time increasing the muscular and nervous strength and constitutional stamina even of the very aged of either sex. Broadly speaking, this can be done by considerably curtailing such articles as bread, farinaceous foods, puddings, pastry, sweets, and sweet wines, and substituting in their stead, to a large extent, strong beef tea, soups, fish, meat, poultry, green vegetables, and fruit; but really every case should be treated dietetically on its merits, and the many hundreds I advise personally and by correspondence prove to me more and more the necessity of this. In old age, when the nervous and muscular power begins to flag, as I said before, the proper food is that which improves the tone of the nervous and muscular systems; and in spite of all that vegetarians may say to the contrary, animal food is the only thing that will do this, and do it with perfect safety. It may be necessary to supplement the animal food with a slightly increased quantity of fluid, and undoubtedly a little good wine is beneficial to the aged. Timothy, as we know, would not have been a welcome guest at a temperance meeting at Exeter Hall; but he knew what was good for old people, and was not afraid to say so. Of course, elderly people are not wise in making rapid changes in their mode of life without seeking the advice of those who make abnormal states of the system a study. It is best to take a watch that wants cleaning and repairing to a watchmaker, not attempt to do it yourself; and so it is always best where health is concerned to seek the advice of a physician, because there may be weak points that should be taken into consideration, and really no man is a clear judge of his own condition. It is a true saying that

"If a man is his own lawyer, he has a fool for a client," and the same applies to others, even a medical man. Even a physician, if he is ill, generally finds it best to consult a professional brother; therefore, how much more important must it be that those who have no knowledge at all of the complex organism of the human body should do so, and seek the assistance of those who have made the physiology of life a study! Long life—and, still more, healthy life—is not attained by constantly taking medicine, but it is attained by regulating the daily routine so as not to have to take medicine at all, and this can certainly be done by proper diet and by carrying out the very simple laws of hygiene. Of course, some individuals are not born with the same constitutional power as others; they may inherit a weakness from birth; but if early life is survived, proper care and attention afterwards will often, if not always, carry them on to old age. Nelson was a puny, weakly stripling, and many men who have left footprints on the sands of time were in early life anything but athletes. As I said in the early part of this article, we are at constant war with death, it is assailing us every moment of the day from the cradle to the inevitable hour when the strongest must succumb. As time goes on the human fortress becomes more and more open to attack, and more and more necessary is it to repair the breaches as quickly as possible. So long as this is done the fortress is pretty safe, but if neglected it must crumble into pieces at the first serious assault, even if this takes place before age and wear and tear has weakened the fabric.

N. E. YORKE-DAVIES.

MATT DECKER: A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

THIS is how I first met with Matt, and had a curious half-hour with him. I had been staying for a time in the old-world village of Denhilton, lying far from busy ways of traffic in a slumberous nook in Surrey, and on a quiet summer evening had turned for a stroll down a green narrow footpath starting out of the main street, and known as the "Abbots' Lane." The footpath led in winding ways between thickly-twined hedges of hawthorn, interspersed here and there with growths of wild honeysuckle, and at an abrupt turn it brought you to a little brook, crossed by a few planks by way of bridge. It was a tiny rustic streamlet, stealing by lawns and grassy plots, with plenty of slim, nimble trout gliding about in the dark clear water. No angler could catch them with rod and line, but the young folks sometimes got them with the naked hand.

I had reached the water's edge. The evening was perfectly still; no sound arose from this side or from that; and as I had gone to this same spot many a night without meeting a single soul, I scarcely expected to see any one. But soon, however, I became aware of a bent, grisly-looking individual, who stood partly concealed by an alder bush on the opposite bank, with an old spade in his hand, on which he half leaned as he gazed steadily on the green turf. After a long pause he commenced to dig energetically in the soil. A broad slouched hat was on his head; he wore a snuff-coloured old coat, with nether garments of clean, rough canvas; and a long "cherry" pipe hung at a curious angle from his mouth. Now I remembered it was Matt Decker, the wheelwright, whom I had seen before, and of whose eccentricities I had heard much, but to whom I had not yet spoken. I went across and accosted him.

"Good-evening, Matt!"

"And t' you, friend," said Matt, somewhat startled and ill-pleased to find a fellow-mortal near him.

Then we stood for a few moments looking at each other. Matt had

a funny way of turning his eyes upon you. He held his head erect, inclining, indeed, to the level of his broad rounded shoulders; his sharp black eyes were half shut, and they seemed to be looking at an impersonal shadow in an opposite direction to yourself; but as you glanced at the low-drawn shaggy eyebrows and the fiery little balls within them you became aware that Matt was duly beholding the man in the flesh before him, though he was prepared to wage cynical warfare with a spiritual foe pictured in his mental vision. Matt lived and thought so much alone that his battles were in the spirit, and above mundane things. When he had conjured the desired mental picture of me, he took a deliberate pull at his pipe (it was a bit of cherry, as I have told, hollowed with a penknife), and said he, "Ye're a teacher, I b'lieve?"

I nodded assent.

"What d' ye teach? What *can* ye teach?" cried the wheelwright, with a nasty cynical leer.

I knew that Matt had a theory that the world was all wrong, that man knew nothing, and that no gleam of light could be seen until one obtained a personal interview with the "Great Engineer," or the "Apple-grower," as he was wont to designate the Ruler of the Universe. The existence of the "Great Engineer" was as cardinal and all-sufficient an article in Matt's faith as is the "Eternal Energy from which all things proceed" in the philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer. But until one "got a word wi' Him, jest a word, good Lor'! we know nought." The world spins and the apple grows, that is all. "What *can* ye teach?" said Matt.

There was some usefulness in "teaching" at least the three R's, I dare say, but Matt would not have admitted it, in this maelstrom of a world. So I hazarded, "I try to teach folks their ignorance, Matt."

Matt smiled grimly, but I could see that the answer was scarcely what he had expected. Then, said he, "So ye're ignorant yerself?"

"Very," owned I.

Here Matt swung the spade around his head, and struck it into the ground, "So ye're a foo-oo-l!" he cried.

"May be," said I, serenely.

"Then why the d——l d' ye pretend t' teach anyone?" shouted my interlocutor, and just at the moment a lusty trout flopped himself in the water, as if to emphasise the remark.

This was a poser, so I mumbled something about the necessity of steering clear of poverty and want.

Hereat Matt burst into a loud, hearty laugh, for he knew he had

got the advantage of me. The bowl of his dark cherry pipe, now in the ascendant, fairly stood against his brow and under the rim of his capacious hat. "Ye're slavin' t' get it, and I'm slavin' t' bury it out o' my sight. 'Bury my dead out o' my sight,' cried the man in the Bible o' a seemilar bit o' carrion," said Matt, as he giggled again. Then he pulled from the pocket of his long brown coat (it was of strange cut, such an one as Oliver Goldsmith, M.B., my predecessor in the sorrows of ushership,' might have worn in his seediest and shadiest days) a little soiled cotton bag, full and weighty, and he flung it into the ground, shovelling, at the same time, a big spadeful of earth over it. "They're bawbees, friend," said he. Then he added, "That's my bank. Filthy lucre t' the filthy earth."

Now it was known in the village that Matt the wheelwright had a little pile of money, but it had been thought generally that it lay in a big worsted stocking stowed away under a broad hearthstone in the little house where he dwelt, and had dwelt for twelve years, alone. But here was surely some new freak. I tried to argue the matter with him; called it madness; said the first thief who got whiff of its whereabouts would pounce upon the money; but Matt was inexorable. "Bury my dead out of my sight" had evidently got into his brains and would not be dislodged. I did my best to ascertain the cause of this change in Matt, for by nature he was a miser, and as much given to hoarding as Silas Marner, the weaver of Raveloe. But Matt would not unburden his soul, except that he mumbled something about "the fly-wheel o' time," "the blood o' the hours o' the past," and "better fight than sit by t' chimney." So he began again to complete his task of covering over the buried coins.

"Ye'll have a chance of bein' the thief ye spoke o' yerself; the *first* chance," said Matt to me. It was certain that I had obtained the first knowledge of it, and the situation was a little awkward. Whether Matt perceived this and was somewhat sorry, or whether an entirely new thought passed through his mind, I know not, but he began immediately to reverse operations, and to shovel back the earth out of the hole. When the bag was recovered he handed it to me. "Ye're slavin' t' get it; slavin' day and night, I dare say; take it, keep it, and never let me look on't again. It's blood money," he added. The bag was heavy. A hundred and fifty or two hundred sovereigns were in it. How could I accept it? Besides, Matt kept chattering away, "It's blood money, that it is." Matt was a queer character, so much everyone knew; but, like all queer characters, he was the hero of queerer stories. Village gossip told that he had been concerned in strange doings as a kind of ship's carpenter upon a vessel

plying between Sydney and the Fijis, and there were rumours that he had seen bloodshed and death by the shores of the Pacific. He had also been twice shipwrecked—once upon the Southern Seas, and again on the passage in a sailing ship from the United States. As Matt had frequently expressed a wish to cross the seas once more, and lay his bones in a land where the storms of an English winter are unfelt (he was a worshipper of the sun god), some of the old folks, who looked upon him as a black heathen who had no right to be among good Christian souls, shook their heads and murmured, "Twice saved, once lost; it's the third that'll do for 'im." Now as to the bloodshed, there might have been some truth in that. We know it is well, even at the present moment, to cast a veil over the doings of some Englishmen in the South Sea Islands; and though the days of the pirates are over, and we shall never again be disturbed by old rovers coming home to frighten quiet people by swearing and singing—

> Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum;
> Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Yet it was just possible that Matt's gains were illgotten, and that they were very literally "filthy" lucre.

"What mean you by blood money, Matt?" said I.

"The price o' blood," cried he.

"Whose blood? What blood?" said I.

"Not yours, friend," answered he.

"Take it back," I enjoined.

"Never," declared Matt, stoutly.

I threatened to leave it as plunder for the first comer, and I set the bag down in the middle of the planks forming the little bridge, and walked away.

Matt followed, and vowed that there the money would remain, so far as he was concerned. So I was forced to return and pick up the bag. "This is madness," said I, angrily.

"D' ye teach the blessedness o' wrath as a portion o' people's ignorance?" rejoined Matt, as he quietly relit his black "cherry."

I declared he was out of his mind.

He admitted it. "We wander i' the dark, and are dazed, till we get a word wi' the Great Engineer."

There was no use arguing further just then with the whimsical wheelwright, so I determined to retain the money-bag till the following day, when, perhaps, Matt, miser as he was, would repent of his folly. I wished him "Good-night," and struck away into one of the fields.

"Good-night, friend," called Matt, cheerily.

Next evening I called at Matt's cottage and found him at home. He lived in a quiet side street, leading on to the main or High Street, as it was called, and his house was clean enough upon the outside. But I was curious to see its inside, for Matt was his own housekeeper. His house, too, was in very truth his castle, for he barricaded himself against the intrusion of his neighbours, and only one villager—then dead—had ever been admitted within it. Glimpses of its interior had been obtained, however, by passers-by—curious visions also of its occupant. In response to my knock I heard the bolts drawn, the door was opened just wide enough to let me squeeze in, and across the threshold I stood face to face with Matt. He was *in puris naturalibus*! So the gossips of Denhilton were right, and it was perfectly true that "queer Matt Decker" was wont to wash and scrub and clean generally in all the unclothed freedom of the primitive man. Matt said ne'er a word about himself; he was naked, but unashamed. He had been engaged in scrubbing his kitchen floor, and he resumed this task apparently without troubling himself about me at all. But I think he took some pains that I should taste of the suds, for he splashed about with vigour. The bag of money was in my pocket, but as Matt was so busy I awaited a more favourable opportunity of mentioning it. The kitchen was a rarity; I call it kitchen, but it was bedroom as well. The walls were clean, and as bare as when they came from the hands of the builder. There was not a picture, shelf, or nail upon any of them. But the roof was a curiosity. Small pieces of wood crossed and recrossed it, and into them a host of staples were driven with short chains and hooks hanging down, and it was there that Matt's household goods were stowed away. On one hook you could see a wooden trencher, on another a tin teapot, on a third hung a clasp knife with a hole driven through the haft; from others, farther away in the corners, articles of clothing were suspended (mostly all of white canvas), and it was only in the very centre of the room and by the fireside that it was possible for one to stand erect. Just by the fireplace, and along the wall, stretched Matt's bed—a veritable plank-bed. Like the two chairs and tiny round table which constituted the furniture, it was of clean deal boards with a canvas sheet and canvas covering. At household work Matt was the primitive man, otherwise he may be said to have lived in canvas. There was evidently inspiration in it, like the Cambridge gown, of which we read in Lamb—

> And I walk gownéd—feel unusual powers.

Such was the room in which I now found myself with Matt.

When he finished his task I succeeded in opening conversation with him. I begged him to take back his money, but he was still obstinate. He had meant what he said, and the unburied coin was my absolute property. So there only remained now the alternative of holding the money in trust for Matt, and this I determined to do, in conjunction with another friend of his.

"What did you mean by blood money, Matt?" said I, harking back to his words of the previous evening.

"I mean that each gold piece represents a drop o' human blood —my blood," added he.

"Explain," said I.

"When I was a lusty young fellow," continued Matt, "I determined t' see the world. I've been over a good bit o' it. Years an' years I've been runnin' here an' there an' everywhere, an' what for? 'T' get knowledge,' said I t' myself; t' get gold an' nowt else was the truth. Am I the lusty man I was then? Does t' same blood run in my veins? No! The blood is cold an' thin now; the drops are gone, and they're in the gold. 'Save it for t' rainy day,' said I; 'save it for old age.' Good Lor'! I'm an old man a'ready, but I can *work*. It's nat'ral for man t' work. Man works as t' tree grows; when t' tree stops growin' it dies; when Matt stops workin', he dies like t' tree."

On this subject Matt would say no more. But he told me what had first induced him to voyage to Australia. It was connected with a theory which he entertained as to the conformation of the earth. No argument could convince him then, no demonstration was adequate now, that this planet was spherical in form. Moreover, Matt had seen nothing in all his travels to prove the rotundity of the earth. What he expected to see I could not quite gather, nor, perhaps, did he himself know. I battered him with all the stock arguments and proofs (some of them were apparently new to him) but in vain. Two counter arguments were clinching. First, he had been all over the world and knew more about it than I, for knowledge was at first sight; then if the world were round, here was a poser: "Suppose you bore a hole through the centre to the Antipodes, and suppose, further, you go in at this side with feet foremost and head to the sky you are bound to come out on the other side with feet foremost, and what are you going to stand upon? Your head? No! You must inevitably drop away out, heels still foremost, into illimitable space." This was all-sufficient. Matt was certain that the Great Engineer did not, and in His wisdom could not, construct a bit of the universe on principles such as these. Even the lesser engineer, Matt himself, would have done it better than that!

Then we got upon religious subjects, and we discussed the authority and inspiration of the Bible. Matt was familiar with the Scriptures, both old and new, but he did not accept them as a divine revelation.

"How could I?" said Matt; "if t' Great Engineer had wished t' speak t' us; if He had wished t' let us have a chance o' gettin' a word wi' Him, would He not have come t' us in person, spoken to us, heark'ned to us? Ay! that would He; He wouldn't have sent us a book." In short, Matt was so fond of "having words with" people, so desirous of arguing the question, that he could not conceive of the Supreme Engineer using any go-between in His dealings with a man; the first step must necessarily be to *show* Himself, prepared presumably to submit to Socratic examination, and "to argue the question." It was no use emphasising the fact that, according to the Bible, God had thus appeared to men, and had even "argued the question" with them, for if to one, why not to all? And, above all, why not to Matt Decker, who had a series of questions personal to himself and to none others, upon which he wanted light. Similarly it was no use to pray. The Great Engineer had no doubt so made the universe that the wheels would turn round, and the machinery rattle along, while He listened to a mortal's petition; but it takes two to make an argument, and as one-sided talk is useless, why pray at all?

Then Matt told me that he had throughout his life been endeavouring to get light thrown upon the Scriptures, and it was his constant practice to enter churches and chapels, and alarm street meetings by his persistent inquiries for this light. As he couldn't criticise the Great Engineer, he would "have a word" at least with those who stood forth to speak in His name. One day he entered an iron church down in a Yorkshire village and found the preacher an earnest man, and—what was of equal importance—a man inclined to "argue the point" with some invisible combatant. Matt instinctively constituted himself that antagonist, and the orator realised to his astonishment that his invisible foe had become incarnated in the flesh. The preacher was a Wesleyan, and he was proving to his own satisfaction that the Calvinist was a liar, and that he was guilty of limiting the doctrines of grace. Matt stood up and interrupted. "Do you believe in the Great Engineer?" said he.

The preacher, arrested in mid-flight as it were, did not at first quite understand. Matt, dressed, no doubt, as usual in his strange garb, repeated the question: "Do you believe in the Great Engineer?"

"Do you mean the Almighty God, Creator of the Universe?" rejoined the preacher, more affably than some would have done.

"I know little of the universe," replied Matt, "nor do you. But do you believe in the Great Engineer that made our bodies and the things we see? Do you believe in the Apple-grower?"

"My friend, I perceive you speak in similitudes," said the orator in high-sounding tones; "I believe in God Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, who is assuredly the Great and Omnipotent Engineer."

"Oh, you do, do you?" rejoined his antagonist in the flesh. "Well, so do I, and I'm a kind of engineer myself. Good Lor'! I never yet heard a wheel or a bit of wood or iron say me nay. It's the engineer that guides the machine. Can the clay say to the potter, 'Why hast thou made me thus?' Ye're a heathen, sir, rejecting the Great Engineer and His almighty will."

The Armenian orator was now nettled by this human engineer's interference; the general congregation were shocked, and some began to pray for Matt's soul; but one man was indignant. This was a tall, pompous person, who marched up to Matt, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Look here, my man, if you don't keep quiet I'll have you turned out; *this place belongs to me.*"

Matt opened his Bible and said, "I read here that 'the earth is the *Lord's*, and the fulness thereof,' so I should think this place is *His.*" That was enough, and Matt Decker was thrust out. "An' yet they call it t' House o' God," said Matt to me.

It was dark when I parted with Matt, but I had frequent opportunities of seeing him now. Our friendship, such as it was, had become established. One day—it was holiday time—I happened to be in the nearest country town, and I turned into the old "Black Bear" for a tankard of its famous ale. There I found the wheelwright. He was drinking a concoction of some sort, but whether it was "four ale" or "four-a-'alf" I could not tell. Matt sociably agreed to drink with me, and as he chose port wine, this was duly called for. "I'm a calf for port wine," cried Matt, as he tossed off the glass. Then I saw a strange light come into his eyes, a light I had never seen there before. He called for another glass, and still wanted more; but I thought we had better get outside the bonnie "Black Bear." He assented in an ill humour, and I found he was inclined to sulk. Then he became communicative. The long and the short of it was that he wanted *more port wine*; "he was a calf for 't, 'pon m' soul," and he must have it. A bottle, too, he would drink, not

a drop less or more. He informed me also that he hadn't the money to pay for it, and he declared stoutly that I must pay the piper. He did not hesitate to remind me that he had given me a money bag with plenty of gold in it, and that I could not grumble. So he marched me back to the "Bear," and called for two bottles of port. Then we sat down to what was a plain naked drinking bout of the old sort. Matt would not listen to any excuse from me; port wine was a good thing for him—"he was a calf for 't"; and he reasoned, I suppose, that I, too, must be a "calf" for it. Now I was certainly seeing my friend Matt in a new and unexpected light. Matt a toper! It was about the last vice of which I should have thought him guilty. But he told me all about his liking for port wine.

A fit came upon him about once a year—the thirst of the calf for port—and he *must* gratify it. He had even argued himself into believing that the impulse was part of the constitution of things—that the will of the "Great Engineer" was working in him. A pious soul would have thought this blasphemy; it reminded one of a somewhat similar blasphemy of the poet Burns when he said—

> But yet the light that led astray
> Was light from heaven.

It is a comforting doctrine to be able to saddle the "Great Engineer" with everything, especially your sins.

Matt drank steadily, and he talked much. I tried to get him away, but he wouldn't move. I managed to smuggle aside some of the wine allotted to my share; but Matt kept a firm watch upon the bottle by his own elbow, and was resolutely determined to see the bottom. But he was slowly and surely getting drunk. As the wine got into his head the combative elements in his nature more and more took the reins, and he was evidently determined to fix a quarrel upon me. But, as I wouldn't argue with him, this was a difficult matter, so he must needs attack my personal appearance. "Why were my cheek-bones so high?" "All Scotchmen had high, ugly cheek-bones, and upon 'is soul he detested them." "Why was my face so lean and pale?" I had turned it into a horrible white just to annoy him. This idea fairly settled in his brain. I had made my face lanky and ugly and white just out of hatred to him. In short, he was haunted, and I involuntarily played the part of ghost. He now clamoured for more wine, but we managed to turn him out. I had to get him over to Denhilton village somehow, and to many folks as we passed along we were a strange sight—the drunken bibber of port and the lean, pale-faced ghost! I got him into bed as best as I could, cursing heartily his drunken impotence. I never

saw a queerer, or, perhaps, a more disgusting sight than that of this old fuddled wheelwright trying to sit upright on his plank bed, half covered with its canvas sheets, and with all the strange collection of articles hanging on hooks and in chains around him, and mumbling now to himself and now to me, "D——d ugly face—hic-ic; what's 't white for? 'orribl'!—hic-ic—white! Take yer 'orribl' face—face—white—hic-ic—face away, d——n you." I took him by the shoulders and pinned him down till he was fast asleep. I was afraid to leave him, so I made a night of it in the dismal kitchen, keeping solitary guard. Before daybreak Matt awoke a sobered man. He remembered little of what had happened, and he had small excuse to offer. "He did it but once in t' year; 'pon 'is soul he was a calf for port wine." So I hurried home to bed.

I had now seen Matt in an entirely new character, and though he was quite as interesting, he seemed less strong and original, though perhaps more human. One evening I was passing his cottage, and I saw a dirty black strip of alpaca hanging from the window. As Matt did things so much by clockwork—so mathematically regular—and this was a new sight, I was eager to know what it signified. So I entered. (He had long ago begged me to dispense with the "senseless custom o' tappin' an' rappin' at t' door.") Matt was at first disinclined to give any explanation of his strip of alpaca. "It was a bit o' mournin'," that was all I could extract from him. Seeing at length, however, that I was not to be put off, he told me everything. It appeared that Matt was a married man, but his wife had jilted him—that is to say, she had run away with another man. It was years ago, and had happened in Australia. Matt had thus some cause to hate the sex, and he did hate them with a deep-settled, sour hatred. One of the points on which he would have tackled the Great Engineer—one of the points upon which, perchance, he has since tackled Him—for, in the quaint old language, Matt is now with God—was this question of sex. It seemed illogical of the Great Engineer, after having turned out a fairly workable and reliable machine in the person of man, to construct an unworkable and unreliable one in the person of woman. The rag at any rate was a weed of mourning. No one but myself had known it as such a thing; but to Matt that mattered not. He lived alone in this dust-heap of a world waiting for a word with its Maker, and meanwhile this was an annual symbol of sorrow between himself and the invisible Engineer. Two things at least Matt did yearly. He got drunk upon port wine, and he hung out this rag in silent denunciation of the sex.

Matt took little interest in politics. This followed almost as a necessary result of his creed. So long as men walked in the night of ignorance, shut off from Him who causes the apple to grow and who made the world, there could be little use in troubling about that monstrous organism, Society, or its government. It was seething in the great maelstrom, and there it might seethe till the better day dawned. Matt, like others, looked far for his millennium; but yet he had some interest in political movements. Two things especially he talked about, viz. trades unions and monarchical government. He resented the intrusion and dictation of the former—"Good Lor'! they smother an' throttle ye!" Matt did not see why the individual workman, at any rate why *he*, who called his soul his own, should be coerced or dictated to, or prevented in the slightest degree from going his own way. Matt was a rebel against law and human control, a sort of anarchist, and he bowed alone to the Great Engineer. He paid the Queen and her government scant respect. There was a certain weekly newspaper which in those days was rabidly republican (it may be so still), and this was the only paper that Matt took in. He gloated over its denunciation of things royal. It was no use reasoning with Matt; his mind had been made up, and the fierce hatred was a settled thing. In this Matt reminded me of a very different character, of whom I have elsewhere written as a "light o' Carglen." "P. W.," otherwise Peter Wilkins Grant, was a staunch and orthodox Free Kirk man, who accepted nearly all that Matt rejected, but in politics they were one, and the light that lightened both was this abusive rag of a paper.

Matt was a vegetarian in diet, at least when he provided food for himself. If he dined or supped at my expense, I found he could eat anything. But his chief home-made dish was compounded of a curious mixture of flour, onions, and potatoes. It was fairly palatable, but it tasted very substantial. Matt made many a meal upon bread and cheese and a mug of thick ale. He was never "a calf for ale" as for port, but he often declared that the Great Engineer had made cheese for beer and beer for cheese, for they went famously together. They were a sort of man and wife.

Matt is dead now. He never got away out of England to sunnier lands across the sea, as he greatly desired, and his bones rest in Denhilton churchyard, under the shadow of the parish church. Standing by his grave you can listen to the parson's voice on a Sunday as he declaims from the pulpit, and fancy pictures that if the dead man could hear he would arise and beg "jest t' have a word wi' ye; jest a word o' explanation." Matt died as he had lived, believing

that in spirit, if not in body, he would stand before the Great Engineer and get light upon all that puzzled him on earth. He would never touch the money, "the blood money," as he called it. But he said, "If ye ever hear o' my wife, gie't t' her wi' my forgiveness." As we never heard of the wife, nor were likely to hear, it was handed over to a Home for Cripples, and some of earth's maimed ones had cause to bless the name of the queer wheelwright.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

ACCORDING to an old Border character who knew him in the flesh, James Hogg had no right to the title of Shepherd at all. "Though kind o' clever," says this worthy, "he was nae shepherd, for the useless body let a' his sheep get scabbed, and though he had his farm free from the Duke o' Buccleuch, he made naething o't, but was aye lettin' his bills be overdue." The old worthy is probably right, but we shall e'en let the title pass without question. It is something to have the admission that, though he was no shepherd, Hogg was "kind o' clever," and that he wrote "several fine songs," which his countrymen have placed on a level with the best lyrics of Burns himself. His cleverness was, indeed, of a kind that is very rarely met with, even in the case of men of the highest genius. He was entirely an untutored singer, an uncultivated child of Nature, who certainly owed as much to his own industry and indomitable perseverance as to the inborn talent which he undoubtedly possessed. Six months at school, a little reading, hardly any writing, and no arithmetic—who that ever attained the reputation that Hogg now enjoys ever started with so poor an outfit for a literary career? Even as late as his eighteenth year he read with some difficulty; and, when verging on the twenties he began to turn his thoughts into verses, the writing of them out, as he sat on the hillside surrounded by his flock, was a herculean and painful process, for which he made special preparation by taking off both coat and vest! Perhaps he was all the better for these early struggles. A poet is not made in the schoolroom or by book-lore, and Hogg, escaping the pedantry of the dominie, was allowed to develop freely under the blue sky, with no other teaching than that of sunshine and storm. In that circumstance lies a great part of the charm of life; a great part even of the charm of his verse. In both poetry and art, the nearer we get to Nature the better, and it is just because there is in the productions of James Hogg so much of the scent of the heather and the wild thyme, and so little of the perfumes of the hothouse, that they have been so widely appreciated by his countrymen. It is true of him as of few other singers of his race, that "he taught the wandering winds to sing."

Hogg's works are still read, his songs are still sung, but somehow or other the man has of late faded out of that generous recollection to which he is so justly entitled. Yet his life, mixed up as it is with reminiscences of the romantic Borderland, with memories of Scott and the old *Blackwood* "set," with the most entertaining anecdote of the period, can surely be made interesting, even to those who know nothing of the Shepherd's literary legacy to his country. It is hardly necessary to say that he came of poor parents, for most of Scotland's sons who have done anything worth remembering have first shaken their tiny fists in the thatch-roofed cottage of the peasant. As Mr. Gladstone is understood to claim several places as the scene of his birth, so James Hogg was, according to himself and the biographers, honoured by having more than the one natal day common to the ordinary run of men. His own statement was that he came into the world on the 25th January (1772), but some unkind people have said that he fixed on this date because a greater than he—even Burns, whom he first worshipped as a poet—had proclaimed it as his birthday in a stirring song. It is a matter of no great moment; but if the Shepherd really desired to be even with Burns in the matter of a birthday, he should have seen that the inconvenient record in the parish register of Ettrick, to the effect that the little Hogg was baptized on the 9th day of December, was expunged, as well as the entry on the fly-leaf of the family Bible.

Hogg's father was originally a shepherd, but his ambition whispered to him that he might hold the plough as well as "wear the crook and plaid," and so he took a farm. It was an unlucky venture, as his son's enterprises in the same direction were to turn out in after years. Very soon every penny the sheep had enabled him to save was gone, and with the pence went also the "goods and chattels" to satisfy the claims of a numerous body of creditors. No doubt it was this unfortunate change in the family's position that led to James Hogg being allowed to grow up almost entirely uneducated. It is evident, at any rate, that the poet owed very little—unless it were his improvidence and his bad luck—to his father. It was altogether different in the case of his mother. Margaret Laidlaw—she was of the same family as Scott's "Willie Laidlaw"—was not exactly a remarkable woman, but she had a memory stored with the best of the old songs and ballads of the Border, with tales of frays and forays and all that was wild and weird in legendary lore, and from this well-head her son drew that inspiration which in after-life was to make him, what he delighted to call himself, the poetical King of Fairyland and Romance. The Scottish boys of Hogg's time used to have their

Sundays made gloomy by the Bible and the Shorter Catechism (a strangely misapplied adjective some later-day boys used to think), and, he too, no doubt, suffered. But the old songs and the old tales sung and told by his mother round the cottage fireside sank much more deeply into his heart than the Gospel narratives or the mysteries of Calvinism, and so we have one poet more where we might have had merely another Dryasdust of the type of the old Scottish professor of theology, who would have found his greatest delights, as George Eliot puts it, on the dead-level of the commonplace.

Hogg was herding in his sixth year, after having received his six months' schooling. One lamb and a pair of shoes constituted his half-year's fee; and while he probably had the shoes, his father no doubt claimed the lamb. He continued this mode of life for many years, each summer as it came round finding him under a new master, until when he had reached the borders of manhood he could boast of having had altogether about a dozen different homes. When he was just out of his teens he secured an engagement as shepherd with the father of Willie Laidlaw, then a latent poet like himself, at the farm of Blackhouse, a wild and romantic region on the Douglas Burn, a few miles north from "lone St. Mary's silent lake." Here some of the happiest years of his life were spent, and here he got his first real intellectual stimulus. James Laidlaw was a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He had what very few farmers can boast of—a well-stocked library, of which he allowed the free use; and Hogg tells with what delight he took some of the volumes, especially "The Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay, to the hills, read them as best he could, and dreamed over them till the ambition that he might become an author came into his head. Thus, to the friendship of Nature—not by any means new to the young man—was now added the friendship of books, and the result of having such good company very soon appeared. Another thing came as a stimulus. A half-witted character known as Jock Scott met him one day on the hillside, and immediately began to recite "Tam o' Shanter." Burns had at this time been twelve months in his grave, yet, extraordinary as the fact may appear, such was Hogg's isolated position and neglected education that he had never so much as heard his name, much less met with any of his works. And now, at the revelation of genius in "Tam o' Shanter" big tears of joy and surprise coursed down his quivering cheek, and the immortal epic had to be repeated again and again, until the greater part of it had been got by heart. The effect on the Shepherd was magical: *he* would be the successor of Burns, for could he not "tell more stories

and sing more songs than ever ploughman could in the world?" He had a very good opinion of himself, this shepherd of the Ettrick hills. But is anything ever lost by a lofty, by even an unattainable, ambition? Hogg certainly came far short of the goal he thus early aimed at, but he has left behind him not a few things which Burns would assuredly have been proud to own; and, after all, his vanity was not any more excessive than that of Byron or of Wordsworth, while he had a good deal more excuse for the failing than either of these had.

To resolve to become a poet was, however, an easier matter than the writing down of the poems when fancy had given them birth. It is amusing, and not a little pathetic, too, to read of the full-grown man seated among the heather, trying to form the letters with the stump of an old pen, and an inkhorn stuck in a hole in his waistcoat. Still, it is the province of genius to overcome difficulties, and Hogg's persevering efforts soon made him as expert at writing down his thoughts as he was gradually becoming at giving them form in his mind. His first songs, rude and rugged in rhythm, are for the most part still unprinted, but they delighted the peasant boys and girls of Ettrick, and that was probably all the reward the singer then looked for, his heart being yet as pure as that of a child, and his kind and simple character still untouched by the dangerous flatteries of the world.

Hogg's first published song, curiously enough, was a martial outburst about the threatened invasion of Great Britain by Napoleon Bonaparte. It bore the appropriately patriotic-looking title of "Donald Macdonald," and one verse of it ran thus:

> Wad Bonaparte land at Fort William,
> Auld Europe nae langer should grane.
> I laugh when I think how we'd gall him
> Wi' bullets, wi' steel, and wi' stane;
> Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Gairy
> We'd rattle him aff frae our shore,
> Or lull him asleep in a cairny
> An' sing him "Lochaber no more."

It was not a very meritorious production, but it had what might be called a living interest, and it was sung in many a gathering throughout the country. Its fame travelled further: it even reached the camp, and became popular there. General Macdonald, who commanded the northern division of the English army, caused it to be sung at his mess every week-day. He used to snap his fingers with glee when it was given out in the robust tones of his officers, and often he joined in the chorus himself. Somehow, the idea got

into his head that it was composed in honour of himself, and to that belief he clung to his dying day. The poet once heard the production sung in a theatre at Wigan, and when it had been *encored* he could not resist the temptation of telling his neighbour, a burly Yorkshireman, that he was the author. The statement, of course, called forth only an incredulous smile, and the worthy Englishman told Hogg's landlady afterwards that he took the poet for a half-crazed pedlar! The success of "Donald Macdonald" was responsible for Hogg's first volume of verse, a booklet of sixty-two pages, issued from the least literary-like quarter of Edinburgh, to wit, the Grassmarket, in 1801. It was a hastily got-up work, and had no more success than such forced ventures generally have. But it took well with the country-people, who knew something of the author, and it served the further and perhaps better purpose of introducing him to Sir Walter Scott, Allan Cunningham, and other literary leaders of the time. Sir Walter was then sheriff of Selkirkshire, and the first meeting of the two men took place at Ramseycleuch, where the author of "Waverley" afterwards said he had discovered "a brother-poet, a true son of Nature and genius."

If we had not waived the question of Hogg's right to the title of "Shepherd," something might now be said in support of his claim to it by putting forward the fact that about this time he wrote a treatise on sheep, which secured him a prize of £300 from the Highland Society. This was a much larger sum than he had ever possessed in his life, and in a foolish moment he decided to spend it by going in for farming on his own account. Things would have perhaps turned out rightly enough, but Hogg's ambition led him to take a farm three times larger than he was able to stock, and the result was a disastrous failure. In truth, Hogg had none of the qualifications necessary for the making of a successful farmer. Leaving aside the question of his literary bent, he was more attached to the gun and the fishing-rod than to the plough, and he knew as little about the management of servants as about the management of money. We are told that he kept three big lads, but did not look after them. If the work was not properly done he would get angry with them, and immediately after sit down and tell them stories or recite to them his latest poem! One day he was told that a valuable mare was seriously ill, and the suggestion was made that he should set off for the veterinary surgeon at once. "I canna attend to her just now," replied the easy-minded Shepherd, "for I'm gaun up the hill to shoot a hare for dinner." And so the dinner was secured, while the mare was lost! Happily for himself, Hogg was of a joyous tempe

ment, and his reverses never preyed in the smallest degree on his spirits. He believed, in his own mind, that he had always done everything for the best, and so long as no man could accuse him of dishonesty he laughed at the futility of his calculations, and contentedly let his earnings go as they came, determined to make more money as soon as possible, although it should go the same way as before. This uniform happiness was partly owing to a good constitution, and partly arose, as he is careful to remind us, "from a conviction that a heavenly gift conferring the powers of immortal song was inherent in my soul."

It was the effort to conquer circumstances that led Hogg, on the failure of his farming schemes, to take up his residence in Edinburgh, with the view of making a living, in one way or other, by his pen. One hardly knows what he did at this time, and one hardly cares to inquire, lest it should be found that he had become the veriest literary hack in the Scottish capital. We know that for three years he earned a very precarious income by writing songs, poems, and prose tales, and by editing a weekly periodical called "The Spy," which expired after a dreary existence of twelve months. At length, in 1813, came "The Queen's Wake," which at once turned the tide, and changed the author from a literary hack to a literary lion. Up to this time Hogg had been regarded simply as "a clever sort of good-for-nothing body," but he now took his place among the *literati* of his country. Men wondered to find an uneducated, rough-looking shepherd sing so eloquently; and the general feeling of his country friends was pretty well expressed by one of their number who, meeting the poet on the High Street of Edinburgh a few days after the publication of the work, saluted him with the remark: "Man, wha wad hae thocht that there was sae muckle in that sheep's head o' yours?" "The Queen's Wake" is the best of all Hogg's larger works. It consists of a series of tales supposed to be told or sung by a number of old minstrels before Mary Queen of Scots at Holyrood, all strung together so gracefully that the reader is surprised both by the delicacy and the genius of the author. "Kilmeny," a tale of Fairyland, sung by a Highland bard from Loch Earn side, is incomparably the finest piece in the entire production, and, had Hogg written nothing else, his place as one of the greatest poets of his country would still have been assured. Regarded as the work of a man who had but six months' schooling, and who could read and write but imperfectly when almost out of his teens, it is one of the greatest marvels of genius in the wide realms of literature. For the whole poem, Scott says the Shepherd should

have received from £100 to £200, but his publishers failed—as, alas! he too often found they had a knack of doing—and he got nothing. In short, he discovered that poetry, though it might lead to glory, was not in his case to lead to guineas, and as even genius must dine and dress, he turned his thoughts once more to his native Ettrick.

He had reached his forty-fourth year when the Duke of Buccleuch set him into a small farm called Altrive Lake, on the banks of ballad-haunted Yarrow, "a habitation once more," as Hogg himself says, "among my native moors and streams, where every face was that of a friend, and each house was a home." Six years later he took unto himself a wife, and was fortunate in drawing a prize in the matrimonial lottery. The wives of some of the poets, as we all know, have not been the happiest of mortals, but this was not the case with the wife of Altrive Lake. The Shepherd says that he always liked the women better than the men—what poet does not? and his sweetest songs seem to be the flowers of his own experience. "So smooth and happy," he says, "has my married life been, that on a retrospect I cannot distinguish one part from another, save by some remarkably good days of fishing, shooting, and curling on the ice." Having got the wife, Hogg foolishly thought that with her help he might manage a second farm, and accordingly took a lease of Mount Benger, which lies next to Altrive Lake. Like all his previous ventures in the same line, this too ended in failure, and after living for several years at Mount Benger, he gave it up and returned to Altrive Lake, where he permanently resided until his death in 1835. All this time he was earning a good income by his pen—for he knew something of the "pot-boiler," like many other literary men—but the bad seasons and the worse investments swallowed everything up. Nor must we forget that his profuse hospitality helped greatly to drain his purse. He kept simply an open door for all and sundry who chose to enter. Henry Scott Riddell tells how a certain individual came to dine with the Shepherd and his family only, and how before the day was over no fewer than fourteen additional visitors turned up to share in the dinner. No wonder if his fortunes became embarrassed!

The launch of *Blackwood*, in 1817, at once provided a medium for some of the Shepherd's literary work. The famous "Chaldee Manuscript" appeared in an early number, and, as everybody knows, led to prolonged strife and great bitterness of feeling. The object of the article was to describe, in the style of a Scripture allegory, the beginning and early history of the magazine, and the discomfiture of

a rival publication started by Constable. There are four chapters, containing two hundred and eleven verses, all of which, with the exception of the first thirty-seven, were from Hogg's pen ; but the production is not of the slightest interest now. Very different were the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," printed in the same publication some five years later. These imaginary conversations were supposed to be between "Christopher North," the Ettrick Shepherd, and some minor celebrities, but they hardly do justice to the Shepherd. They represent him as a pompous and bombastic individual, ready to give an opinion on any subject, and quite confident about the infallibility of that opinion. The James Hogg of real life was a much more lovable personage than the boasting Falstaff of the "Noctes," as those who knew him and Mrs. Garden's excellent biography amply testify.

A good deal has been said about Hogg's social habits. One reviewer, we believe, has somewhere described him as "a boozing buffoon." There is more of alliteration than of truth about this statement, which is, in fact, maliciously inaccurate. The author of a recent book on Yarrow and its poets tells us that he has conversed with many persons who knew the Poet intimately, and their unanimous testimony is that he was thoroughly temperate in his habits. Of course, the times of Hogg were in this respect very different from the times of to-day, and it was only to be expected that a man in his position—a farmer, and a good-natured fellow to boot—should conform to the social customs of his day. The jovial hours spent with "Christopher North" and others under the kindly roof of "Tibbie Shiels" were not spent without some handling of the cup which both cheers and inebriates, and there is some suspicion about Hogg's morning order, given in a stentorian voice from beneath the blankets, to "bring in the loch." But all this proves nothing in favour of Hogg's being a confirmed tippler. It simply shows that he had an occasional spree, and that is showing no more than could be shown of many a worthy member of the kirk to-day. Nothing would ever have been heard of the little irregularities of Hogg, any more than of Burns, if his literary genius had not set him before the eyes of all men.

The Shepherd's frequent breaches of kid-glove and drawing-room etiquette must have given many a shock to those who could not, as Scott did, look beyond his manners to his naturally kind and simple heart. "Well as Scott knew," remarks J. G. Lockhart, "that reflection, sagacity, wit, and wisdom were scattered abundantly among the humblest ranges of the pastoral solitudes of Scotland, there was

here a depth and a brightness that filled him with wonder, combined with a quaintness of humour and a thousand little touches of absurdity which afforded him more entertainment, as I have often heard him say, than the best comedy that ever set the pit in a roar." That droll story which Lockhart tells must have been one of those that competed with "the best comedy that ever set the pit in a roar." The Shepherd was invited by Scott to dinner. He came dressed "precisely as any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market." Mrs. Scott, being in a delicate state of health, was reclining on a sofa. The Shepherd, after being presented and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite hers, and stretched himself thereupon at all his length, for, as he said afterwards, "I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house." His foul shoes and greasy hands smeared the chintz; but Hogg saw nothing. He dined heartily and drank freely. He jested, sang, told stories. Soon the wine operated, and let loose his vulgarity. From "Mr. Scott" he got to "Sherra" (*i.e.* Sheriff), from "Sherra" to "Scott," from "Scott" to "Walter," from "Walter" to "Wattie," and finished by calling Mrs. Scott "Charlotte," which fairly convulsed the whole party. Such is Lockhart's story; but we fear he was as little capable of appreciating the real merits of the Shepherd as Professor Blackie is of appreciating an Italian song in a Scotch drawing-room.

In person Hogg was manly and prepossessing, being a little above the middle height, and of a stout, well-set figure. His hair was light, and even so far on as his sixtieth year he looked so ruddy and vigorous that men half his age might have envied him, as no doubt they did. Carlyle has left this interesting sketch of him. "Hogg is," says the author of "Sartor," "a little red-skinned, stiff rack of a body, with quite the common air of an Ettrick Shepherd, except that he has a highish, though sloping brow, and two clear little beads of blue or grey eyes that sparkle, if not with thought, yet with animation. Behaves himself easily and well; speaks Scotch, and mostly narrative absurdity therewith. Appears in the mingled character of zany or raree show. All bent on bantering him, especially Lockhart; Hogg walking through it as if unconscious, or almost flattered. His vanity seems to be immense, but also his good-nature. I felt interest for the poor herd-body; wondered to see him blown hither from the sheep-folds, and how, quite friendless as he was, he went along cheerful, mirthful, and musical. I do not well understand this man; his significance is perhaps considerable. His poetic talent is authentic, yet his intellect seems of the weakest; his morality also

limits itself to the precept, 'be not angry.' Is the charm of this poor man to be found herein, that he *is* a real product of Nature, and able to speak naturally, which not one in at housand is? An unconscious talent, though of the smallest, emphatically naïve. Once or twice in singing (for he sang of his own) there was an emphasis in poor Hogg's look—expressive of feeling—almost of enthusiasm. The man is a very curious *specimen.* Alas! he is a *man*; yet how few will so much as treat him like a *specimen*, and not like a mere wooden Punch and Judy." There is a kind of patronising air about all this that one does not like, and the picture is, besides, not particularly accurate.

The closing years of Hogg's life afford but little material for the biographer. One of the last outstanding incidents of his career was a visit to London, where he was received with every mark of distinction by all classes of society. We read of a great festival being given in his honour, which was "attended by nearly two hundred persons, including noblemen, members of Parliament, and men of letters." We strongly suspect the Shepherd must have felt very much like a fish out of water in the midst of all the *fêting* and feasting of this time. A story is told of his being taken to the Opera, where he very soon gave unequivocal signs of drowsiness; yet to any inquiry implying a doubt of his feeling entertained he replied, "Eh! I like it gae weel, sir." When he did give his attention to any part of the performance, his eyes were observed to be fixed on Costa, the conductor. At length he could no longer restrain his curiosity in regard to the man with the *bâton*, and exclaimed, "Wha, and what the deil's *that* fellow that aye keeps wagging the stick yonder?"

Hogg's misfortunes pursued him almost to the end. When old age began to creep on him he was anxious to make some provision for his family, and the only way he could think of doing this was by issuing a collected edition of his works. It was, we believe, about this time that he wrote to Byron asking a recommendation to Murray. In the letter he speaks of his last publisher in no friendly terms, declares his "bills" are never "lifted," and adds, *totidem verbis*, "God d——n him and them both." Byron, telling a friend about this incident, remarks: "The said Hogg is a strange being, but of great though uncouth powers. I think very highly of him as a poet; but he and half of those Scotch and Lake Troubadours are spoilt by living in little circles and petty societies." But Byron was unable to help Hogg, and the latter got into the hands of a publisher who failed after the first volume of the poet's works had been issued. Thus was Hogg's last hope left unrealised. In the autumn of 1835

he was seized with a dropsical complaint, and in a few months Wordsworth had sung:—

> The mighty minstrel breathes no longer;
> 'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies,
> And death upon the braes of Yarrow
> Has closed the shepherd-poet's eyes.

The shepherds carried him over the hills that divide Yarrow from Ettrick, and laid him in his own Ettrick kirkyard, a few steps from the cottage in which he was born.

Hogg's perpetual losses, as already indicated, led to much "pot-boiling" literary work, which has now passed into oblivion, as work of that kind should be allowed to do. But no shades of oblivion are ever likely to close round his "Bird of the Wilderness," or "Cam' ye by Athole?" or "Flora Macdonald's Lament," or "Come o'er the Stream, Charlie," or "When the Kye comes Hame," to mention only a few songs the production of which must always give a glory to the Vale of Ettrick, already consecrated by the memory of the old ballad-singers. These songs, it is safe to predict, will keep the Shepherd's memory green as long as there are Scottish men and maidens to sing them. Apart from his songs, Hogg's real strength lay in the realm of the supernatural. "I'm king o' the mountain and fairy school" he said to Scott, and he was right. No other poet has ever described Fairyland so well. It is his genius in this direction that makes "The Queen's Wake" his best poem, and "The Brownie of Bodsbeck" his best prose fiction. The rest of his works might very well be forgotten, and the world of literature would be none the poorer; but these must live.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN

ENGRAVEN IN THE STONES:

A RECORD OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

HISTORY is of two kinds. In the more restricted sense it implies the narrative of events contained in written documents; but in the widest application of the term is comprehended all knowledge of facts derived from external sources, written or otherwise; the almost synonymous Latin and Greek words mean strictly "a matter of record." It is with this broader definition that I am tempted to notice some of the fragments of history enshrined within the fabric of Worcester Cathedral, which are more ancient than the Bible itself, or than any manuscript that the world has ever known, for they are inscribed in the very stones.

Approaching the cathedral from the river-side, we are at once impressed with the varying tints of the sandstone, the material used throughout in the main structure of the building. Excavated in the neighbourhood of Ombersley, in Worcestershire, this New Red sandstone, as distinguished from the Devonian, or Old Red, is from a substratum of the Triassic system of rocks; it lies beneath the saliferous marls of Droitwich, and a capital section is exposed in a cutting of the Midland Railway at Bromsgrove station. The stone being warm in tone, compact in texture, and fairly durable, is eminently suited for the building of the early English church; and the varying shades of colour render the effect peculiarly attractive from an artistic point of view when the newness of the surface has somewhat worn away, or been mellowed in the lapse of time.

In order to appreciate more fully the teaching of the stones it is necessary to travel far afield beyond the portals of the peaceful shrine on the banks of the placid Severn.

Vast ages back in geological time, before the Tertiary sediment, the chalk, the Cotswold Oolites, or the Lias clays were deposited, the interstratified beds of the Worcestershire Trias were formed in lakes or lagoons, communicating, perhaps, with the ocean, from the disintegration of still more ancient gneiss and micaceous schist. In the

rocks of Trias age, thus gradually accumulated in the marshy wastes, were embedded the bones of the first mammal which is known to have existed on the earth, the fossil remains possessing the characters of the surviving marsupials of Australia. Ripple marks preserved in some of the hardened sands of the Trias strata prove the existence in those periods, incalculably remote, of tidal action; every day you may see the same ridge and furrow produced by the ebb of the tide in the lower estuary of the Severn. In the Trias flagstones also are found the impressions caused by the feet of birds and quadrupeds, even as the imprints are left to-day on the sand or mud of the sea-shore.

The Trias stones of the cathedral simply tell of an epoch when the heart of England was a series of saline lagoons and islets more or less in connection with a tidal ocean, with a flora and fauna widely divergent from those of our present temperate zone, but linked to them by innumerable gradations in successive epochs—necessarily imperfect in the lapse of ages, but sufficiently clear to teach us that life comes only from life, since the remote period when incipient matter was first endowed with animation by the Giver of all life. The fossil plants from strata associated with the quarries from which the cathedral stones are derived indicate a semi-tropical climate, where the shallow waters of the inland lagoons slowly evaporated beneath a torrid sun; where wingless, or nearly wingless, birds, such as the New Zealand apteryx, the wood-hen of Lord Howe's Island, or the emu of the antipodean plains, flourished by reed-clad shores; and where marsupial animals bounded across the arid wastes of sand. The deposits of solid rock salt in both the Cheshire and Worcestershire marls are the product of this epoch, whilst the same process can be studied amid the plains of Central Asia or in the diminishing lake system of South Australia. Indeed, it is in the Trias period that we find the commencement of the typical flora and fauna which slowly develop through the Purbeck ages of geologists into the geological and botanical horizon now prevailing in certain portions of the Australian island continent.

Within the portals of the cathedral we may discover another link in the chain of development. Let us proceed direct to the Gothic choir, which is so thoroughly expressive of a devotional spirit, and so perfect in every detail, that it might well be compared with the far-famed "Angel Choir" of Lincoln Minster, the finest in the land. A good deal of the elegance displayed at Worcester is derived from the free use of the Purbeck shafts throughout, a material which the early English architects employed to advantage

in most of our cathedrals and abbey churches. The blue-grey of the polished surfaces lends an agreeable contrast to the carved stone work; the sombre marble, together with the foliated capitals and richly carved bosses, give sufficient decoration without additional colour being applied to the stone. Effective as they are for architectural purposes, there is something more in connection with these slender columns which suggest material for deep reflection, even if it be not on lines precisely ecclesiastical. An examination of a single shaft at once shows many sections of fossil shells belonging rather to a series of land testacea than to marine genera of mollusca. There are fragments of Paludinæ, Planorbi, and Limnæa, often enough exhibiting the internal divisions or segment walls of the different shells. If I might take a hammer to chip the marble pillar, I could obtain a whole collection of shells, with the remains of microscopic Cypridæ always found in the upper Purbeck rocks. At Swanage or Lulworth, in Dorset, the strata may be studied *in situ*.

These freshwater limestones constitute the upper series of the Oolitic system, rocks relatively newer than the Trias strata. The Purbeck shafts in Worcester Cathedral are, consequently, almost as old as the Cotswold hills. The abundance of fossil remains in corresponding beds prove very clearly that a semi-tropical climate existed in England at the period, as in the Trias days; the vegetation and terrestrial fauna have also a most curious affinity with that of Australia. In the Trias period we found evidences of the dawn of the marsupial era in the palæontological remains, such as Microlestes antiquus. Now, in the Oolitic epoch this becomes the typical order, some twenty-five genera of marsupials having been discovered in the middle Purbeck rocks, embedded together with the remains of tropical plants. All the animals of that age had the progression of the kangaroo, and apparently carried the young in the characteristic pouch, and they lived amid cycadaceous plants, palms, araucarias; great tree ferns flourished then, as they now do in Australia. Standing in the recesses of one of those glorious gullies in the great mountain range of New South Wales, we might actually imagine ourselves thrown suddenly back into the remote Purbeck days. The rock wallaby bounding through the scrub; the strange proteaceous plants and luxuriant tree ferns are all links of the great Secondary age. Mr. Wallace has shown us how this vast island continent has been severed by a deep sea channel from the Asian archipelago and main ever since the Secondary period. Progress has been arrested, so to speak, in Australia, where, with the

single exception of the opossum, the marsupial order—once predominant—alone survives. Standing by moonlight amongst the weird white gum trees, I have watched a queer bat hanging head downwards from the boughs, the piercing dark eyes gleaming in the half light from the sharp-featured face. It was but a harmless flying fox, yet suggestive enough of some blood-sucking vampire or winged reptile of pterodactyle kind, whose fossil bones had risen again in the flesh. What an old-world creature, again, is the duck-billed platypus, gliding silently into some flowing stream. In this anomalous animal Nature has surely been trying her hand at half-a-dozen orders in one. The flat bill is that of a bird, the fur is that of a burrowing mole, the feet and poison glands are reptilian in character. Although the creature lays eggs, the young are suckled after the manner of marsupial mammals. The shells in the brackish lakes are allied to those embedded in the Purbeck limestones, and the primate fronds of the living Macrozamia are almost identical with cone-bearing cycads of Oolitic times. Amongst the fishes of North Australia lingers the Ceratodus, the survival of ancient orders with the primitive structure of the Devonian period Everything we see is the survival of an ancient fauna and flora, amid which mankind seems out of place. There is a slab of stone in the Chapel of Prince Arthur, at Worcester, which speaks eloquently of these past ages.

Supporting the canopies of the arcade, dividing the choir from the north aisle, the slender columns are of polished Carboniferous limestone, either from the Derbyshire or North Wales hills, Primary rocks dating from the formation of the Coal-measures. This stone, or marble I ought rather to call it (any limestone which takes a high polish is called marble), is crowded with an extraordinary wealth of organic remains, such as now exist in the depths of the far-off Pacific Ocean of another hemisphere ; these clear waters and torrid climes favour the growth of corals at suitable depths : encrinites, polyzoa, and a wealth of marine life luxuriate. On the shores of Ceylon, for example, the clear tidal pools teem with an exuberance of life, even as did the Carboniferous and Wenlock seas, in which the fossils of the polished limestones had their origin. A glimpse into one of those rocky pools on the shores of the Indian Ocean surely affords us a picture of what the Carboniferous seas were like. I have gazed from some small promontory into a realm of brilliant colour, where bright algæ, madrepores of violet and green, corals and sponges, or crimson gorgonia are mingled in lavish profusion. Jewelled fishes flash in and out like fire opals, and spiny echinoderms revel in the trans-

lucent seas. The remains are to be seen in the marble slabs, although the intense colours and living forms have passed away. The dried or fossilised skeleton of a sponge is not an object of transcendent beauty, but the living organism covered with gelatinous sarcode, supported on a network of needle-shaped spiculæ, with each tiny cell the home of a ciliated monad, and the whole mass, perhaps delicately tinted as from an Alpine glow, is a wondrous sight.

The cathedral stones, again, teach us that the prototypes of each organism lived and likewise flourished in the congenial temperature of the limestone seas. Attached to those ancient rocks something akin to the existing scarlet gorgonia spread its frond-like branchlets, each cell having its pink polyp and ciliated tentacles creating a ceaseless vortex, by means of which the food particles were attracted. The quiet pools had also their violet madrepores, aggregated colonies of animal life, and sea-green asteroid corals. Our purple and crimson echinodermata creeping on the ambulacral organs, with spinous spherical shells, are but modifications of pre-existing kinds, as the blue, orange, and red fish of the tropical seas, flashing in the intense light of an endless summer, are descendants of more ancient types. I have seen as strangely shaped crustacea from the Indian Ocean as any trilobite from Silurian rocks. At every turn the comparison is suggested between the past and present ages. Worcester Cathedral is a perpetual record of changing periods of tropical life-history presented in fragmentary pictures. "The thing that hath been is that which shall be." This is true enough in principle, but the evidence of every stone proves changing climatic conditions regulating the conditions of life in every form.

The capacious nave of the cathedral is paved with slabs of black and white marble, the product of Irish and Italian quarries respectively. The choir steps and portions of the screen are made from red-toned Devonshire marbles. In one of the north chapels is the monument to Lady Digby, one of Chantrey's famous works: the figure is sculptured from pure white statuary marble, from the Apennines. The material is composed of a hard crystalline form of carbonate of lime metamorphosed by intense heat from a softer substance. If a small fragment of chalk is crushed into powder the microscopic washings reveal numberless organisms of the foraminiferæ, of which pure chalk is almost entirely composed. The same carbonate of lime, in the form of chalk, has been actually transformed into statuary marble in the laboratory by the application of intense heat or pressure (almost convertible terms). Chalk and crystalline marble are but two forms of the same elements, although, in the latter case, organic

traces have been obliterated. Each square inch of Lady Digby's sculptured form represents so many millions of foraminiferæ which lived and had their being in the Cretaceous seas, and were deposited in the mud as the foundation of future rocks, in the same way that Globerigina ooze now accumulates in the bed of the Atlantic.

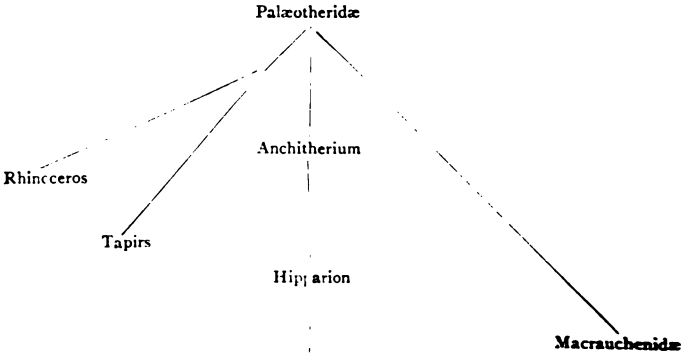
On the opposite side of the choir stands the beautiful chantry containing the tomb of Henry VII.'s son. The monk architects of old knew full well that there was no stone in the world so capable of retaining the fine edges of carving in ages to come as the Tertiary limestones—comparatively new in geological time—which they conveyed for the purpose from Caen, in Normandy, up the winding channel of the Severn. The palæontological records of these Tertiary rocks tell us that the older marsupial genera had gradually given place to mammals of a more advanced type, such as tapirs and the prototypes of the horse. Whilst surviving in Australia through these Tertiary periods, all the marsupialia, except the opossums, disappeared on the other continents. It is instructive to note *en passant* that the Pleistocene caverns in Australia contain the fossil remains of pouched lions, bears, and other animals.

Concerning the horse, the history that it tells is forcibly direct; the changes in course of development are too striking to be ignored. It is difficult, for example, to realise that the magnificent shire horse is specifically the same as a little Shetland pony. What the breeder has accomplished with domestic varieties, is but a faint adoption of the operation of great natural laws working through time to their appointed end. Thanks to Professor Marsh, the American geologist, and to the researches of others in Europe, it is now possible to trace the modern Equus through many transitions until we find the hoof of the species passing into a foot with divided toes; link by link it can be demonstrated by anatomists that the horse is descended from the Hipparion of Miocene age, and that, again, finds a common ancestry with other animals in the Palæotheridæ of Eocene epoch. (*See* footnote on next page.)

Threaded together, these fragments of history inscribed in the stones appear to me as so many links, imperfect as they necessarily are in the present state of our knowledge, in the grand scheme of organic evolution. Design in the universe implies a Designer. The succession of rocks in due order with their fossil contents proves definitely that climates alternated and seasons changed vast ages before Adam delved in Eden. Ice-bound regions have become torrid, tropics have changed to temperate zones, and temperate zones in turn been frozen; and so it will be while the earth rotates upon its

axis. The transitions continue, and it is only because the life of man does not span a thousand years that we cannot follow or perceive the changes of climate in time. The evidence of the rocks shows us clearly that, according to climatic variation, so the animal and vegetable adapted themselves to the changing environment, advancing or retrograding as the case might be. Either the successive creations were ruthlessly destroyed, to be replaced by a brand-new series, or the comprehensive law of evolution has been in operation since the germs of animation appeared on our planet. All the discoveries of biology teach us that the most complex organism is built up from the simple cell, and the study of embryology clearly reveals that during the transitional development of the ovum the embryo passes through successive lower animal grades before attaining to the higher type. Thus the embryonic chicken is at one period like a young dog-fish, and the human fœtus has the evidences of a caudal appendage, and closely resembles the immature structure of the quadrumana before it is fashioned into *Homo sapiens.*[1] A young newt and a young salmon are absolutely alike at certain stages in development; then the reptilian characters appear, and finally the water-breathing gills are displaced by the air-breathing organs of the higher class. Metamorphism is visible throughout the whole range of the geological kingdom; organic structure is in a constant condition of change. The pangenesis doctrine of Darwin, or the modified heredity theory of Professor Weissmann, may not satisfactorily explain the potential

[1] The article in the *Nineteenth Century*, November 1891—"Darwinism in the Nursery"—bears forcibly on this point.



DESCENT OF THE HORSE AND OTHER QUADRUPEDS ON DIFFERENT PLANES FROM A COMMON ANCESTRY—THE PALÆOTHERIDÆ.

capabilities of the germ plasm; we do not yet know why that same protoplasm, identical apparently in composition during the incipient stages, should develop along different planes into plant or animal respectively. The broad fact, however, remains, that the highest organisms are thus built up from single cells, and that the embryonic stages reflect, as it were, the previous orders in the zoological kingdom, through which the higher grades of animal life have passed before attaining to the present development. To concede these points as we are driven to do by the researches of biological investigation is going a long way towards the recognition of the grand scheme of organic evolution; for there is nothing more difficult to accept in the doctrines of the survival of the fittest and natural selection than there is in the conception of complex man being built up from the lowly cell. If we credit the one axiom of biology, the others follow as almost inevitable corollaries.

The study of the stones teaches that, although organic types appear to have been constant through entire geological epochs, the inherent tendency to change has been reasserted in ratio to the prevalence of climatic variation. That which cannot conform must surely die. The blubber-eating Esquimaux races would infallibly disappear if the sub-arctic zone gave place to tropical conditions, as the negro races would die out in a colder clime to give place to more suitable races.

The time has gone by when the aspect of Christianity towards organic evolution can be hostile in character,[1] perhaps one of the most remarkable phases in contemporary thought being the countenance given by eminent theologians to the more advanced teachings of biology. Those who profess the doctrines of organic evolution are no longer adjudged without the pale of orthodox Christianity.

In the alluvial valleys of the Severn and tributary Avon are found embedded the remains of reindeer, bears, beavers, and primitive oxen, together with parts of the gigantic mammoth and other extinct animals. These bones tell of a land connection between Great Britain and Scandinavia many thousands of years ago, when sub-arctic conditions, glaciers, and ice-fields reigned supreme in our land. Stone implements and corn-grinding utensils from the same deposits tell of a contemporary race of mankind existing in a nomadic state. This race of men lived thousands of years before the time of Adam, according to the Biblical chronology; the necessary changes in climate and the distribution of land and sea could not have occurred in a brief six thousand years. Passages in the early portions

[1] Vide *Lux Mundi*, section by the Rev. J. R. Illingworth, p. 181, ed. x.

of the Book of Genesis, it may be, point obscurely to pre-Adamite races of man ; and the variation in type from the highly-civilised man to the arboreal and cave-dwellers, the cannibal tribes, and lowly inhabitants of the Andaman Islands show us that man has been modified by infinitely small degrees through the Palæolithic and Neolithic ages. The study of the cathedral stones dimly reveals these things to my mind, and leads me to the conclusion that the spirit of life in every degree, from the very lowest, is, in a measure, indestructible, and cannot suffer extinction, any more than matter can be destroyed.

C. PARKINSON.

SPORT AND LITERATURE.

IN this paper it is to be understood that English literature alone is dealt with; for not only is the British field quite wide enough for one harvest, but it is the most prolific in the world as regards the combined crop suggested by the heading.

It cannot but be evident to the least sport-loving reader how closely associated are all forms of sports and pastimes with British life and thought; nor is it possible to disregard the effects of such association upon the manners, and customs, and writings of the nation in question. Suffice it to say, that some of the greatest of our poets and prose writers constantly allude to the subject. Such references are found in likely and unlikely places: in the staid *Quarterly* and decorous *Spectator*; in the frivolous, so-called "society" papers; and in publications nominally devoted to the discussions of science, the recording of law doings, or the illustrating of modes and robes.

With the exception of a few specialistic journals—as religious or trade magazines and newspapers—all English publications constantly contain reference, more or less direct, to sport. There are published in the British Isles some hundred magazines and newspapers which proclaim themselves sporting journals pure and simple, whilst of those four thousand others which professedly deal with all things on earth and elsewhere, there are but few indeed which never touch upon the topic in question. Even the legal journals, and those devoting a large portion of their space to recording the doings in the Courts, necessarily occasionally refer at length to this subject, as witness many recent sensational racing and other gambling cases tried by English judges and magistrates.

It is evident how strong a hold sport has established upon the language; how its phraseology and similes have been engrafted thereupon—to its enriching?

In olden times a gentleman's education was held incomplete if he were not a master of all the mysteries and parlance pertaining to sports of the field; all the complicated argot of hawking and hunting:

these things were essential, even though he could neither read nor write. Such paltry matters of erudition as the latter were left to those in holy orders and other mere clerks.

In later days, when fox-hunting took the place of the more ceremonious forms of the science of venerie, which went out of vogue with the extermination of larger and more ferocious beasts of chase than the little red rover, a complicated phraseology still survived. But towards the middle of the present century the pedantry of sporting diction was voted "bad form;" though enough of it still survives to render the man ridiculous who affects to be a sportsman, and, like Mrs. Malaprop, "deranges his epitaphs."

The learned Albert Barrère, in his "Argot and Slang," observes that the study of the slang jargon of a nation—a language which is not the expression of conventional ideas, but the unvarnished rude expression of life in its true aspects—may give us an insight into the foibles and predominant vices (as also virtues) of those who use it.

As indicative of the way in which terms of the chase, of field sports, of games, and of the machines, implements, and accessories thereto, enter into the language of the street, the senate, the platform, and the newspaper, I append a few phrases that daily run trippingly off the British tongue. Thus we speak of a man being at bay when he is "driven into a corner," the term being a strictly technical one. In modern stag-hunting the quarry is said to be "set up at bay" when, overrun and exhausted, he gets his back against a rock, and haunch-deep in water, with head and antlers carried warily, defies the *baying pack.* In the latter case, "bay," of course, has another significance, meaning bark. Herein lies one of the baffling beauties of the English language. In the "Taming of the Shrew" one reads, "Your deer doth hold you at a bay;" the simile is just, though by a humorous method of illustration the ordinary positions are inverted. Speaking of the dead Cæsar, Antony says, "Here was't thou bayed, brave hart;" thus most appropriately borrowing a figure from the language of the chase. Again, in Scott's "Lady of the Lake" (Canto I., The Chase), we find the following spirited lines, showing how "The Knight of Snowdoun, James FitzJames," ran a gallant stag to bay:

> The hunter marked that mountain high,
> The lone lake's western boundary,
> And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
> Where that huge rampart barred the way. . . .

Take also the verb "to babble" and the substantive "babbler.'

Babbler is a common and most expressive word. In the language of the chase, a hound that gives tongue at all times save the right one, namely, off the scent often, but rarely on: hence an unreliable, irresponsible chatterer. Compare Lord Beaconsfield's famous phrase, "The hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity." Shakespeare says, "I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry"—"cry" having two meanings (the Immortal Bard loved juggling *double entendre*): a pack of hounds, and the music thereof. But, indeed, the great poet's writings contain many references to babbling and babblers. "This babbler shall not henceforth trouble you," said Julia in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Elsewhere we find, "And leave thy vain bibble babble." In "Much Ado about Nothing," Dogberry exclaims: "For the watch to babble and talk is most *tolerable*, and not to be endured." The last words of Falstaff, when we are told "'a babbled of green fields," exhibit a somewhat extended use of the word; as does also the phrase from "Titus Andronicus," "Whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds;" though the following from the same play strictly shows its use in its derivative sense: "A long-tongued, babbling gossip." The author of the "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" opens his preface with the words: "What has this babbler to say?" quoting the bard aforesaid. Plato's pithy aphorism, "As empty vessels make the loudest sound, so they that have the least wit are the greatest babblers," fittingly closes this section of my discourse.

Daily we hear or read of "trying back," "on a false scent," "off the scent," "a cold scent," and the like, all of which are borrowed from the vocabulary of hunting, and require no explanation. Of all the various branches of sports and pastimes, hunting appears to have supplied more phrases and forms of illustration in English literature than any other. In Holy Writ we read of the hart heated in the chase panting for cooling streams, an allusion strictly accurate and practical. "To run with the hare and hunt with the hounds" is every man's most natural illustration of a trimmer. The "whips" in the British Houses of Parliament marshal their respective packs just as do whippers-in their hounds.

Quitting hunting for awhile, and passing on to other sections of the subject of sporting phrases and allusions, the expression "in the first flight" suggests itself. This, though borrowed from the language venatic, is primarily derived from the habits of birds, the most wary of which, with Dædalian promptitude, instinctively first take wing upon occasion, due or otherwise. "Wide of the mark," a fami

expression, originally referred to archery; but though bows have long since given place to rifles, it is to-day as appropriate and expressive as it was in the time of Robin Hood. "To shoot at a pigeon and kill the crow" has for centuries served Englishmen to express a lucky accident; while in the phrase, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" there is a distinct allusion to the ancient method of fowling. "Hoodwinked" is derived from hawking; for falcons or other trained hawks were, and are, carried with hoods over head and eyes till such time as it is required to despatch them after their quarry.

Our omnivorous tongue has not scrupled to turn to the baser forms of so-called "sports" for felicitous, though vulgar, adages. From the cock-pit comes the expressive saying: "This cock won't fight." To the racecourse the politician, the lecturer, and the leader-writer have recourse when they speak of being overmatched, hampered, or "handicapped." From the racecourse this convenient trope doubtless comes; though for its actual derivation the card-table must be sought. Originally, handicap was a game at cards not unlike loo, but with this difference: the winner of one trick has to put in a double stake, the winner of two tricks a triple stake, and so on. Thus, if six persons are playing, and the general stake is one shilling, and A wins three tricks, he gains six shillings, and has to "hand i' the cap," or pool, three shillings for the next deal. Says Pepys in his "Diary:" "To the Mitre Tavern, in Wood Street, a house of the greatest note in London. Here some of us fell to handicap, a sport I never knew before, which was very good."

From cards also are derived such familiar sayings as, "A card up his sleeve" (a clever, if not a very commendable action); "a trump card;" "to play your cards well," &c. From billiards we borrow "a fine stroke;" from cricket, "a good innings;" and from football "he has the ball at his feet." Many others will suggest themselves to the reader, the foregoing being just jotted down as they occur to the mind of the writer, by way of examples.

Shakespeare's plays and poems abound with references and allusions to sport and pastime, together with direct quotations from the jargon thereof. He directly mentions such topics upwards of two hundred and fifty times—indirectly on thousands of occasions. And no wonder. Loving the air and living greatly in the same; a very joyous and manly man; born and bred in one of the loveliest portions of beautiful England, hard by the silver Avon; surrounded by all the attributes of rural and sylvan life, and in an eminently sporting and sportive age (England was "Merrie England" then); a sympathiser with lovers of "cakes and ale" and all jollity; it would be strange

indeed were one so keenly alive to all his surroundings mute as regards such subjects—failed to draw illustrations from such a copious source. In addition to those already given, I venture to quote a few passages from the works of the "Great Heir of Time" in elucidation of this. And it is to be noted that our bard was evidently well versed in all matters pertaining to hounds and horses. Take the following admirable description of a horse:

> Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks strong and long,
> Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
> High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
> Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
> Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
> Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Then, as to hounds and their glorious music, the following extracts from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (it being borne in mind that fashions change, and that the style of hound so nobly delineated by the poet, though utterly unlike his modern descendants, was precisely the animal beloved of children of Artemis in the Elizabethan era). Hippolyta says to her royal lover:

> I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
> When in a wood of Crete they *bay'd* the bear
> With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near
> Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

And presently Theseus takes up the theme, informing his fair inamorata that he is the happy owner of a noble pack:

> My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each. A cry more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Again, Shakespeare alludes some half-dozen times to the game of tennis, so popular and fashionable in his day; and once to billiards, hardly then the game now in vogue, nor played upon such tables as are used at the present time. No less than one hundred and fifty times is the word "sport" used by the bard in his deathless plays and poems; but not, of course, in the restricted sense in which the writer of this article uses it. Shovel-board and shove-groat shilling (2 Henry IV. II. 4) are allusions to a somewhat similar game. It will be remembered

how Bardolph was to quoit (a reference to another game, used with the poet's usual love of metaphor) Pistol downstairs, as the smooth shilling—the shove-groat—flies along the board. Rare Ben Jonson makes a similar allusion.

And again, still digging in this exhaustless mine, whence every description of jewel may be extracted for purposes of literary adornment—consulting this encyclopædia of illustration—we find much reference to the ever-popular sport of angling. There is the well-known passage in "Antony and Cleopatra," plus the jest of the stale fish; there is another in "Much Ado about Nothing;" and the curious student will find them elsewhere in the revered volumes of which we are so fondly proud. Evidently Shakespeare was familiar with the game of football, in the elementary though popular form of the æra he adorned. Dromio of Ephesus ("Comedy of Errors"), doubly playing upon the word "round," says: "Am I so round with you, as you with me, that like a football you do spurn me thus?" And in the Master's greatest tragedy Kent is made to say: "Nor tripped neither, you base football player."

Leaving the Swan of Avon and the noble writers of the Elizabethan age, as we pass onwards we find more and more reference to sports and pastimes in all the writings preserved through the medium of type. Byron, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, Whyte Melville, and a host of others constantly allude to such subjects. Sometimes the writer, as in the case of Byron, betrays both ignorance of and contempt for sport; sometimes, like Dickens, talented and classical authors display a cockneyfied lack of knowledge: Trollope writes of hunting calmly yet intelligently; whilst Whyte Melville (soldier, poet, novelist, sportsman) gave the world a collection of impassioned novels, mainly treating of the chase, which are alike imbued with the true spirit of sport and the divine flame of the artist. "Nimrod" (Mr. Apperley); Mr. St. John; the authors of "Silk and Scarlet," "Post and Paddock," "Loch and Moor;" the late Mr. Walsh, of the *Field* ("Stonehenge"); Mr. Senior (the great "Redspinner"), "Plantagenet," "Cordley," and many others, have produced works elegantly written, crammed with poetical quotation and classical allusions. The sporting novel, and the novel which, in striving to depict the various phases of modern English life, has to touch upon the subject of sport, are so well known as to be familiar to all readers of current and, possibly, ephemeral literature.

There are sporting writers and sporting writers. The vulgar tautological argot of the average reporter on racing or boxing, sculling, running, or knurr and spell, is as widely apart from the fasci-

nating and pure style of a Whyte Melville or a "Brooksby" as is the schoolboy's essay on "Kats" from the scholarly and model essays of Addison.

Somerville's "Love Chase," a work little read nowadays, is a piece of true poetry of a high order of excellence, though mere sport is its subject. The said "Love Chase" must not be confounded with the comedy of that name by the brilliant Sheridan Knowles. By way of illustration I append a few lines from the poem in question:

> All earth's astir, rous'd with the revelry
> Of vigour, health, and joy! Cheer awakes cheer,
> While Echo's mimic tongue that never tires
> Keeps up the hearty din. Each face is then
> Its neighbour's glass—where gladness sees itself,
> And at the bright reflection grows more glad;
> Breaks into tenfold mirth!—laughs like a child—
> Would make a gift of its own heart, it is so free!
> Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich!
> Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
> That life was life before.

And all about what, think you? Merely foxhunting.

It would, indeed, be difficult to say into what works of English classical literature the student might dip without the certainty of encountering allusions to sports and pastimes (save only, of course, the writing of those holy men who have given to us solemn matter which should not be mentioned in conjunction with such a light subject as this paper treats of).

In Hogg's "Madoc of the Moor" (Canto I., The Hunting) will be found a spirited description of the chase in Scotland in the fourteenth century, reminding the reader so strongly of portions of Scott's "Lady of the Lake" that one is impelled to accuse Sir Walter of plagiarism. Note four lines previously quoted.

Even the sage (and somewhat dull) Cowper cannot avoid a brief reference to the great topic. Says he:

> Nor yet the hawthorn bore his berries red,
> With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed;
> Nor autumn yet had dash'd from every spray,
> With his chill hand, the mellow leaves away:
> But corn was housed, and beans were in the stack.
> Now, therefore, issued forth the spotted pack.

As being germane to my text, I should like to quote a few lines from the cynical, godless, unhappy genius known to mankind as Lord Byron, the poet:

Then there was billiards; cards, too, but *no* dice;
Save in the clubs, no man of honour plays;
Boats when 'twas water, skating when 'twas ice,
And the hard frost destroy'd the scenting days;
And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaac Walton sings or says:
The quaint, old cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

But *audi alteram partem.* Dear old Father Walton must not be attacked by a lordly sceptic undefended and without being allowed the privilege of response.

It is customary nowadays to regard "Old Izaak" as the author of a delightful and immortal book, redolent of wild flowers, gently flowing streams, sweet country air and pastoral delights—as one who "babbles of green fields" in a style the most charming and sympathetic; but at the same time certain modern angling experts affect to attach little or no importance to the "Compleat Angler" as a practical guide to the piscatorial art. The "National Encyclopædia" says: "The popularity of the 'Compleat Angler' has been preserved undiminished up to the present time, when it is read and loved, not certainly on account of its precepts and practical directions, *which are now obsolete*, but for its charming style and devout piety." In a work well known to anglers, 'Ephemera" takes the same text, preaching that Walton is quaint and fascinating, but his directions, save in a few instances, are antiquated and erroneous. Not so. Walton was no fly-fisher; his pupil and colleague, Charles Cotton, ably deals with that branch of the art; but the "Master," and father of fishermen, despite antiquated and cumbersome tackle, was as skilful in deluding and capturing coarse fish, in bottom-fishing, and as well qualified to discourse upon the methods of the same, as any brother of the angle now living.

The passage referred to by Lord Byron, in which Walton describes the method of utilising a frog as a live bait, securing him to the hook tenderly, "as though you loved him," need not be quoted here; but the following may well be transcribed as illustrating the style of an English classical writer: "But for the practical part, it is that that makes an angler; it is diligence and observation, and practice, and an ambition to be the best in the art, that must do it. I will tell you, scholar, I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than I do; I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do. And such a man is like to prove an angler."

Walton ever suggests Cotton. The well-born junior was the adopted son of the old, respectable London tradesman; a great love united the two during life; and Cotton's work on fly-fishing is always bound together with Walton's "Compleat Angler." Throughout Cotton's treatise the gentlemanlike disposition of the author breathes. Note the following as indicative of that kindly, charitable, considerate spirit which animated the disciple of the Father of Anglers, and which is not often found absent in fishermen of the present day: "I am not so totally devoted to my own pleasure, but that I have also some regard for other men's." He was accomplished, handsome, and a prince and prophet among anglers; especially towards the fascinating art of fly-fishing did he incline, preferring it before that which is termed "bottom fishing." As Shakespeare says:

> The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
> Cut with her golden oars the silver stream
> And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

Poor gifted Pope, the Twickenham hunchback, alludes to our subject:

> Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
> A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.

Pope says "prey," but "quarry" would have been a more suitable word; however, one cannot expect Pope to be *au fait* with venatic technicalities.

Goldsmith, too, Dr. Johnson's "Goldie," who "wrote like an angel, though he talked like poor polly"—even Goldsmith, both in the undying poem yclept "The Deserted Village" and in one of the finest comedies ever penned, "She Stoops to Conquer," frequently touches very happily upon the subject of this paper, but space forbids quotation.

Referring more particularly to that spurious form of sport whose proper designation is gambling, Herbert says, very wisely

> Play not for gain, but sport; who plays for more
> Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart,
> Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she has borne.

Coming tardily, I fear, towards the termination of my article, I venture to "double back," as sporting writers would say, and call the attention of my readers to a few passages in the works of two of the greatest and earliest of English classical writers, by way of finally showing the intimate connection existing between sport and literature. Edmund Spenser, the author of the pure and lofty "Faerie Queene," elsewhere pens the following:

In wrestling nimble, and in running swift;
In shooting steady, and in swimming strong,
Well made to strike, to leap, to throw, to lift,
And all the sports that shepherds are among.

As for the characters in the *Canterbury Tales*, though, doubtless, that worthy man, the knight, and his son, the lusty young squire, were sportsmen, we are not directly so told; probably Chaucer intended it to be understood. All men of rank were sportsmen in those days. Be that as it may, as regards the knight and the squire, we are directly told that the franklin was a sport-loving man; he was evidently a successful deluder of fish, as also a snarer of game; for it is written:

Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It *snewed* in his hous of mete and drink.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme and many a luce in stewe.

Keeping partridges mewed up until they should be required is not in accordance with modern notions regarding sport in England, though at this day quails are so treated; at certain seasons you will find them in little coops in every game-dealer's shop. As for "breme and luce" (that is, bream and pike) in the stew-pond, that is a matter of taste; and, of course, *de gustibus non disputandum.* Now, no country gentleman would eat a bream, though the mighty luce or pike is very toothsome, if properly stuffed, baked, and cooked.

Lastly, the restless spirit of adventure and the fascination of big game-shooting, whilst they have attracted sportsmen to South Africa, have conduced to the production of much literary matter, alike elegant and stirring. Eloquent pens have dealt with sport in the Dark Continent in its widest, wildest, and truest sense. As an example of the spirited treatment of the topic now under consideration, dealt with in a truly poetical and descriptive style, furnishing also a complete and accurate list of the "beasts of chase" to be encountered in the untrodden wilds of the glorious country in question, I would direct the reader's attention to Pringle's beautiful poem, entitled "Afar in the Desert," in which he will see, glowingly painted, the joys of a wild free life of genuine sport, and many curious and truthful statements referring to the kudu, hartebeest, and eland, the quagga, the "river-horse," and many other of the *feræ naturæ* given to man by a beneficent Providence, all of which animals he is doing his best to exterminate from the face of the earth.

CLIFFORD CORDLEY.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

THE dramatic season is dead, is lapped in lead like the friends, all the friends, of King Pandion. To look back upon it is like looking back over a waste of volcanic ground pitted with extinct volcanoes. There is little in it to remember, very little to regret. Perhaps, on the whole, so dull, so vacuous, so valueless a dramatic season has not waxed and waned for long enough. It was not all a blank; it had its brightness, it had its beauty, but the brightness and the beauty were exceptional, and monotonous ineffectuality was the order of the day.

The season brought with it few plays that called for serious consideration, it added little to the meagre list of contemporary plays that could by any amount of mental juggling be called works of art. It gave us two Shakespearean revivals, one refreshing riverside comedy, one entertaining comic opera, and some translations of Scandinavian drama which lent to the period the major part of whatever dramatic dignity, whatever original artistic interest it possessed. In the blackness of its noonday night those stars of the North did stick fiery off indeed, and it is scarcely surprising if those who longed for something living were prepared to hail them as little short of miraculous in their ability.

The cleverest comedy that the season has given us—indeed, the only clever comedy—is "Walker, London." It has been said, and truly said, that "Walker, London," is not, as a work of art, on a level with the successes in fiction of the author of "A Window in Thrums" and of "A Little Minister." It has been urged that it has not added in any degree to Mr. Barrie's fame. No doubt these arguments are true enough, but at the same time it must be remembered that the play is a very charming little play, and, further, that, as a work of art, it is very decidedly superior to that prose story of Mr. Barrie's on which it is founded, the story called "When a Man's Single," and that it is quite on a level with the very best pages of "My Lady Nicotine." It is the work of a man of original ideas; it is the work of a man who can write well and wittily, who has a very

exquisite humour, and who has succeeded in giving to the people of his sketch a distinct if not very striking individuality of their own. Its existence does much to redeem the dead season from its reproach of artistic barrenness.

The one other bright spot in the season's record, so far as original work was concerned, was Mr. Gilbert's "The Mountebanks." Mr. Gilbert has written better "books," but he has also written worse, and the leading idea of his story was humorously conceived and humorously carried out. The play was really two distinct stories loosely stitched together, and the story which dealt with the doings of the strolling players, who gave the piece its name, was by far the better portion. In this half of the story, too, Mr. Gilbert was exceptionally fortunate in the interpreters of his fancy. The Nita and Bartolo of Miss Jenoure and of Mr. Monkhouse were creations to be remembered with delight both in their original forms as dancing-girl and clown and in their fantastic metamorphoses into clockwork Ophelia and Hamlet. Mr. Monkhouse was an old familiar friend, Miss Jenoure was new to London, and her success was the more welcome because it gave our comic stage an actress who can sing well, who can dance delightfully, and who can act in the most excellent spirit of humour and of fancy.

The other artistic successes of the dead season were the Shakespearean revivals of Mr. Irving and of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and the performances of two foreign companies—the mimes who played the "Statue du Commandeur" and the company of which Sarah Bernhardt was the head. In each of these two companies there was one actor of genius; in each of these companies the rest of the players did not count for much. It is true that in the pantomime the services of M. Courtès were enlisted, but he had not the opportunity to win such success as he won last year, when he played the Papa Pierrot. The genius of Madame Sarah Bernhardt was familiar to London; the genius of M. Tarride was quite new, and I am glad to think it was received with the enthusiasm that it deserved from those capable of appreciating its extraordinary power. It did not please the general public: it fairly enraptured the few who can welcome and understand masterly acting; it left a memory behind it that will not be lightly effaced.

These entertainments and the three plays of Scandinavian origin sum up all the important work of the past seven months. I have said that many were prepared to regard the Scandinavian plays as little short of miraculous in their ability; yet, to be sure, as a matter of fact, they were, each and all of them, very far short of miraculous.

"Karin," "A Visit," and "The Plowdens" were, in different ways, good plays, remarkable plays, strong plays. They were none of them dramatic revelations; they did not proclaim, as the first performance of "A Doll's House" proclaimed, the coming of a new order of things, the beginning of a revolution on the stage. But at least they carried on worthily the tradition of the previous year, of the year that had been called the Ibsen year, from the number of his plays that it saw produced for the first time on the English stage. They served to show that, in races akin to our own, races of kindred blood, races almost of common speech, the drama was a living active thing, dealing with real men and women, with their passions and their pains, with the inexorabilities of existence, ignoring alike conventionality and affectation, aiming solely at an honest realism. Neither "Karin" nor "The Plowdens" nor "A Visit" belong to the highest development of the Northern drama. No one of them is to be compared for a moment with a play by Ibsen, or with a play by Strindberg. But, although in the circle of the Scandinavian drama they might hold relatively a low place, they were so far ahead of anything we could produce ourselves this year that their merits loomed disproportionately large, like shadows on a mountain mist.

Let it be recognised frankly, once for all, that there is nothing whatever unpatriotic in an enthusiastic recognition of the Scandinavian drama. Even if it were possible to regard art as a thing limited by geographical degrees, and bounded by the clauses of treaties, we should be forced to remember that for long enough we have had, in the true sense of the word, no independent drama in England. France has been our inspiration, France has been our idol; if we must be unoriginal, it is no greater crime to draw our inspiration from the far North than from "our sweet enemy, France." But, of course, if our drama is doomed to depend upon any inspiration from abroad, whether from France or from Scandinavia, its case is well-nigh hopeless. What we hope—those of us who most warmly admire the Scandinavian drama—is, that the example of men who are of kin with Englishmen in blood and tongue will make them eager, not to slavishly imitate the pieces of Stockholm and Christiania and Copenhagen, but to take heart of grace from the truth, the naturalism of these plays, and to endeavour, in consequence, to find in purely English conditions suggestions for plays as powerful, as moving, and as true as anything that the masters of the North have created.

A certain body of opinion persists in connecting admiration for the Scandinavian drama with adhesion to the principles of what is

known as the New Criticism. The connection is more apparent than real. To begin with the term, New Criticism is very vague and very misleading. In its narrowest sense it refers to a certain number of young men, not six all told, who have in common the privilege of very decided opinions, and who are supposed to have in common an uncompromising adoration for the same gods. In its wider sense the New Criticism would seem to mean, in the mouths of its antagonists, anybody who dislikes anything that is old-fashioned, anything that is not of the moment momentary. If this definition were in any sense applicable to the New Criticism, then the New Criticism would not call for five seconds of serious consideration. If it does call for serious consideration at all, if it can in any real sense be said to exist, it is because it does, in the person of each of its individual members, strive very earnestly and very anxiously after artistic truth and artistic beauty. That a New Criticism exists which has any common principles, any common plan of campaign, any common principles of judgment, it would be, I imagine, rash to maintain. The little handful of men who are commonly supposed to serve under that banner are, indeed, chiefly remarkable for the incompatibility of their views, for their almost uncompromising differences of opinion, for their deeply sundered theories of artistic salvation.

In the immediate past the whole question of the New Criticism has been brought into prominence by an article of Mr. William Archer's in the August number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. William Archer is an authority entitled to be listened to with all attention when he writes about the drama. To him belongs the credit of having, at a time when the drama and, in consequence, dramatic criticism were at a pitiably low ebb in this country, done much to quicken the interest and spur the intelligence of the public. To him more than to anyone else is due the spread of what is called "Ibsenism." He has laboured hard and loyally to prove that the stage is a serious subject, to be treated in all seriousness by men honestly anxious for its honour and glory. He has been brilliantly seconded in this effort by Mr. A. B. Walkley, another of the critics of the New Criticism, but a man who, as thinker and as writer, differs widely from Mr. Archer, whose attitude towards the dramatic art is widely different, whose views of life, as expressed in his writings, are widely different, and the views of life of a critic inevitably influence his criticism. Mr. Archer and Mr. Walkley are always classed together. The classification is absurdly unscientific, but it at least shows that they stand, as it were, apart. "Where three men stand

together the kingdom is less by three," and in the sense of hostility to the old dramatic order, Mr. Archer and Mr. Walkley, and some one or two others, may be said to stand together.

Mr. William Archer reminds me a little of Faust when, on a certain unfortunate occasion, he interpreted the sign of the Earth Spirit and aroused its servant. When once he had aroused the Earth Spirit, Faust did not very well know what to do with it, very much as the Master's apprentice in the legend did not know what to do with the familiar demon that he had evoked while his master slumbered. Mr. Archer has called up, not indeed the Earth Spirit, but the Spirit of the New Criticism, and, having called it up, there would appear to be moments when he is not quite at his ease in its shadowy presence, and is slightly uncertain of the means to employ wherewith to exorcise it. For the New Criticism—which it is to his honour and his glory to have summoned from the darkness which surrounded him—threatens to be as unmanageable as the trickiest of familiars or the most terrible of Djinns. Already the New Criticism, like every other new creed—the greatest of all creeds not excepted—has shown a tendency to break off into all manner of heresies, to evolve all manner of new theories. I will not say, surveying the little army of the new critics, in the words of the Ulysses of "Troilus and Cressida": "Look how many Grecian tents do stand hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions;" but I will say that the differences of opinion in the New Criticism are very many, and that they are sometimes very grave indeed.

What the New Criticism has in common is its receptivity, its readiness to welcome new forms of art, its antagonism to conventions merely as conventions and to formulas merely as formulas. If it has been driven to seek abroad for the examples of success in the art with which it is immediately concerned, it is because no such examples are to be found on the contemporary English stage, strangled as it is with conventionalities, mummied as it is with mannerisms. Mr. Pinero made a grave mistake when, in the letter which Mr. Archer quotes in the August *Fortnightly*, he wrote bewailing the action of the New Criticism. "A few years ago the native authors were working with a distinct and sound aim, and with every prospect of popularising a rational observant home-grown play." When, one asks in wonder, was this revolution taking place? "Then," says Mr. Pinero, "came the Scandinavian drama, held up by the New Critics as the perfect drama, and used by them as a means of discrediting native produce. Just for the present everything is knocked askew." The facts are quite the contrary. There was no re-

volutionary movement at all until the New Criticism came, and the example of the Scandinavian drama has stimulated thought and action to a degree which the party of progress could scarcely have hoped for at first. Mr. Pinero himself has felt the benefit of the influence, and the best play Mr. Jones has done, "The Crusaders," was the outcome of that influence. The New Criticism, the criticism of progress, had a hard task before it, but it has worked hard and succeeded beyond its dreams. It has done much. It has much more to do.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

An Immediate Response to Appeal.

RARELY, indeed, has response to what I may call prayer come so immediately and so gratifyingly as in the case of my paragraph in last month's *Gentleman's Magazine*, entitled "A New National Library." At the very moment when that paragraph appealing for a library for the scholar, "confined to the works of great cost and importance," for which he has need, was put into the hands of the public, the very ideal library for which I asked was being given to the country by Mrs. Rylands. Perfectly accidental was the coincidence, and I had not the slightest glimmer of the fact that such a gift was contemplated. When I heard of the prospective sale of the Althorp Library, with which I dealt in a companion paragraph, the idea of a purchase by the nation of that noble collection entered my mind, only to be dismissed as visionary and unpractical. At the same moment, fortunately, the same idea entered into the mind of another who was able to regard the purchase as practical, who bought the library *en bloc*, is about to place it in a convenient home and give it to England. Of all libraries in the world—such, that is, as can conceivably come into the market—this is the ideal to form the nucleus, and, indeed, to constitute the library of which I speak. When once the books are lodged in their new home it is certain that *lacunæ* will be filled up, and that other bequests will follow. That the library will be located in Manchester instead of London, I must regret for other than purely selfish reasons. The motive is, however, so respectable and so pious that I could not dream of protest. Happy is the land that has citizens capable of endowing it with such a treasure.

Our Latest Acquisition.

OF my remarks as to the sale of the library I have nothing to withdraw. The dissociating of themselves from the intellectual life of the nation on the part of the great families is part of that democratising of our lives and institutions the signs of which

are everywhere evident. It is clear that a nobleman is not called upon to consult me before he sells what is as much his own as his stud. If anything were needed to reconcile me to this state of affairs, it is the fact that the greatest of private libraries, long practically outside my ken, will now be brought within it so soon as the formalities of the circumlocution office will permit. I will urge, however, that this collection stands on a different footing from the British Museum, and that access to it should, as I before suggested, be confined to serious students and men of guaranteed reputation. Books of value, at the British Museum even, are not at the mercy of all comers, and with all precautions the record of destruction and loss is sufficiently dismal. In club libraries I have known a member, to save himself a trifle, cut a tract from a bound volume in the library. From ravage of this kind our new acquisition must be protected. So soon as these treasures are on view, I shall seek for an opportunity of inspecting them, and shall hope then to say something more to my readers concerning them.

Mr. Henley's Poems.

CONCERNING the value of Mr. Henley's poems, to which also I drew attention in the August number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, I have received gratifying, if unneeded, support. As to the merits of those productions, I would hold my own opinion in opposition, were such a thing possible, to the assembled and united voices of criticism. In the *Fortnightly Review* for the same month, however, my opinion was fortified by that of a most competent judge, in Mr. Arthur Symons. A space I could not claim was at the disposal of Mr. Symons, who has dedicated to Mr. Henley's literary accomplishment an entire essay. The verdict is in each case, however, the same, and the poems and even the passages chosen for quotation are in some cases identical. "London Voluntaries," which I mentioned with highest praise, is obviously a favourite with Mr. Symons, and the refrain beginning

> What have I done for you,
> England, my England?

is also quoted with admiration. On the revolutionary aspects of Mr. Henley his critic dwells, and the latest volume of poems is regarded as "a vigorous challenge, a notable manifesto," on behalf of "the art of modernity in poetry." I cannot follow further Mr. Symons, but am pleased to find that our opinions are in so plenary accord.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles."[1]

AMONG the novels of the past season Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles: a Pure Woman," has been the most discussed and the most commended. It is, indeed, a powerful and harrowing, if not wholly satisfying, story. There is much boldness in selecting as a pure heroine a woman whose honour is twice sacrificed—once to her ignorance, and a second time to her poverty. The old charm of Mr. Hardy's descriptions of rural life is preserved, and the pictures are as vivid as they can be. Some influence upon a vigorous English mind of the latest form of French realism however appears, and Tess's murder of her villainous lover may be compared with the slaughter of her husband by Pauline Blanchard, as exhibited recently by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. I would rather Mr. Hardy would stick to his old English style, and keep his heroine from the gallows; and his final picture of the hero hand-in-hand with his future wife, the sister of the woman who has died for him, fails either to win sympathy or carry conviction.

On "Selections."

A BIBLIOPHILE *acharné*, as the French say, and a genuine lover also of the contents of books, I am not disposed to look with too much approval upon selections from the works of great authors. A florilegium or an anthology, except when it preserves to us poems elsewhere inaccessible, scarcely appeals to me. I admit that there are men so busy that they cannot afford time to read much poetry even if they had the taste, which they rarely have. I am not of these. The admirable selections from the old dramatists of Lamb and Leigh Hunt have not weaned me from the originals whenever I can obtain access to them; and though there are authors of mark concerning whom I know discreditably little, I do not want other people to taste them for me, and I mean to read them when I have leisure, that leisure to which we all look with a sort of pensive half-hope, and awaiting which Death finds us and leads us away. Books of criticism, such as Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy" and "Wit and Humour," Hazlitt's "Essays," and Warton's enchanting "History of Poetry," sent me in search of the writers from whom they gave appetising extracts. In saying these things I am not seeking to force on my readers unsolicited and unwanted fragments of autobiography, I am only preparing them to attach full value to a

[1] Osgood, M'Ilvaine, & Co.

species of recantation I am preparing. When in a pretty and readable form one obtains a masterpiece of a man whose whole works rest in comfort upon the shelves, with some dust upon their tops awaiting their turn to be read in the leisure that cometh not, one is lured into reading it out of turn, and one is occasionally thankful for having been so tempted. It must be a work complete in itself, however, and not a volume of "beauties."

Swift's "Polite Conversation."

To a temptation of the kind I have just yielded with very gratifying results to myself. An edition, edited by Mr. Saintsbury, of Swift's "Polite Conversation," in three dialogues, has been added to the "Chiswick Press" editions of Messrs. Whittingham. More years than I care to count have elapsed since I first read this masterpiece, and I had but a faint recollection of its brilliancy. Nothing can, of course, surpass in satire "Gulliver" and "The Battle of the Books." The "Polite Conversation" is, however, worthy to stand side by side with these immortal works; and it has a tolerance for human error not common with Swift—with something positively approaching good nature. As Mr. Saintsbury says of the characters by whom the dialogue is maintained: they "are scarcely satirised; they are hardly caricatured. Not one of them is made disagreeable; not one of them offensively ridiculous." How brilliantly painted are they, moreover; and their dialogue is good enough almost for Congreve or Sheridan. It is difficult to resist the conviction that Swift had the making of a brilliant comedy-writer. He seems, indeed, to have felt this, and in the exquisitely humorous Introduction he says: "My most ingenious Friend already mentioned, Mr. Colley Cibber, who does too much honour to the Laurel Crown he deservedly wears (as he hath often done to many Imperial Diadems placed on his Head), was pleased to tell me that, if my Treatise were formed into a Comedy, the Representation, performed to advantage on one Theatre, might very much contribute to the Spreading of polite Conversation among all Persons of Distinction through the whole Kingdom." This is mere banter, but Colley Cibber was too good a judge of wit not to have been capable of feeling and uttering the opinion assigned him. Another whim of the author, meanwhile, that schools for the study of his book should be established, has been practically carried out, since a very large percentage of his jokes are still retailed in conversation.

The "Mighty Dead."

HOW much of our enthusiasm for the "mighty dead" is genuine, and how much counterfeit? Genuine enough is the delight which we take in their works, and a disciple is apt enough to let his religion run away with him. Many of us are labelled Wordsworth*ites*, Shelley*ites*, Browning*ites*, and even, to include a living man, Ibsen*ites*. When an occasion comes, however, for doing ostensible honour to a great man, we hold aloof. In the case of the greatest even, when an attempt was made to celebrate the tercentenary of Shakespeare, what was the result? A great deal of unseemly squabbling, the planting of a tree on Primrose Hill, and the collection of a few hundred pounds, which have never, I believe, been refunded, and are now lying until somebody has the courage to appropriate them—if, indeed, they are not already appropriated. A movement to do honour to Marlowe was scarcely more successful. A monument was, indeed, erected in Canterbury, the city of Marlowe's birth, but remains incomplete for want of funds. After Marlowe comes Shelley, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth a few well-meaning, amiable, and distinguished gentlemen have just commemorated. In no case was the general public touched; no national or patriotic feeling was aroused, and the entire proceedings were regarded, if not with contempt, at least with indifference. The attitude is not, as might be supposed, the outcome of a conviction that our public statues are failures: it is a genuine apathy. The people who hunt royalty as though it were a wild animal, who stood for hours on the chance of seeing Garibaldi, are moved by no sentiment beyond the feeling of the day, and would not cross the street to do homage to a dead poet.

The Shelley Memorial.

VERY little seems likely to come out of the Shelley celebration. One is none the less glad that it has been held. Shelley now needs no vindication. There is, indeed, more cause to fear that he will be the subject of too blind a cult. Still, a more striking example of the way in which "The whirligig of Time brings about his revenges" can scarcely be conceived. Here are dignitaries ecclesiastical and temporal, and conservatives of the deepest dye, doing homage to a man whose name once stank in the public nostril, who was compelled to leave the country, who was deprived of the possession and control of his children, and whose writings were declared by the highest legal authority of the time to be debarred from

the protection of the law. I should like, however, the testimonial to take in this instance the form of a statue. If ever there were a face and figure calculated to stimulate the ambition of the sculptor, they were those of Shelley. A task of some difficulty would, however, attend the aspirant. For an emblematical design, however, Shelley himself gives the outlines in "Adonais":

> His head was bound with pansies over-blown,
> And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
> And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
> Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew,
> Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
> Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
> Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew
> He came the last, neglected and apart:
> A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

A Concordance to Shelley.

MEANWHILE, if public recognition is withheld, private zeal runs in advance. In his "Concordance to Shelley,"[1] Mr. F. S. Ellis has given the world a monument really more enduring than brass and marble. One stands aghast at the zeal and piety that have been necessary to furnish this noble and exemplary index to every word in every line of Shelley's works. The labour, Mr. Ellis says, has been of love, and his assertion may be accepted, since under such conditions only could it have been accomplished. Mr. Ellis's concordance is, indeed, in its class a model. Besides enabling a student to find instanter any passage of which he is in search, it classifies the words used by the poet in groups, giving thus the various senses in which an individual word is used. This style of concordance-making has been condemned as augmenting the difficulties of reference. To me the objection seems hypercritical. With the expenditure of a very little trouble in mastering a method, the task of consultation is simplified and abridged. Mr. Ellis speaks of the work of compilation as pleasurable, as, indeed, an antidote against cares. I hope the comforting assurance will encourage some one to give us the much-needed concordance to Wordsworth. When a line from the Sonnets comes to the mind, the task of verifying the quotation becomes inexpressibly difficult. Though the most appropriate and valuable tribute to Shelley yet given, the fact that the concordance came out in the centenary year of the poet's birth is, we are told, an undesigned coincidence.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

[1] London: Quaritch.

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AN UGLY LITTLE WOMAN.

BY NORA VYNNE.

FELIX TENBY stood aside at the crowded barrier to give place to a little nervous flurried woman, who between fear of losing her train, dismay at finding herself unexpectedly in the midst of a noisy crowd, and gratitude to the courteous stranger, became more flurried than ever, got into a muddle with her change, struggled in vain to pick up the slippery ticket with cold, indifferently gloved fingers, and dropped a shower of coppers on the ground.

"Serve you right, Don-Quixote-out-of-date," said the friend who was seeing Tenby off. "You have lost your train through your misplaced gallantry."

The ticket clerk was passing Felix a ticket under another man's arm. He had turned aside from looking after the little flurried woman and laughed.

"Thirty," he said, "and plain at that. Misplaced indeed! The women for whom we do these things owe it to us to be pretty."

She heard, and looked at him. He had not dreamt of that; he had thought she was gone, but she had just risen from picking up the last copper from under the feet of a hurrying commercial traveller, and had heard the laugh and the words. She looked at him just for a second, not angrily or scornfully as such words deserved, but humbly, deprecatingly, remorsefully almost, as if begging forgiveness for her crime of ugliness. Then she turned her little worn brown face away, and hurried on to the platform. Felix felt as if he had struck a child.

His friend hurried him on to the platform. He did not miss the train after all; it had been delayed a little in consequence of the unusual and unexpected rush of passengers. He had time to get a

paper or two, and to choose a comfortable carriage—which he had all to himself, for the extra passengers were mostly third class; even time to say a few more words to his friend, and laugh over a message or two.

When the train had started, and he was trying to read, the worn, patient little face came back to him, and reproached him. Had there been tears in the eyes? Had he made this poor little creature cry by his vulgar brutality? After all, his words had meant careless irritation that he had, as he thought, missed his train, more than anything else. What right had he to criticise? He was thirty himself—over thirty, and nothing to boast of in the way of beauty; but, then, he was a man.

Surely it must be bad enough to be a woman without having to be an ugly one. Why had God made ugly women? It would have been just as easy to have made them all beautiful.

What makes the joy of manhood? Strength, the knowledge of what is sweet, the power to win and hold it. And of womanhood? Well, women are never quite happy, but they have their joys too. Love, that makes the man's strength theirs—Love, that makes their weakness their pride because it serves as occasion of a lover's tenderness, the sweetness of being a thing desired—the hope of motherhood. But ugly women, what have they of all this? Good God! to be an ugly woman!

How had he come to forget? for he had known this all along: those sad patient eyes reminded him of so much.

To be an ugly woman—to feel with earliest feeling that one is a blot on a beautiful world—to understand, as soon as understanding unfolds, that one's part in life must be to watch while others enjoy, long while others attain, thirst while others drink.

To be an ugly woman—to be an ugly woman, and know it!

And thirty years old too, thirty at least—no youth, and no beauty! An ugly woman!

Not always old, though. Once there had been an ugly child—those heartbroken eyes reminded him of it. An ugly child, pushed out of the way perpetually for her beautiful sisters—a failure, an embarrassment to her family, a superfluity. How bitter it all was!

An ugly girl! he remembered it so well, the hopelessness of it, the flat dulness. Not a clever girl either—not one who could have taken ambition by the hand instead of love, or made the beauty of art her beauty. Just a girl, with a girl's wondering curiosity of life, a girl's strange amaze at the growth of first emotions, and possibilities of emotions; a girl's love of love, a girl's sweet, impossible dreams. Presently, with a girl's strange new knowledge that one face was

more to her than other faces, one voice quicker to reach her ear than all other voices, that one touch had magic in it. He remembered it all.

Yes, that morning, too, when, instead of the ordinary dawn of day, there was a new creation: the heavens and the earth were made anew, and one little thin brown girl sitting up wondering in her white bed, with a letter clasped fast in her hand, saw that they were very good.

Very good, oh very good! Life was beautiful, the earth glorious, the heavens were very near. The letter had done it all.

It was a wonderful letter, for it said she was loved. It spoke tenderly, passionately, strongly. It told how duty called the writer suddenly away; he must leave without seeing her again, but could not leave without telling her his love. He would not be away long, a year at the most; when he came back he should claim her. And would she not write to him meanwhile? Would she not wait for him? Hold herself his, and welcome him when he returned?

Ah, would she not indeed!

And the letter spoke of her beauty! That was puzzling. The little brown girl dropped back on the pillow and rubbed her eyes with her thin hard hand, wondering, and read the words again, again and again many times, then smiled, and kissed the letter, and held it to her bare breast. He remembered it all.

He remembered that studio in the afternoon, the pictures there, and all the while the sweet secret of that letter kept sacredly; looking at the pictures, talking of them—careless words from careless friends, "How bright you are to-day!" Ah, it was small wonder, after that letter!

There was a portrait of the artist's wife among the pictures; it was the most beautiful of them all. The artist's wife stood beside it, a vapid, commonplace, empty-headed woman, not beautiful at all. The little brown girl looked from her to the portrait, like but glorified, and smiled. "That is how we seem to the men who love us," and she pressed her hand on her bodice where the letter rested on her heart; he remembered the sharp pleasure as the rough edge of the envelope pressed against the soft flesh.

After that there had been more letters, all wonderful, all sweet and loving and hopeful. A year of delight, of love, of beauty; for the lover creates beauty by praising it. Oh that year, that pleasant year, how well he remembered it! And the day of triumph, the day when the lover, the creator, was to return: the neat little room, the open window, the scent of fresh-turned earth from the ploughed field

across the road, the laughter of the birds in the eaves, the laughter of the leaves as they rustled together! He remembered it all—the trembling lips, the breathless eagerness, the burning face, the steps on the gravel, the ring at the bell, the opening door, the suffocating joy.

"My God! it was your sister I meant."

. . . . . .

Oh! it was terrible, terrible, not to be borne, and yet it must be borne; that was the sting of it. The tears rained down his face. Remember? Could such a thing ever be forgotten? The new-created earth fell in atoms, the new heavens vanished far out of reach; nothing was left but a little ugly woman, smiling with white lips lest the world should make a mock of her, that such as she had dared to dream of love!

And the days that followed, the long days that followed, they were so burnt into his memory that he doubted if he could forget, even in the ages of eternity, the hourly pain, and the shame of it all. The agony of watching the happy love of sister and lover, the fuss of preparation for the wedding, to sit and sew at wedding-clothes that shrouded her own love, to see her lover pouring out his love upon that careless bright girl, who had many lovers, who had not thought of him till now, to hear his friendly praise of herself as "such a sensible girl," take his careless greeting and go from the room that the happy lovers might be left together.

And the thoughtless wounding of curious friends. "Well, my dear, I must say I think you behaved very well about it. And so you gave him up? All a mistake, you say; dear! dear! what a pity! And you don't mind? Now, that's so brave of you."

So brave? yes, but to the weak courage is anguish.

Oh, the longing to end it all—to cry out "Give me one kiss, and then let me die!"

But pride forbade death, for to die was to confess her unsought love to the world, and the world always says that a woman's disappointment is her shame.

There was no choice but to endure, endure, endure—always endure.

And the dreariness of it, after the sharp agony of parting, the long pain of loneliness, the days without comfort, the years without hope, the daily death of youth—youth that should die in childbed, bringing forth to time accomplished hopes, but her youth died sterile.

And the long dull days of life at home, the drudgery of duty uncrowned by love, the thankless service to parents who cared so

much less for her unselfish devotion than for the beauty and success of their more fortunate child, even when they died, more moved by the brief shallow sorrow of the happy wife than by the long patient watchfulness of the ugly daughter.

And the bitterness of dependence in the house of that fortunate sister, the careless, tolerant pity of the man she had loved—to feel her love die in contempt, and be more desolate for the loss of it—to look on the great sorrow of her life as a thing of shame, of scorn, food for mirth rather than tears, cruel mirth: the tears were less bitter.

The shame of living where she was not wanted, a superfluity in a full life, a discredit, with her plain face and dowdy figure, in a pleasant home!

And the futile efforts to earn her own living, the bitterness of seeing the way made so easy for the young and bright and hopeful, but so hard for her; of seeing the stronger push past her, the fairer chosen before her. The tragic pain of the past was almost sweet, compared with the squalid misery of the present.

There is something in great agony that in itself strengthens us t endurance, but who can endure contempt? In the past she had been so wounded and crushed, that now every touch was agony; and no one spared her: why should they? What graces had she that should win tenderness, a little faded ugly woman, a mark for the mirth of the young and thoughtless, the dislike of the sensuous, the impatience of the strong? Nothing left her but patience, and she had grown so very weary of patience. Life would have been easier if she could have been angry, but she had no just cause for anger. What right had she to expect life to be other than bitter? the world loves beauty and youth and happiness, and she was old and sad and ugly.

The world was full of love, but not for her. The world lives on hope, and she was hopeless; the world is very beautiful, and she was a stain upon it.

"Oh God! to be a woman, and old, and ugly!"

It broke his heart; the pain was too great to be borne, he cried out aloud, and started in his seat.

The little brown-faced woman at the farther end of the carriage started too, and shrank into herself; he stared at her, bewildered.

It was so tragic, the gentle pathos of her face, as if she would beg forgiveness for her very existence; as if she would cry out to him not to crush her, as insects are crushed by the strong because they are unsightly.

He passed his hand across his eyes as if to clear his sight, and looked at her, puzzled.

"May I express my deep sympathy with the very sad story you have told me?" he said.

"My story? I have told you no story. I hope I do not disturb you. I have no right here, I know; mine is a third-class ticket, but the guard put me in here last time we stopped because the people in the carriage where I was were so noisy."

"I am amazed, bewildered," he stammered; "certainly you told me your story."

The little woman had pride; she set her lips firmly, and spoke coldly.

"I do not speak of my affairs to strangers," she said; "even if they were of any interest I should not."

Her pride touched him more than all, it was so impotent, so gentle. He moved along the seat till he was opposite her, looking straight into the patient, proud, pathetic face; he spoke tenderly, gently, and with infinite reverence.

"I am sure, though you have not told me your story, that the story which has in some strange way come within my knowledge is your story, and I want to hear the end. Do you mind telling me where you are going now?"

"I am going to be a drudge among strangers. What is it to you?"

What, indeed? A little plain, faded woman, what did it mean that he, a man in the prime of life, handsome, rich, overburdened with friends, felt the tears rise in his eyes, and a great ache in his heart? She might well look at him in wonder. He stretched out his hands towards her, he could scarcely speak.

"I know it all," he said, "I have felt it all. You have suffered so much. You shall not suffer any more. I will make your life so bright to you if you will let me."

"I don't understand," she faltered.

"Neither do I," he cried, "neither do I, not how I know so much, or why I love you. I only know that I must take you right into my heart and keep you warm there, for I do love you!"

"Oh no! me, impossible!"

But looking in his eyes she saw it was possible, and true, and she held out her hands, trembling, wondering, questioning. He answered the question with words that seemed to come through him, as if they were a message, and not only his own thought.

"Every human soul is lovable; we could not hold back from loving every soul on earth, could we once see it. But we cannot. Beauty hides the soul equally with deformity. To-day God has been good to me: I have seen the soul of a woman—and loved it."

THE SUN AMONG HIS PEERS.

THE Sun is a star, and the stars are suns. This fact has been a familiar one to astronomers for many years, and is probably known to most of my readers. That the stars shine by their own inherent light, and not by light reflected from another body, like the planets of the solar system, may be easily proved. That many of them at least are very similar to our own sun is clearly shown by several considerations. I will mention three facts which prove this conclusively. First, their great intrinsic brilliancy compared with their small apparent diameter, a diameter so small that the highest powers of the largest telescopes fail to show them as anything but mere points of light without measurable magnitude. Second, their vast distance from the earth, a distance so great that the diameter of the earth's orbit dwindles almost to a point in comparison. This accounts satisfactorily for the first fact. Third, the spectroscope—that unerring instrument of modern research—shows that the light emitted by many of them is very similar to that radiated by the sun. Their chemical and physical constitution is, therefore, probably analogous to that of our central luminary. The red stars certainly show spectra differing considerably from the solar spectrum, but these objects are comparatively rare, and may perhaps be considered as forming exceptions to the general rule.

The stellar spectra have been divided into four types or classes. The first class includes stars like Sirius, in which the strong development of the hydrogen lines seems to indicate the preponderance of this gaseous metal in the fiery envelopes of these distant suns. The second class includes stars in which the spectrum closely resembles the solar spectrum. The third and fourth types include those which show a banded spectrum, the rainbow-tinted streak being crossed by a number of dark bands or shadings, in striking contrast to the solar spectrum, in which fine lines only are visible. These are mostly of an orange or red colour of various degrees of intensity, and many of them are variable in their light. There is some reason to suppose that stars of the first type are probably the

hottest and intrinsically the brightest of all, and are not, therefore, fairly comparable with our sun. In considering, therefore, the sun's rank in size and brightness among the stellar hosts, we should compare it with stars which show a similar spectrum.

But how are we to compare the sun with any star? It is clear that the first thing we require to know is the star's distance from the earth. The apparent size and brightness of an object depends on its distance from the eye. A candle placed a few feet from us will look larger and give more light than a brilliant electric lamp several miles away. Venus is, at its brightest, considerably brighter than Jupiter, although the former is a much smaller planet than the latter. Unfortunately the distance of but few of the fixed stars has been ascertained with any approach to accuracy. Failure in the attempt to measure the distance of a star implies, of course, that it lies at a vast distance from the earth. In several cases, however, the efforts of astronomers have been rewarded with success, although the result found for some stars is still open to much uncertainty. In addition to their distance we also require to know the *apparent* brightness of the sun with reference to the star with which it is to be compared. Owing to the excessive brilliancy of the sun compared with even the brightest stars, this is a matter of no small difficulty. Photometric measures, made with the aid of the moon as a "medium," have, however, yielded a fairly reliable result, and it is now generally assumed by astronomers that on the scale of stellar magnitudes which represents the brightest stars as of the first magnitude, and those near the limit of ordinary eyesight as sixth magnitude, the sun's light may be expressed as about $26\frac{1}{2}$ magnitudes brighter than an average star of the first magnitude, such as Altair or Spica. This may seem to some rather a surprising result. It may be asked, if there is a difference of five magnitudes between a sixth magnitude star and one of the first magnitude, should not the difference between a first magnitude star and the sun be much more than $26\frac{1}{2}$ magnitudes? At first sight the number representing the sun's stellar magnitude certainly does seem small, but a little consideration will soon dispel this feeling of surprise. The explanation of the apparent difficulty is a simple one, and will be easily understood by those familiar with the rules of arithmetic. The numbers denoting star magnitudes really form a geometrical series. Thus a star of the fifth magnitude is about two and a half times (more correctly 2·512 times) brighter than a star of the sixth magnitude; a star of the fourth two and a half times brighter than one of the fifth, and so on. This series increases very rapidly, like the question of the nails in a horse's shoe in books

on arithmetic. With the "ratio" of two and a half, a star of the first magnitude would be a hundred times brighter than one of the sixth. A difference of ten magnitudes between two stars would denote that one is 10,000 times brighter than the other; and if we go on to $26\frac{1}{2}$ times above the first magnitude, we arrive at a very large number indeed. In fact, the number $26\frac{1}{2}$ implies that the sun is equal in brightness to 39,811,000,000, or nearly forty thousand millions of stars of the first magnitude, like Altair or Spica.

Knowing, then, the sun's stellar magnitude, we can easily calculate what its apparent brightness would be if placed at the distance of a star of which the distance from the earth has been determined. For, as light varies inversely as the square of the distance, we have simply to express the distance of the star in terms of the sun's distance from the earth, square this number, and then find how many stellar magnitudes would give the diminution of light indicated by the number thus obtained. A "parallax" of one second of arc would represent a stellar distance of 206,265 times the sun's mean distance from the earth. At this distance the sun would shine as an average star of the first magnitude. If the star's parallax is only a fraction of a second—as it always is—we have to divide 206,265 by the parallax to obtain the distance sought. For example, the most reliable measures give a parallax for Sirius of about four-tenths of a second of arc. Dividing this into 206,265, we have the distance of Sirius, equal to 515,662 times the sun's distance from the earth. I find that the square of this number represents a diminution of light of $28\frac{1}{2}$ stellar magnitudes. Subtracting $26\frac{1}{2}$ from this, we have the result that the sun's light would be reduced to two magnitudes below the first, or to the third magnitude, if it were placed at the distance of Sirius. In other words, Sirius, which is about two magnitudes brighter than an average first magnitude star, is four stellar magnitudes, or about forty times brighter than the sun would be in the same position as seen from the earth.

From observations of a faint companion which revolves round Sirius in a period of about 58 years, I find that the combined mass of this brilliant star—the brightest of the stellar hosts—and its companion is about three times the mass of the sun. Now, if Sirius were of the same intrinsic brightness as the sun, and of the same density, its diameter would be 6·32 (the square root of 40) times the sun's diameter, and its mass would be 6·32 cubed, or 253 times the mass of the sun. We see, then, that Sirius is enormously bright in proportion to its mass, or, in other words, that it is a much less massive star than its great brilliancy would lead us to imagine. It must,

therefore, differ considerably in its physical constitution from that of our sun. Other stars of the same class are probably comparable with Sirius in the exceptional brilliancy of their luminous surface. Stars of the first type are, therefore, of probably small mass in proportion to their brightness, and cannot be fairly compared with the sun in size, or at least in the quantity of matter they contain. Professor Pickering finds that the brighter stars of the Milky Way belong to the Sirius type, and Dr. Gill concludes, from an examination of Galactic photographs, that the smaller stars composing the Milky Way are for the most part blue stars, and have probably spectra of the Sirius type. If this be so, they are probably really as well as apparently small, a conclusion which had been previously arrived at from other considerations.

Let us now consider stars of the second or solar type. Among the brighter stars of this class we have Capella, Arcturus, Aldebaran, Pollux, Alpha Cygni, Alpha Arietis, Alpha Cassiopeiæ, &c., in the Northern hemisphere, and Canopus and Alpha Centauri in the Southern.

For Capella, rivalling Arcturus and Vega (and forming with them the most brilliant trio in the Northern hemisphere), Dr. Elkin finds a parallax of only slightly more than one-tenth of a second of arc. At the distance indicated by this result—nearly two million times the sun's distance from the earth—the sun would shine as a star of only the sixth magnitude. This implies that Capella is about 250 times brighter than the sun. If of the same intrinsic brilliancy of surface its diameter would, therefore, be about sixteen times the sun's diameter, or nearly fourteen millions of miles! As the spectrum of Capella is almost identical with the solar spectrum, it seems probable that the physical constitution of the sun and star are similar. We must, therefore, if its measured distance be reliable, consider Capella to be a vastly larger body than our sun. The above diameter would imply a volume equal to 4,000 suns, a truly stupendous globe!

A minute parallax of about one-sixtieth of a second of arc found for Arcturus by Dr. Elkin gives a still more astounding result. This small parallax implies a distance from the earth equal to about twelve million times the sun's distance. This vast distance would produce a diminution of light of about $35\frac{1}{4}$ magnitudes, so that the sun placed at the distance of Arcturus would be reduced to a star of only $9\frac{3}{4}$ magnitude! It would not be visible with an opera glass! Arcturus is, therefore, in round numbers, $9\frac{1}{2}$ magnitudes, or over 6,000 times brighter than the sun would be at the same distance.

Assuming the same density and brightness of surface as the sun, the diameter of Arcturus would, therefore, be about seventy-nine times the sun's diameter, or over sixty-eight millions of miles, and its mass about 500,000 times the mass of the sun ; figures well calculated to "stagger the imagination." From the small value of the parallax found for Arcturus we cannot, of course, place very much reliance on its accuracy, but there can be little doubt that the distance of this bright star is really very great, and that consequently it is a much larger sun than ours, probably one of the most massive bodies in the universe.

A mean of the results found by Elkin and Hall for Aldebaran would reduce the sun to a star of nearly the sixth magnitude at the same distance, and its light would fade to a star of below the eighth magnitude if removed to the distance found by Professor Pritchard for Alpha Cassiopeiæ.

For the bright star Pollux Dr. Elkin found a parallax of only 0·068 of a second, representing a distance at which the sun would be reduced to a star of about the seventh magnitude. This makes Pollux 164 times brighter than the sun, indicating a diameter about thirteen times greater, or about eleven millions of miles !

Dr. Elkin's result for the bright southern star Canopus would give the sun a magnitude of only 8½ if placed at the same distance. As this brilliant star—second only to Sirius in lustre—is nearly one magnitude brighter than Arcturus, we see that it is probably comparable with the northern star in size.

A negative parallax found by Elkin, Glasenapp, and Peters for Alpha Cygni, and a similar result arrived at by Downing and Main for Gamma Draconis, indicates, of course, that these stars lie at a vast distance from the earth, a distance, perhaps, too great for our present methods of measurement. Their comparative brilliancy, especially that of Alpha Cygni, would, therefore, suggest that they are very massive bodies, far exceeding our sun in absolute size.

The results I have given will show that the brilliancy of some at least of the brighter stars may probably be explained by their enormous size in comparison with the sun. Placed at the same distance from the earth, the sun would dwindle to an insignificant star, invisible in some cases to the naked eye !

For some stars of the solar class, however, smaller distances have been found. For Eta Herculis, a star of about 3½ magnitude, Belopolsky and Wagner found a parallax of four-tenths of a second, indicating a distance of about the same as that of Sirius. As at this distance the sun would be only reduced to the third magnitude, it

would seem that we have here a star of rather smaller mass than our sun.

In the case of binary, or revolving double, stars, if we can determine their distance we can easily calculate the combined mass of the components in terms of the sun's mass. Assuming the most reliable distances and the best orbits computed for the following binary stars—Eta Cassiopeiæ, 40 Eridani, Sirius, Castor, Alpha Centauri, 70 Ophiuchi, and 61 Cygni—I find the total mass of these seven stellar systems equal to 14½ times the mass of the sun, or an average of about twice the sun's mass for each system. Omitting Sirius and Castor, which have spectra of the first type, the others being of the second, we have a total mass of five systems of 11½ times the mass of the sun, or an average of 2·31 for each system. Here we have five suns, or rather pairs of suns, not differing greatly from our own sun in mass. Indeed, one of them, 61 Cygni, is of smaller mass, if the orbit computed by Peters can be relied upon. There seems, however, to be still some doubt as to whether this famous pair really forms a binary system. Its distance from the earth has, however, been satisfactorily determined by several astronomers. The later results are fairly accordant, and it may be confidently assumed that its parallax is about 0·45 of a second of arc, representing a distance of 458,366 times the sun's distance from the earth. At this distance I find that the sun would be reduced to a star of about 2·8 magnitude. Now, from the photometric measures made at Oxford the stellar magnitude of 61 Cygni is 4·98. The difference, or 2·18 magnitudes, implies that the sun is about 7½ times brighter than the combined light of the components of 61 Cygni, and its mass, therefore, probably greater.

At the distance of Alpha Centauri—the nearest of all the fixed stars—the sun would be reduced to 1·7 magnitude, or about one magnitude fainter than the star appears to us. This would indicate that, if of the same brightness and density, the mass of the system of Alpha Centauri is about four times the mass of the sun. A calculation based on the computed orbit gives a mass about twice that of the sun, a not very discordant result, as, according to Professor Pickering, there is something "peculiar" about the star's spectrum, which may imply that its density and intrinsic brightness are perhaps somewhat different from that of the sun.

Compared, however, with some faint stars which show a relative proximity to our system, the sun will contrast very favourably in size, or at least in brightness. A star of about the seventh magnitude in the constellation Ursa Major, numbered 21,185 in Lalande's catalogue,

has been found by Winnecke to have a parallax of about half a second of arc. At the distance indicated by this comparatively large parallax the sun would shine as a star of about 2½ magnitude, which would make it about fifty times brighter than Lalande's star. Another small star in the same constellation, number 21,258 of Lalande's catalogue, although of only 8½ magnitude, yielded to Auwers a parallax of 0·262 of a second, which may be considered as a comparatively large one. At the distance indicated, the sun would be reduced to a fourth magnitude star, denoting that its brilliancy is about sixty-three times greater than Lalande's star.

Two small stars of the ninth magnitude, numbered 11,677 and 17,415 in the catalogue of Œltzen and Argelander, have been found to show a similar distance, the sun being reduced to about the fourth magnitude in both cases. Here we have a difference of five magnitudes, which implies that the sun is a hundred times brighter than these faint, although comparatively near, stars.

We may, therefore, conclude that while some of the brighter stars are probably vastly larger than our sun, others are almost certainly much smaller. The larger stars, overcoming, as they do, the dwindling effect of vast distance by their stupendous size, may possibly form exceptions to the general rule of stellar mass; and those faint stars which are at a measurable distance from the earth, showing by their feeble light and comparative proximity that they are really as well as apparently small, may also form exceptions in the opposite direction.

The conclusion, then, seems probable that the sun is an average-sized star, neither an exceptionally large nor an exceptionally small member of the vast and varied sidereal system which forms our visible universe.

J. ELLIARD GORE.

A WEDDING AND A CHRISTENING IN GREECE.

THE WEDDING.

CONTRARY to the general mode of procedure, this particular wedding was not to take place in the church, but in the future home of the bride and bridegroom—a one-roomed cottage, with a beaten mud floor beneath the level of the adjacent roadway.

The invitation to attend the ceremony, which was to be celebrated at about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, had been given me by the bride's godfather, and was accepted with great pleasure on my part, as I had had previous experience of the various and interesting formalities which the Greeks usually introduce into their religious services.

Accordingly, when the hour was definitely fixed, a bright, intelligent little lad, Niko by name, came to announce that all was in readiness for the ceremony to commence, and that, as the night was very dark, it would be as well for me to place myself under the guidance and protection of him and his shining lantern. It was fortunate that my guide had proffered his services, for without them I certainly should not have attained my destination without a loss of epidermis, if no worse, as the road from the house of my host pursued the uneven tenor of its way downhill, through the village, wrapped in pitchy darkness, except for a twinkling light here and there, till it reached and led over a bridge—unprotected, like all bridges hereabouts, by a balustrade ; in addition, its course was plentifully besprinkled with sudden rocky declivities, and small cottage ovens standing detached from the houses and presenting no outline against the surrounding inky blackness.

A broad beam of light lying athwart my path and apparently proceeding from an open doorway, together with the subdued hum of voices, rendered Niko's announcement of the termination of my perils superfluous.

Stooping to enter the low doorway, the scene which presented

itself was striking and impressive; a crowd of peasants gaily apparelled in their gala costumes—the men in clean snowy-white *fustanellas*, the women with more colour than usual about their dresses—were at the further end of the cottage, grouped round about the happy couple, who were laughing and chatting in front of the wide open hearth, on which were burning great logs of pitch pine.

As soon as my entry was perceived the bride advanced and held out her hand, which I was amicably shaking *à l'anglaise*, when she bent forward as if to bow a welcome, and to my surprise, being new to the country, raised my hand to her lips and forehead; this was rather an unpropitious commencement of the evening's proceedings, from my point of view as well as the bride's, for not having been informed of this mode of salutation my hand, expecting to meet with nothing but a reciprocal friendly shake, came into ungentle contact with her face. Warned by this mishap, when it came to the bridegroom's turn to advance and greet me in a similar manner I acquitted myself, if bashfully, yet in a more creditable manner.

This latter was a good-looking, well set-up young fellow of about two- or three-and-twenty; he looked like a character at a fancy dress ball, and was dressed in a handsome blue sleeveless jacket, with a pattern embroidered thereon in white braid; this was fastened only at the neck, and being cut away in a curve on each side, permitted a scrupulously clean linen shirt to be seen underneath, with wide open sleeves; from the waist to just below the knee fell the voluminous folds of the ordinary petticoat-like *fustanella*, and for trousers and stockings he wore a white woollen tight-fitting garment, with crimson garters at the knees. Upon his head was jauntily perched the crimson Greek fez, with its long black tassel hanging to the shoulders; his feet he had encased in new red *zeruchias*, a kind of low shoe, the toes of which are pointed and turned up, and furthermore ornamented with a tuft of dyed wool.

Nor did the bride, the *belle* of the village, lack either natural or artificial charms. The latter comprised a smart white dress, with a profusion of gay-coloured ribbons, and sleeves which peered through an outer covering of fine white muslin on which glittered gilt stars. The whole was set off by a neat scarlet apron and coquettish little cap adorned with silver coins; she wore no veil, and for the time being had discarded the cloth worn by the women across the mouth, which is intended to partly conceal the face.

Notwithstanding her being slightly older than her youthful betrothed, the couple appeared well-matched and to have no lingering doubts as to the desirability of entering the matrimonial estate.

The *Papas* (priest) having signified his intention to commence the ceremony, the bride, bridegroom, and wife of the bride's godfather, took their stand in a row by the side of a table placed in the centre of the room, and upon which there was a flagon of wine, some shelled walnuts, and a handsome silver-mounted Bible; opposite them and on the other side of the table the *Papas* posted himself, with a little boy on his left, whose duty apparently was to recite an opening prayer and to burn incense at various periods of the service.

I was placed with kind intention in a position from which I could obtain a full view of the ceremony, and the rest of the guests grouped themselves around as they felt disposed; the service had not long begun before I became uneasily conscious of a stertorous breathing, proceeding from I was not quite sure where.

Could it be a pig? thought I to myself; if so, where on earth was it? There was nothing between me and the wall, whence the noise seemed to proceed, but a mat with two dirty bundles of rags lying on it, and almost touching my heels. It was lucky, and a matter for deep self-gratulation afterwards on my part, that I did not accidentally tread on these same bundles, for the mystery was subsequently explained by their each yielding a fine plump baby in good condition and with well-developed lungs.

The brown-faced, brown-eyed little boy, having opened the service with a long prayer, over the words of which he only stumbled once or twice, was succeeded by the *Papas*, who delivered his portion in a very strikingly nasal tone of voice, his clerk joining in here and there with a sonorous "Amen." Parts of the service were chanted, in which the voices became, if it were possible, even more nasal than at other times.

This nasal twang, which pervades not only the Greek Church services, but also the everyday songs of the people, is so marked that, until the ear becomes accustomed to the strange intonation, one's risible faculties are appealed to very strongly. It is peculiar that the drawl should not appear at all in the conversational language, as it is so clearly accentuated in the singing. The service having droned on for some little time, the *Papas* at length came to a pause and requested the bride's godfather to hand him the rings which were to be placed on the fingers of the happy pair; this having been done with great gravity and some little difficulty, owing to one of the rings being a size too small, the service proceeded without anything very noteworthy occurring, until two chaplets of artificial white flowers were produced; these were intended for the ceremony of "crowning."

This especial form is meant to typify marriage as the crown of life —the most important event in man or woman's career—which, doubtless, in the majority of cases it is, either for good or evil. During this portion of the ceremony I felt constrained to sympathise deeply with its central figures: there, in the centre of the small room, with the eyes of all the guests fixed upon them in a prolonged stare, they stood, hand in hand, bashfully and with heightened colour, looking at their feet, whilst the godfather's wife poised a wreath on each of their heads, the white ribbon which connected one wreath with the other adding to their ludicrous and passive appearance. Anon, that active woman, for the time being mistress of the ceremonies, removed the wreaths and, substituting one for the other, left the lamb-like couple to blush on under the bridal yoke.

While they were thus "tied up," the *Papas* was presented with a loaf of bread, out of which he cut with a penknife three small pellets; these he placed in a glass of wine poured out from the flagon on the table, and dipping therein a spoon, he fed each of them with a spoonful of the wine, taking care that it should contain one of the pieces of bread. After being regaled in this way they were furthermore fed with walnuts and honey, presented likewise in a spoon. This appeared a very trying ordeal to a bachelor *Frank* like myself, who had never contemplated the possibility of a marrying man being called upon to eat walnuts and honey out of a spoon before a most attentive audience in close proximity to him. By the reflected light from the long wax tapers that they were holding in their hands, I could perceive that the struggles of the pair to dispose gracefully of their *bonnes-bouches* were severe, and in the bride's case positively alarming; indeed, she eventually broke down and choked in a most undignified manner, a temporary embarrassment which necessitated the releasing of her little finger from that of the bridegroom, to which it had been hooked by the stalwart black-bearded *Papas*.

But their trials were now almost over, the final blessing was bestowed upon them, the white ribbon connecting the wreaths severed, and being now man and wife they essayed to face the world in company by marching with slow steps (the *Papas* bringing up the rear) three times round the room, being subjected while so doing to a lively fire of pink and white comfits, which the children present scrambled for upon the floor as they rebounded on to it from their contact with the newly-wedded pair, or the tall black hat of the worthy *Papas*.

Various gun-shots without the door announced the conclusion to

all whom it might concern of this part of the ceremony, and judging by the numerous answering reports from other parts of the village the match seemed a popular one; this was perhaps a rash conclusion to arrive at, as the Greeks are fond of burning powder on all festive occasions, and do not worry themselves as to where the bullets, if the guns happen to be loaded with ball, may find their billets.

The whole of the wedding party now prepared to give themselves up to harmless enjoyment, as a preliminary to which *drachmas* or *lepta*, according to the means of the donor, were dropped into the plate on the table, intended to receive the priest's fees. While preparations were being made for dinner at the table that had been removed to one side of the room, the bride presented each guest with a prettily-worked scarf, which she threw over the left shoulder of the person to whom it was given, and which was retained there according to custom during the rest of the evening; the bridegroom ably seconded her in these hospitable duties by handing round *raki*, a very fiery spirit, and one hardly suited to an individual with a weak digestion. Dinner being now served the principal guests took their seats at the table, while the others sat picnic-fashion upon the floor; good humour and politeness were the rule without exception. The *menu*, which was the same for all, consisted of an unstinted supply of sucking pig, roasted whole—the great dish hereabouts—cabbage, salad, onions, and potatoes cooked with their jackets on; the second course assumed the form of boiled eggs and a strong white cheese made from goat's milk, and for wines there was a copious supply of a home-made vintage, flavoured with resin, which is added at the time of manufacture with the purpose of making it keep. Everyone having satisfied their hunger, cigarettes were produced and the company prepared themselves for a *little* music.

I had noticed once or twice during the evening a rather elfish-looking boy with long hair and bright eyes; this youth, who was dressed in a very shaggy *capote*, evidently hailed from the mountains, and was, they now informed me, a great musician! Drawing a stool to the side of the fire, he with great deliberation and solemnity sat down, and produced an instrument somewhat like a piccolo, whilst opposite him and upon a similar stool a man with a big drum stationed himself.

I watched the proceedings with interest.

The bright-eyed youth looked at me, placed his instrument to his mouth and dashed into a prelude. At the first note I started as if I had been shot, felt as if I possessed a hundred ears, with not even one mercifully stopped with cotton-wool.

What power, what fiendishly intense power, that instrument had! No concert-room of smaller dimensions than a valley surrounded by high mountains was worthy to contain such astoundingly penetrating notes; the big drum, which was belaboured with all the vigour of a strong man's arm, composed such an accompaniment to it as an infant's wail would make with the roar of a bull. I survived two airs and felt in a misty, vague way, that here at last was a chance for me to make my fortune by taking out a patent for a new fog-horn. But human flesh is weak, the boy showed signs of distress, and with a shake that would have moved even the heart and heels of an obstinate mule, he brought the final bar to a close.

The guests, by their pleased and excited glances, evidently appreciated and were educated up to this classical performance, which would have been *caviare* to the musician from further west. Whilst the executant, with a wreath of *drachmas* stuck in his hat like a bookmaker waiting for business, was resting himself after his exertions in the cause of Art, somebody proposed a song. This song, of which I understood but a word here and there, had as its subject a certain hard-hearted *clepthiss* (brigand), who eventually met with the reward due to his misdeeds, by being shot; there seemed but little melody in its composition, and the little there was to be almost entirely concealed by the drone which did duty as chorus, and which was introduced at the end of every few bars. The next song, which, I fancy, was partly *extempore*, was dedicated to myself. In it I was portrayed as "the young man with the thin moustache"; I was furthermore described as a very good young man, who would be rewarded for his sundry virtues by having a horse to ride, and last, but not least, by *five* young ladies falling in love with him at the same time. After this touching and imaginative effusion had come to an end, the table was removed out of the way and preparations for a dance commenced.

The first on the programme was what, for the moment, I will describe as the "circular dance." The performers, men and women, joined hands and stood in a circle broken by a gap at one spot; the leader of the figure, who was the tallest individual present, held in his hand a bright scarlet kerchief and led the circle in its gyrations, which were slow and always about the same centre; this particular movement was brought about by each dancer in the ring taking a certain number of steps to the right, a half turn, and then a certain number to the left, with the final result that each person at the end of a bar or two had moved on a little, although still retaining his original place as regarded his companions on either side.

This dance, which is the great amusement in the Eubœan villages, is generally executed to the usual monotonous nasal chorus, sung by all those joining in the dance—a duller or more insipid performance either to participate in or to witness as a spectator cannot be imagined, yet it seems to be greatly appreciated by the peasants, who never tire of it, and who would think anything in the nature of a waltz highly indecorous and improper.

On this particular occasion *fustanellas* and petticoats footed it with the same conscientious energy and becoming gravity as usual; and being curious of trying my hand, or rather feet, with the others, I joined the circle, which after my irruption into it lost most of its pristine dignity, and the whole of its regularity through my hops, skips and jumps being uncommonly high and out of time. This was taken in good part—allowance doubtless being made for barbaric customs—and a hearty laugh from the lookers-on betokened that my exertions were ludicrous if not artistic.

The next figure was a spirited performance, somewhat like a sword dance, executed by two men. The steps were danced very neatly, and showed to advantage their fine stalwart figures and whirling *fustanellas*, the latter in the pirouetting movements looking like a ballet dancer's skirts. At this stage, as the hour waxed late, I withdrew, not forgetting to observe the custom of presenting the bride with a few *drachmas* when wishing her *Adio*.

THE CHRISTENING.

In 1890 I happened to be staying on a visit to a friend of mine, whose residence was in a picturesque village in Eubœa, an island in which he had possessed a very large estate for many years. Though an Englishman, there was no lack of sympathy between him and the natives, and the love which was felt for him by his own and the surrounding peasantry, on account of the numerous kindly acts that he was constantly devising and carrying out on their behalf, showed itself in many ways.

He was frequently asked to act as godfather to their children, an office which, while it implies friendship and confidence on the side of the parents, nevertheless necessitates certain duties and attentions on the part of the person to whom the compliment is paid. The force of this truism is to be felt in England, but, as the following account will show, infinitely more so in Greece.

On the occasion that I am about to describe, he invited me to be present at the ceremony which was to take place on Thursday

evening at the village church—a modest-looking building that was situated upon a small knoll, from the summit of which a fine view of the scenery betwixt the far-off mountains and the village could be obtained.

In the foreground there was a broad, winding valley, whose glittering torrent showed itself here and there whenever the massive old plane trees which fringed its course permitted a glimpse of its shining waters to be caught; the sides of this valley were clothed with a dense fir forest, whose green foliage seemed to rise and fall in waves as the ground which it covered rose into higher and yet higher hills, till in the distance the before-mentioned mountains showed their delicate opalescent hues outlined against the glorious blue sky.

The architecture of the holy edifice was of the plainest description both internally and externally—bare stone walls looking spotlessly clean from their coating of whitewash, pierced here and there by a few narrow windows, and surmounted by a plain pantile roof whose sole projection was a small belfry containing a solitary bell; the floor was paved with rough flagstones which gave a cold and cheerless aspect to the interior, owing to their being unrelieved by either benches or chairs. This want of sitting accommodation was due to the fact that the Greeks perform their devotions standing, and therefore make no provision for resting the body, with the exception of a row of seatless stalls arranged against either side of the church, and on which the worshippers can, if they so will, support their arms.

Facing the main entrance and at the opposite end of the church was the *Bema*, or sanctuary, which was separated from the main body of the building by a screen, the *Iconastasis*, on the panels of which were numerous paintings of saints; hence its name. Within this sanctuary was the altar, to which the *Papas* (priest) gained access when the service commenced by means of an arched doorway in the *Iconastasis*, this doorway at other times being closed by a heavy curtain. There was but little else in the church to strike the eye of a foreigner, unless it were a gallery for the use of the women, who worship apart from the men, and a noteworthy absence of all images, which are forbidden by the canons of the Greek Church.

At the appointed hour the christening party punctually entered the building and took their stand around a large tin font which had been carried in and placed in the centre of the open, flagged space; this font, more especially when it had been filled with lukewarm steaming water, put me in mind of nothing so much as a large soup-tureen. The infant, a well-grown male child, was carried in by its mother, who was accompanied by the father, the future godfather,

the midwife, an old woman of eighty, and sundry friends, some of whom had come long distances to be present at the service.

The ceremony was performed by two *Papathes*, or priests, each arrayed in the usual high hat, which resembles a brimless "chimney pot" flattened out at the top, and white, shapeless linen robe with a large gold cross embroidered on the back. Their long black hair, glistening from the generous use of the oil with which it had been anointed, was gathered up in a tuft at the back of their heads, and was more especially noticeable when they uncovered themselves at certain periods in the service.

Viewed as a whole the group, including the little boy bearing the incense burner, was a striking one; the variety and singularity of the dresses, the dark, swarthy faces of the men, each with his little armament of knives and pistols, and the long elfish locks and flowing garments of the priests, contrasting strangely though not unpleasantly with the bare white walls, gaudily-painted screen, and kindly-looking English gentleman holding the helpless little child that was the cause of so much commotion.

The priests having smilingly intimated to the mother that the service might now proceed, commenced with a long prayer recited in a high nasal voice, which was now and then varied by a peculiar chant unlike anything that I had previously heard. At certain places in the prayer the *Papas*, the most advanced in years, approached the infant, who was still being held by its mother, and blowing gently in its face, made the sign of the cross over its wistful little countenance; at intervals also he bowed himself before the pictures of the holy saints, swinging the censer to and fro before them till the whole church was fragrant with the sweet, penetrating scent. Although everything was being conducted with due propriety and an absence of anything approaching levity, yet, nevertheless, there were many smiling faces around, not excepting the worthy priests' in the fulfilment of their office. The godfather, who, but for a preliminary dandling of the infant, had up till this time taken no active part in the service, now commenced his onerous duties by receiving the child from its mother, which he did in such a cautious and even clever manner as to lead the spectator to infer that he was no novice at baby handling, even if it had not been further demonstrated by his talented manipulation of the infant, who raised no audible objection to the transfer. But both godfather and godson had certain tribulations to pass through ere the end came. Those of the former commenced forthwith, through the agency of his little charge, who after mutely blinking at the lighted candle held in its custodian's

disengaged hand, turned its attention to that personage's moustache, one of the waxed ends of which it managed to secure. After twisting and twirling about the prize, the unhappy owner of which assumed an appearance of unconcern, the small tormentor tickled his chin with his chubby fingers—a further attention which caused the victim to wriggle and relax his attentions to the taper, which thereupon deviated from its proper perpendicular deportment. Now, from the chin to the ear is not very far, and when at the ear why not examine its interior, although it is a sensitive spot? I am not prepared to state that such was the child's reasoning, but, be the cause what it may, this inquiring infant's finger found its way to my friend's ear, round which it hovered like a moth round a candle. A stop was put to these youthful speculations by a move being made to the far end of the church, where the godfather, having made certain responses, blew and spat at the devil. After thus flaunting and scoffing at his Satanic Majesty, the priests and godfather returned to the font, where the infant was handed to its mother, who forthwith sat down upon the floor of the church and proceeded, with the assistance of the aged midwife, to divest it of its garments. Judging from sundry grunts on the part of the child during this public removal of its robes, it did not seem to properly appreciate the maternal attentions.

Meanwhile the *Papas* was not idle—far from it: he was superintending the pouring of cans of hot and cold water into the font, and anxiously testing for the right temperature by plunging his hand beneath the surface of the contents; at last, having satisfied himself on this point, he withdrew this natural thermometer and presented it to a small boy in attendance, by whom it was dried and kissed.

The olive-coloured little morsel of humanity, still behaving in an exemplary manner, was then wrapped in a white cloth and handed once more to its patient and long-suffering godfather, who, after a prayer had been offered up, delivered it to the priest to be deposited gently on a mat. Making a sign to the mother to advance, she came forward, and having knelt down, addressed herself to the task of holding the mite's legs, which evinced symptoms of resistance against this coercion. While retained in this position it was rubbed with myrrh by the *Papas* on the back and breast. The most exemplary care was taken against the infant catching cold, and as soon as this particular form was gone through it was wrapped in its clothes and again confided to the care of its mother. The priest now rose to his feet, and producing a bottle of holy oil, dipped his fingers therein and with them made a sign of the cross on the child's forehead; the remainder of the oil he poured into the font, the contents

of which he then blessed three times, his right hand being half immersed in the liquid. At this particular portion of the service there was shown, by the manner in which all present drew nearer to the font, a certain shade of anxiety, coupled at the same time with a wistful curiosity, the reason for which I did not fully comprehend till after the approaching rite had been performed, and which was now entered upon by the *Papas*. Receiving the child from its mother, but this time naked, and holding it under the arms in his powerful grasp, suspended over the surface of the oily water with its poor little legs hanging pendulously downward, he lowered it by a series of gentle drops and ascents into the water, in which it finally rested in a sitting position. The object of all these attentions was apparently so astonished with this, its, most probably, first acquaintance with water, that it showed no other sign of surprise than a widely distended mouth, into which, as was natural, the water poured like a cataract, when the priest immersed its plump little body. It was not in the nature of babyhood to undergo such treatment without offering a vigorous vocal protest, pitched in a high key. The infant in question constituted no exception to the rule, and so energetic, so *staccato*, became his song without words, that, being a bachelor with no experience of either babies in general or babies in particular, I began to dimly call to mind the hearing or reading of such violent infantile grief sometimes ending in convulsions—a calamity which, if it happened in this case, would be doubly serious, as there was no medical man within miles of the spot. These anxieties, and the accompanying chorus from the baby choir in the women's gallery who had been sympathetically howling, were soon laid to rest by the *Papas* withdrawing the object of so much commiseration from the water, and, with the assistance of the mother, drying and dressing it in its original clothes, to which had been added a small scarlet cocked hat, that he perched sideways upon its head, and which, with the previous processes of drying and dressing, reduced it to comparative and, finally, to total silence. I should have mentioned that, previous to his conferring the order of the hat, he cut off, after much fumbling and a considerable expenditure of time owing to there being the reverse of a luxuriant growth, three locks of his trust's hair, which he cast into the font. Once more was the little involuntary wanderer committed to the godfather's custody, to whom it was secured by a broad, light-blue sash, or rather shawl, passed round the bodies of each, and tied in a big bow at the back of that good-natured, long-suffering man, whose chin and mouth had a soothing and cheering effect on the mind of the "mother's own,' ruffled by the recent watery rite. The christen-

ing concluded by a prayer, lugubriously chanted by the two *Papathes*, who, together with the infant and its guardian, slowly made the circle of the font three times, bowing at each quarter of the circle. The Bible was then given into the charge of the small censer bearer, who devoutly kissed it and the priest's hand from which it was received, and the whole party, headed by the godfather with his burden, still adorned by the blue sash, wended their way out of the church to the mother's cottage, situated not far distant.

Here all were received with glasses of the inevitable mastic, the spirit which forms such a conspicuous and preliminary feature in the hospitality of this part of the world. After passing a short time in chat, which chiefly related to the ceremony that had just taken place, the godfather was presented by the mother with a handsome scarf, while he, on his part, presented the worthy *Papathes* with a fee of 25 *drachmas*, the midwife with a rather smaller sum, and all those who had been present in the church, including a goodly contingent of juveniles, with 10 *lepta* each. So ended this, to me, interesting ceremonial, which left me not only richer in experience, but with my stock of *lepta* increased by ten.

NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

NOTES AT A GERMAN BATH.

Villa Clara, Bad-Langeweile, June 18.—I arrived a week ago at my German bath, ordered thither, much to my disgust, for a couple of months. I am a middle-aged spinster, of no particular personal attractions, and a wearer of the "terrible blouse of no shape whatever," that M. Ohnet says all English women affect when on their travels. My young cousin, however, who is my travelling companion, amply makes up for my deficiencies. Mattie is a pretty, healthy, English girl of seventeen, fresh from school, and imbued with the strong intolerance of youth for everything not British. Cheapness being an object, we have come to an entirely German *pension*, for the Teuton may be depended upon for always choosing the places where you get best value for your money. The twenty or thirty ladies boarding here are a noisy, gossiping, friendly crew. It seems "always afternoon" at Bad-Langeweile. Not that we are lotus-eaters in any literal sense of the word—for the water that we drink is unpleasantly medicinal—but one certainly becomes here forgetful of the lapse of time. We do exactly the same things every day—we drink, bathe, sleep, eat, in endless rotation. After the intolerably long one o'clock dinner the ladies retire to bed and to sleep for two hours or so, till the coffee appears, served on little tables under the luxuriant vines in the garden. Oh, those noisy dinners! No wonder the pensionnaires are tired. At dinner-time it is as if Babel itself were let loose, or like the monkey-house at the Zoo. Outside, in the flickering sunlight, the pines send forth their delicious scents, and the oaks wave their branches temptingly; but no, we must forswear their proffered delights, and eat steadily through seven courses and a dessert. The Germans, however, do not flinch; they know their duty and they go through with it bravely. The only thing to which they do object is having even the smallest scrap of window opened; "Es zieht," they murmur, if you make so bold as to open one little chink. But they are good old souls—in their way.

June 22. — Among the pensionnaires are two particularly belligerent elderly ladies, Frau Auerbach and Frau Biener. Frau Auerbach is a well-to-do widow of fifty, red-faced, stout, very ill-

natured, expensively dressed, and a confirmed hypochondriac. As to Frau Biener, she is a fat, square, old lady, a "Hausfrau" of the good old type. She knits interminable black worsted capes, and must certainly be a descendant of Mrs. Bayham Badger; for, like that celebrated lady, she has had two husbands, and airs their memories at every possible opportunity. She weighs, I should think, some 200 lbs., and is besides of so unprepossessing an exterior, that one could hardly imagine how anyone had ever got so far as to propose to her. Frau Biener is now in charge of her daughter-in-law, Louise, a young woman not long married, pallid, lethargic, and dismally resigned to sit under her mother-in-law's large wing. Louise does not, however, like her relative, knit worsted capes: she does no work at all; she never does anything but sit and gaze sadly on her surroundings, only breaking the silence by occasionally remarking, with a faint gleam of a smile, "My husband is coming to fetch me to-day fortnight." Mattie cannot stand Louise at all. She gets so cross with the poor bride's inanity that she can hardly sit at table with her; but then Mattie, as I said, is always a little intolerant. Frau Auerbach amuses her more, especially when she is quarrelsome, which, indeed, is generally the case. Even over discussing the rival doctors (the doctors and the "cure" here form the great topics of conversation) Frau Auerbach manages to be unpleasant.

"If there's anything to be found out, depend upon it, my dear Frau Biener, Dr. Frickel is the man to find it out," she remarked to-day at dinner in her most domineering voice. "He says he never met with such a case as mine," she went on proudly, "and it seems to him wonderful how I have kept up all these years. Ah, it is not everybody who has my great strength of mind."

(Frau Auerbach is Dr. Frickel's most paying nervous patient.)

This assertion roused Frau Biener. "H'm, h'm, I don't know," she responded; "Frickel may be all very well, but Dr. Marx is the safe man."

"Zickinger is the cleverest of all. He puts his finger on the very place," here struck in pretty Elise, the waiting-maid, anxious to avert a quarrel. "Such brown eyes! they exactly match his beard! so young too—only thirty-two, and already *Hofarzt*!"

"Frickel is still younger, and his eyes are brown too," here remarked Fräulein Bertha, a sentimental lady of six-and-twenty.

A young girl near us blushed, but said nothing.

Our *pension*, like Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's boarding-house, boasts of a "young girl." She is an object of deep interest to us all. Her name is Marie, and she appears to be entirely alone in the

world. She has a dollish sort of prettiness, with blonde curls like a baby's, and a shell-pink complexion. She sits about and does nothing all day; she is almost as idle as Louise, and quite as satisfied with herself.

June 25.—The young girl has a lover! She informed us of the great fact to-day, by the springs. Her "Bräutigam" is young, handsome, rich—or so she says. Looking up suddenly to tall Mattie, she asks wonderingly:

"And have you not a bridegroom, too? or did you never have one?"

Mattie, who is only just seventeen, is much taken aback. She has never before felt the humiliation caused by the want of a "bridegroom," but now she feels it keenly. So she confesses indiscreetly that she might have had one, only this spring, but—

"But you do not love him," continues the young girl in English—very bad English. "Oh! I love my 'Schatz' so," she continues; "I love him so."

Mattie shudders, then blushes to the roots of her hair—for the words have been loudly spoken, and some very evident English in the vicinity appeared to be amused. "Oh, *would* you mind saying 'like' instead of 'love,' next time?" she murmurs. "We *never* say 'love,' in English—we have no such thing!"

Marie is astounded at this assertion, and takes some time to get over it. As for Mattie she has not got over the shock to her feelings yet. Just now she is looking out into the starry night, her head leaning on her pretty round arms.

"You know," I say apologetically, "we can't expect Germans to be quite like ourselves. They are much more effusive."

"I call it positively sickening," says Mattie.

June 28.—The young girl's lover has arrived! She seemed quite bright—for her—on hearing the news of his approach, and she showed her joy by actually beginning to work on a square of white cotton crochet.

"That's right—preparing to be a good housewife!" cries Frau Auerbach approvingly. Housewife indeed! We don't believe that Marie can write, and if she can read it is quite as much as we should expect from her. But then she is an adept at "laying the cards," which relaxation she appears to indulge in at least five times a day—whenever, indeed, she is not bathing or drinking. Mattie is quite sick of seeing her do it. And I, for my part, think the crochet not so much of an advance on the cards. All the ladies here crochet, and we imagine their rooms filled with dreadful squares and mats.

Such an odd couple arrived yesterday. We can't make them out at all. They are both young and good-looking, and appear not to be related to each other; at any rate, their names are down in the visitors' book as Mr. Thompson Binns and Mrs. Jackson. The lady is a widow from San Francisco, and the gentleman seems to be acting as her escort. He is handsome, dark, and curly-haired; "like a brigand of the middle ages," says Fräulein Bertha. There is about his proceedings that air of mystery which is so dear to the female heart. All the old ladies are full of conjectures about him. "What in the name of wonder," says Frau Auerbach, "can *he* want with the 'Kur'?" On the other hand the lady is sickly, as Mr. Thompson Binns informed us on arriving, with American frankness. This frankness went far to win Frau Auerbach's heart. Without losing a moment, I saw her tuck the American lady under her arm, and sally forth with her to Dr. Frickel at once, to avoid all fear of her changing her mind. By the time they returned, Mr. Binns was drinking his coffee, surrounded by an admiring circle, explaining to Mattie and me: "We met on the ship. She was ill, and, as I'd nothing particular to do, I just took her along on the cars. I told the ship's doctor and the captain that I'd see to her. I'd do the same for any woman." A sentiment which gained him unbounded applause.

June 30.—Marie and her bridegroom are sitting outside on the terrace together. (The crochet is thrown aside.) It is noticeable that the young man never says a sensible word to his betrothed, never makes any attempt at what may be called "conversation." This disgusts Mattie more than ever. "He treats her exactly like a doll or a plaything," she complains. At the present moment he happens to be pulling her ears playfully, and giving her stage embraces—they are certainly very public ones. All this seems more or less to imply that Germans do not want much intellectual companionship in their wives. At dinner to-day, Mattie, always full of the "higher education," asked Fräulein Bertha if many German girls learned Greek and Latin. Marie's lover chanced to overhear the question. "Horrible! I can't bear a learned woman," he said twirling his blonde moustache.

Fräulein Bertha has a great contempt for Marie. She is a pallid, sentimental young woman, who loves to talk of the "immensities" and to pose as a "femme incomprise." She is emancipated—that is, for a German—and it is distantly rumoured that she writes poetry. She likes to make people think that there is a dark mystery surrounding her life. "Ah," she said to me once,

"if poor Bertha had had a thaler for every time she had said good-bye, she would long ago have been a millionaire." She sits and gazes at Mattie and me with sad, saucer-like eyes, but she seldom gets further with us than the remark already quoted. (I defy anybody, however, to talk about the "immensities" with such a thoroughly practical young person as Mattie.) Fräulein Bertha has taken forty baths at almost boiling-point, and has almost washed herself away as the result. That is the worst of Germans, they never do things by halves. They can seldom be induced to take a bath, but when they *do* take them, they take them with a vengeance! Bertha is much attracted by Mr. Thompson Binns. "*There* is a man who is capable of dragging a woman round the town by her hair!" she says admiringly. But I think she misjudges the poor man. Mrs. Jackson, small, pale, and self-possessed, is capable not indeed of pulling him round the room by his hair, but certainly of turning him round her finger. Mrs. Jackson, by the way, is always beautifully dressed in the latest Paris fashion, and wears diamonds as big as peas. Last night when Mattie and I were at an outdoor concert in the "Kur-garten," we chanced to sit behind a couple conversing in the tenderest tones. Mattie recognised, in the semi-darkness, the big diamond pin that Mrs. Jackson wears in her hair. Without wishing to play the part of eavesdroppers, we could not help overhearing in a lull in the music the following words:

"How many pills did he tell you to take?"

"Oh, I'm to judge of how they suit me. My constitution 's so remarkably highly strung. When are *you* to commence taking baths? *That'll* be the test!"

Mattie and I moved away. "*How* romantic!" she whispered, shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Oh, one thing does as well as another to make love over," I said, remembering the old ballad of Edwin, Angelina, and the ipecacuanha.

July 2.—I was going down into the garden to-day, with the intention of writing in the arbour, when Mattie met me, and said warningly, "Don't go in there! I believe Mr. Binns is proposing to Mrs. Jackson!"

I had hardly time to answer when Mr. Binns himself emerged from the arbour, looking radiant. He came up to us gaily.

"Mrs. Jackson is just taking a nap," he said, "before she goes to the bathhouse; she asked me to leave her in peace, so, perhaps, it would be as well, ladies, if you didn't disturb her. It's always best to take a woman like that at her word, you know. *She's* a woman of

character and knows what she means. She told me I'd teased her about enough for *one* day" (with a laugh). "But I've gained something. She's given me leave to drive with her this afternoon. From a woman as proud as that, too. Oh! it's quite a concession."

But Mrs. Jackson had apparently no intention of sleeping, for Mr. Binns had not been gone two minutes when she also emerged, peeping cautiously round first, to see if the coast was clear.

"I do wish that fellow would conclude bothering me," she said. "I am sick and tired of having him always around me. I've told him twenty times, if I have told him once, that I don't mean to marry him. He plagues me to death. Oh, lord, yes!" she continued, answering my sympathetic look, "he's plagued me ever since we left the steamer. It don't seem any good my telling him I'd prefer to remain single. What on earth should ever tempt a woman who has been comfortably 'left' to marry again *I* don't know. And my husband left me *very* comfortably off—not wealthy, but enough. He'd insured himself—let's see," she went on complacently, ticking off her fingers, "it must have been for twenty thousand pounds, I guess, at the lowest computation."

"He must have been a good husband, certainly," I murmured, while Mattie tried to repress a bad inclination to smile.

"I should say so, indeed. Why, he was three weeks dying, and all the time he kept saying, 'Annie, keep on with the business' (his was a blacking business) 'as best you can, and, if you must marry again, marry a man with plenty of "gumption" and "go" in him, who'll stand by you and the business.'"

"Ah!" I said, "and you don't consider Mr. Binns answers the description?"

"Not I! He's a silly old goose, that's what *he* is. Man! he a man! I've got more man in my little finger than he's got in his whole body. He's too soft for a man; he ain't got no gumption. Business! he ain't got nothing of a head for business. Nothing like my husband. The blacking trade would never keep me in clothes"—(looking complacently down at her Paris-made skirts)—"if he took to the management of it. And, besides, he's always in love with somebody or other. It's second nature to him to fool around some one. You can see what *he* is. I don't trust him."

"If he's *that* sort of man," I couldn't help here interposing, "I wonder you weren't afraid to travel about so long with him."

"Oh! I never was afraid of nothing yet. I'd like you to show me the man I ever was afraid of. Why, I've travelled alone out West, and had to carry arms; and once, when they stopped the

coach and tried to rob it, I fired off five shots quickly, and you may bet your pile that they bolted pretty sharp," clenching her small thin hands at the recollection.

Mattie shuddered. The little fair Yankee didn't look like the actor in such a terrible drama. With her neat braids of glossy hair and her perfectly fitting "Worth" costume she might have stepped straight from a band-box. But on the present occasion she wasn't quite so self-possessed as usual; her temper was certainly a bit ruffled.

"And what a man he is to talk!" the widow went on (the "he" still referring to Mr. Binns). "I feel quite ashamed of him sometimes. It makes a woman look so like a fool. Now, hasn't he just been talking about me to you? There! I knew he had. That's what gets my blood up to the notch. Well, that's certain! my husband didn't talk like him, of whatever he'd got in his head. He can't keep a thing to himself. But it's no use worrying," with a rapid change of tone, "and I had to promise to ride along with him this afternoon, just to keep him quiet. Don't you go thinking it means any more than that. Oh, it's late! and I must go and prink a little. Here's one of my business cards before I forget," taking a large bit of cardboard from her pretty reticule. Then she ran into the house.

We looked at the card. This was it:

ANNIE JACKSON,
Dealer in BLACKING.

Offices: 48 & 49 Mill Street,
San Francisco.

July 4.—The young girl and her lover have quarrelled—for what cause we cannot imagine, as he was pinching her ears just as usual yesterday. But it now turns out that he is not the young girl's first love. Young as she is, she has had other loves before. This partially accounts for the very little attention she seems to have paid to any other branch of education. She has at last found her tongue, and she is almost as loquacious as Frau Biener herself on the subject of her two loves. "Mein erster Schatz! mein zweiter Schatz.!" she says, quite outrivalling that lady and her two husbands. Now Marie, "variable as the shade," seems to be harking back to the

"erster Schatz." At any rate there is a great coolness with the "zweiter." The different parties to the quarrel, unfortunately, choose poor Mattie and myself as confidantes. The lover will only walk with me; the young girl will only walk with Mattie. They glare every time we meet, as we naturally often do within the small area of the "Kur-garten" promenade. The result is that Mattie and I can't speak to each other. We object very much to be used as cats'-paws in a lovers' quarrel that does not the least concern us. But it is all of no use.

"You think I care for that girl?" says the discarded youth to me, as I am vainly endeavouring to get through my portion of water under the flowering limes. "Well, I do not care *that*" (here he snaps his fingers) "for her. I shall not think of marrying her if she is not good. A girl with a temper, who will not obey? No, I do *not* love her. Ha, ha!"

On the other hand, from his *fiancée's* furious look when we pass, I can quite well conjecture what *she* is saying to Mattie.

July 5.—When we entered the *salle à manger* this evening, Mrs. Jackson was conspicuous by her absence; and we noticed that Mr. Thompson Binns's countenance wore a look expressive of the deepest gloom. "He has proposed to her again," Mattie whispered to me, "and she has refused him." I unrolled my work silently.

"You do too much work, Mees," said Frau Auerbach; "work of all kinds is extremely prejudicial to the 'Kur.'"

"Yes," added placid Louise, who was sitting in a state of idyllic happiness with her husband's hand in hers (he had come at last to spend Sunday), "it's quite true. You never see *me* do anything while I'm here."

"You don't do much at home, my child," here interposed her mother-in-law, as she looked over her spectacles and knitting at the young couple. "Franz spoils you. Only think," she went on in a loud whisper to Frau Auerbach; "he lets her have a girl in the kitchen."

"Ah! when you have a little son," said Frau Auerbach good-naturedly to the bride, "that will give you an occupation. You will have to wash him, to teach him——"

"He shall go to the same school that *you* attended," said Louise, looking radiantly at her Franz; "he must be brought up exactly like his father."

The husband beamed at this, and squeezed his Louise's hand affectionately. Mattie looked another way. These little domestic idylls, enacted in public, made her feel quite sick. As for me, I was

by way of counting my stitches. But Mr. Thompson Binns, who had not been attending at all to anyone but himself, here gave such a tremendous groan that we were all quite startled by it. Then he got up, pushed his chair back and went out, slamming the door behind him.

"Ah! it is sad to see a poor young man so much in love," said the sympathetic Bertha, "and with so little return."

"Nonsense! I believe Mees Jackson is really fond of him, and it's only her way of flirting," remarked Frau Auerbach severely. "You should have seen the life I led my poor dear Jacob before we were betrothed. He had to ask me seven times, and yet I always meant to have him in the end." The said Jacob, I may mention, had been defunct for now ten years, so his widow permitted herself a little affection for him, but there were not wanting those who libelled her, as Dürer's wife had been libelled, by saying that her husband, poor man! had been glad to find rest in his grave.

("You did not have to ask *me* so often," here remarked Louise to Franz in a loud parenthesis.)

"Mr. Binns is too young to marry a widow, and I believe Mrs. Jackson is older than he is;" this assertion came from Bertha.

"What does that matter?" inquired Frau Auerbach, looking daggers—was not she a widow herself?

"Well, but should not a man be older than his wife?" Bertha asked, appealing to the company in general.

Frau Biener seemed to take this as a personal challenge. In all her dignity of mother-in-law she spoke over her clicking knitting pins, her square form and roughly hewn features looming quite sphinx-like through the gloom. "My first husband" (click) "was ten years older than myself" (click, click); "my second husband" (click), "whom I married thirteen months after the death of my first" (click, click), "was thirteen years younger than myself" (click). "My first husband had a big ready-made clothes business" (click); "my second was his foreman" (click). "With both of them I lived happily. They knew when they were made comfortable" (click). "I am a good cook, you see, and I was always clean and hardworking" (click, click, click).

The words were oracularly spoken, and it seemed quite unnecessary and even irreverent to answer them, as it would have been in the old days to reply to Minerva or Apollo. No one ventured to question the desirability or suitableness of either of Frau Biener's matrimonial alliances.

Only Mattie turned up her little nose. "What slavery!" cried

she. "I would *never* cook or be a servant to any man. I can't cook, and if I were a German girl I wouldn't learn."

"Well, and what will your mother say," demanded Frau Auerbach, "when some rich young man asks her for your hand in marriage? When he comes to the usual question, 'Is she a good cook?' she will be obliged to answer, 'No,' and your chance will be lost."

Mattie felt too disgusted to speak. Happily I came to her rescue. "We English have different ways," I said.

"Oh, English!" cried Frau Biener contemptuously, ignoring our presence. "The English! fine housekeepers they make. What waste! What ignorance! They only manage to live at all, in their expensive country, because they are all so rich. If they are poor they are obliged to go and live elsewhere. And the husbands—do their wives make them comfortable? No, it is well said, 'Die Liebe eines deutschen Mannes geht durch den Magen'—den Magen," she repeated, with a rapt look.

"But," I here remarked feebly, "how can a man's wife be a companion to him if she is always in the kitchen?"

"*Companion*!" echoed Frau Auerbach scornfully. "No man wants his wife to know the things that he knows. Let *her* mind the cooking, see to the sewing, look after the children: *his* companions are his friends at the *Wirthshaus*."

"They don't go to the *Wirthshaus* every evening in England," I suggested.

"They do worse things, no doubt," said the censorious Frau Auerbach, who, doubtless, on Mr. Lillyvick's principle, would allow no virtue to foreigners.

July 9.—There is to be a dance at the "Kurhaus" to-night, in honour of some royalties. It is to be quite an "occasion" for the neighbourhood. Everyone in our pension is going, from Frau Biener to the "young girl," whose lover departed in dudgeon some days ago. No longer can the little town of Bad-Langeweile complain of a dearth of men. Louise has got her Franz with her; her second husband (the foreman of the ready-made clothes business) has arrived to escort Frau Biener. Only Mr. Binns still lounges about in solitary gloom, snubbed by the lady of his affections. He seeks consolation in vain from frequent "cocktails" and cigars. He has long ago given up the "cure" and the baths. They did not agree with him, he told us; and as nobody knew what special ailment they were meant to cure, none of us felt qualified to offer any advice. His moods are varying and unexpected; one day he astonishes the pension by sudden fits of loquaciousness, another by equally sudden

relapses into morose silence. With neither of these can the unlucky swain please his beloved. To-day he chanced to be in a conversational mood, and at "Mittagessen" he entered with wild spirit into an argument with Frau Auerbach about American produce.

"I don't care what anyone says," he vociferated, thumping the table in his energy, and shouting at the top of his voice; "you won't find anything—grapes, even—that we can't grow better in America! Ah! I'd like you ladies to see our Californian farms. *There* are the vineyards of the future—*there*!"

"You won't make us believe that," said Frau Auerbach, quite disgusted. This was touching the Germans in their tenderest point.

"Wal, America 's a new country," went on the imperturbable Yankee, "and a new country is of course up to all the newest dodges—the most go-ahead notions in farming. Why, everything is better in America! Only look at our beer-breweries! We sell more beer in New York in a month than is sold in any big town in Germany in a year."

This mode of reckoning the excellence of produce—by quantity *alias* quality—rather staggered the Germans for a minute. But Mrs. Jackson, who sat next to her compatriot, here said quietly in his ear:

"You'd better just shut up; you're talking a lot of bosh of what you know nothing about. I wouldn't make a spectacle of myself if I was you."

However, the irrepressible was to-day not easily snubbed, even by his lady-love. He was only silenced for a short breathing-space. Everything in America, according to him, was better than it could possibly be elsewhere. He was nothing if not patriotic. Somebody unwisely started talking about music. Mr. Binns struck in at once.

"Wal," he said, "I reckon you've had the greatest composers. We can't beat them in our country, though perhaps we may yet. But we're musical, you bet. To give you an idea—why, I know of a store in New York where they keep no less than 5,000 pieces of music in stock. Ah! we're a musical nation. I've got a brother who plays—I'd like you ladies to hear him. There's passion, there's fire for you! Why, he plays so well that it's no exaggeration to say that the perspiration drops from off him! *That's* playing, if you like. As for ladies—I grant you, they can play fantasias, light pieces; but like a man, never! they've not got the muscular strength to do it."

All this, shouted at the top of a stentorian voice, and but vaguely understood by the Germans, simply made them open their mouths. They were overcome by the manner, if not by the matter.

July 10.—The dance last night was very novel, though Mattie and I are both a little exhausted by its results. These I will proceed to relate. The party from our villa arrived in good time, though Mr. Binns had nearly made Mattie and me late, by begging our assistance in the choice of a bouquet for Mrs. Jackson. He had ransacked all the flower-shops in the arcade before he could find one *recherché* enough to please her. At last he settled on one composed of giant violets and white jessamine. "That's just the thing for a widow—half-mourning, you know," he said to us approvingly, "and she'll think it such good taste. That'll go a long way with a woman like Mrs. Jackson."

And certainly Mrs. Jackson, touched either by her widow's bouquet, or perhaps by a lecture that had been delivered to her that afternoon by all the German ladies in conclave, *à propos* of her cruelty to poor Mr. Binns, showed herself quite amiable to him, and danced with him several times. The ball-room was crowded. Dr. Frickel was there, dancing with all his patients in turn; Dr Zickinger was laughing and talking with pretty Elise; even old Dr Marx put in an appearance. Marie sat on the daïs, refusing every partner, and looking—like Mr. Horatio Sparkins—as if she "thought of nothing earthly"; while Fräulein Bertha, resplendent in white book-muslin and amber beads, and with her hair done *à l'anglaise*, was consumed by an all-devouring hope, *Will* Dr. Frickel dance with her? Yes, she is not disappointed: he comes, engages her for a waltz, quite cutting out a military cousin, who stands by enviously twirling his waxed moustache.

Mattie danced with everybody. I danced with Mr. Binns, who confided to my sympathetic ear all his hopes and fears with regard to the fair widow; and with the uxorious Franz, who trod on my toes dreadfully, and asked me every minute how I thought his Louise was looking. Now Louise is a stout and somewhat apathetic young woman at the best of times; and this evening—clad in a badly fitting mauve dress which did not suit her complexion, and which, being very short, left visible her big sandalled feet—she looked decidedly lumpy. But she was satisfied with herself, which after all is the great thing to attain. When Franz led me back to where his Louise was sitting, the young wife exclaimed, "Oh! does not my husband dance beautifully? One seems quite to glide through the air with him," and she looked at him with loving eyes.

There is no doubt but that those married couples are happiest who belong to this kind of Mutual Admiration Society. The only objection to it is that it makes outsiders often feel "de trop," and

I felt quite relieved when Louise and Franz whirled off again, and left me to my own devices.

I was laughing a few minutes later over this little episode with Mattie, when suddenly a young man approached us, and asked her for a dance. It was Marie's lover. He had apparently turned up for the occasion, with no other object than to make his recalcitrant betrothed jealous; for he had made himself his very smartest, and, with a large carnation in his buttonhole, tried to look as "dashing" as possible. Mattie danced with him, nothing loth, and it would have been as well if this had constituted all his sins; for he now proceeded, under his former sweetheart's very eyes, to flirt outrageously with the pretty black-eyed confectioner's daughter of Bad-Langeweile. Marie's eyes grew furious, her lip scornful. Not a look of recognition did she vouchsafe her "Schatz." The ball over, we left the Kurhaus; and now the lover wished to make amends, for I heard him offer to escort her up the hill. She repulsed him angrily; but just then I caught sight of Mr. Binns and Mrs. Jackson in the distance, and not wishing to be again mixed up in a lovers' quarrel, I fled back, so to speak, from the frying-pan into the fire.

"Well," Mrs. Jackson was saying as I came up, "if this isn't enough to make a woman vow she'll never give in again! Here I've danced with you four times to-night, and worn your flowers, and now you want me to promise all sorts of things more! What can I do with him?" she added, appealing to me.

"Oh, look here, Annie! I mean Mrs. Jackson," the unfortunate Thompson interposed, "don't be hard on a fellow. I only want you to say you'll take me on trial. Here have I been hanging on here for weeks, and ruining my constitution with baths and iron which I don't want, and you leading me the life of a dog, and all for no use. This lady thinks you might give me a chance—now don't you, Miss? I'd really make you a good husband; you might have a worse. T. B.'s going to be good to the girl that he marries, you bet!"

"Well, there!" said Mrs. Jackson, "I don't say I won't think over it, as it seems you're so set on it; but only on one condition, which is that you don't plague me any more to-night. Good-bye, both of you!" and the erratic little woman, ruthlessly abandoning the unwilling witness of this tender scene, ran up the hill laughing, leaving Mr. Thompson standing alone in the darkness. When he and I reached the villa gate, we found everyone in a state of great excitement, and all the old ladies standing beshawled in the road,

in extreme terror. The young girl's lover was reported to have taken to the wood, with wild threats of suicide. No time was to be lost. We forgot our fatigue and all hurried out in search of him. Mattie ran in one direction, I in another, Fräulein Bertha in another. Eventually we ran the culprit to earth, and Bertha and I held him while Mattie searched in his pockets for imaginary pistols. A more ludicrous scene was surely never seen.

"Can't I take a little walk in the wood by myself?" the young man said angrily, and it must be allowed that his anger was not altogether without excuse. "Am I a fool to want to kill myself for the sake of such a girl as that? No, indeed! ha, ha!"

We discovered no pistols, and returned to the villa after exacting a solemn promise of good behaviour. We found Mr. Binns calmly smoking a cigar in the garden. "I thought you ladies would prove more insinuating," he remarked.

Insinuating! It was main force we had used. And our work was not yet ended. The young girl had, with much presence of mind, taken to her bed and gone into violent hysterics. Her shrieks filled the house. Two hours at least were spent in administering restoratives, and only in the small hours of the morning did I venture to leave her, still mingling sobbing anathemas against the "zweiter Schatz," with various fond recollections of the "erster." Hurriedly groping my way upstairs in the dark I found Mattie awaiting me impatiently.

"Do you call *this* improving your health?" she cried, and added viciously, "I've no patience with such rubbish!"

Mattie is certainly intolerant.

August 4.—All my friends are either gone or thinking of going, and what is worse, Mattie has been telegraphed for by her mother. The young girl has also taken her departure, and this is decidedly one weight the less on my mind. As to her "bridegroom," we are none of us quite certain whether or no she will eventually pardon him, but we think it highly probable—that is, unless yet a "dritter Schatz" appear in the unforgiving interval. Frau Auerbach has paid her farewell visit to Dr. Frickel, who, as a parting gift, has presented her with a little book of which he is the author, dealing with all sorts of possible and terrible diseases. Frau Auerbach thanked him for this kind attention, but she seems to find the book very far from comforting. By dint of much imagination and persistent study of the little volume, she has not been long in arriving at the conclusion that she has every disease it mentions. This little gift of Dr. Frickel's is certainly diplomatic.

I have made several shopping expeditions to the pretty bazaars in the promenade, and on one of these I fell deeply in love with some quaint red china, said by the snuffy, wizened, old "dealer in antiquities" to be at least a hundred years old. Mattie being far away, I consulted Mrs. Jackson as to its purchase. "Oh, dear!" said that lady (who looked at everything, Mr. Thompson Binns included, from a purely business-like point of view), "what's the use of buying *old* china? Why, you can get *new* for half the price! lovely sets in the newest fashion, shipped from New York. No, don't throw away your money!" This last piece of advice was good, at any rate. I put my purse aside and we turned home, for on this particular evening —yesterday evening—a farewell supper, or "Abschiedsfest," was to be held in the Villa Clara. It was to be another "grand occasion." All day long Elise and her mother had been busy in the kitchen over culinary works of art. I had helped to stir the pudding, and Bertha had arranged the flowers, while Frau Auerbach made punch in the seclusion of her own room, and Mr. Thompson Binns prepared mysterious American beverages in the back-yard. The spirits of this latter have risen wonderfully since Mrs. Jackson has allowed him to hope.

As eight o'clock struck the guests arrived punctually. Among the first of these was Fräulein Bertha's military cousin, a young officer. Mr. Binns welcomed him with his usual unerring tact.

"I'm glad to see you, sir," he said blandly, shaking the stranger's hand with fervour, "and to be supported by you in my trying position —the only bachelor among so many ladies! Ah! one wants a *man* sometimes to talk to."

This speech was perhaps not quite in accordance with German ideas of gallantry, but fortunately few of the ladies present understood it.

The dinner passed merrily, and with the punch came an unexpected treat; for Fräulein Bertha had composed an ode in honour of the "Abschiedsfest," bringing in sentimental little references to all and everyone at the Villa Clara. Even Elise's mother, a fat, good-tempered old thing, who combined the offices of cook and landlady, was not forgotten. The poem contained several carefully worked-in allusions to her, and she was forcibly brought in, with her white cap tied under the chin and bibbed cooking apron, to hear them. She tried to smile pleasantly on everyone, but she looked as supremely uncomfortable as a fish out of water, and had evidently about as much notion of poetry as an elephant has of skating. The only thing in Bertha's poem at which an unkind critic (had any such

been present) might possibly have cavilled, was that its lines grew so long by degrees that the sheet of paper they were written on barely sufficed to hold them. This defect, however, was not so much noticed when the poem was recited by its authoress—standing on a chair at the end of the long table, in a kind of "bless-you-my-children" attitude. As she concluded there was a general chorus of applause. The wine circulated freely. Everyone in turn was called upon for a speech or a story. Mr. Binns, wishing to be appropriate to the occasion, offered to relate a story of a Prussian officer. Like the celebrated Mr. Tibbs with his volunteer story, he had long been burning with it.

"When I was a youngster," he began, addressing more especially Bertha's cousin, "I was travelling down the Rhine by steamer. Now I ain't one to everlastingly stickle for my rights, but, mind you, T. B. don't like to be bossed by anyone, be he who he may. Well, as I was remarking, I was on board the steamer, and had happened to establish myself with my baggage on a comfortable seat on deck. I got up for a minute to speak to a friend, and when I got back, lo and behold if there wasn't a young beggar of a Prussian officer had bagged my place, and was sitting there, calm as a cucumber, with all *my* bags and wraps pitched on to the ground. I should smile if anyone were to say that T. B. wasn't vexed. I just took up my carpet-bag, and flung it back on to the seat, hitting that Prussian officer such a blow in the back that it sent him sprawling. Bless you, the whole ship's crew surrounded me in a minute, amazed that anyone should dare to attack an officer. 'Donner und Blitzen! wha-do-you mean, sir?' cried the Prussian, scrambling to his feet again, dusty and scowling. 'I mean to teach *you* to respect the American flag, sir,' says I. He clapped his hand on his sword. 'Oh, if you mean fighting,' says I, 'two can play at that game,' and I doubled up my fists and waltzed along the deck towards him in fine style. 'Come on,' says I. Did he come on? not a bit of it. He retired, sulking. The ship's captain comes up to me. 'What have you done, unhappy man?' says he, 'you've insulted a Prussian officer! He's bound after this to take your life. He can't help doing it. The regiment would for ever look down on him if he didn't avenge himself.' But I could see that in their hearts the captain and crew hated the arrogant fellow, and were chuckling over his defeat. The steward looked another way, but he was smiling—I could see it down his back. 'I'm ready for him, any time,' says I. 'He'll have your blood,' says the captain. Well, if you'll believe me, I landed, got a good thick stick, left my address with the captain, and loafed

three whole days in a little pokey Rhine town waiting for that fellow to come and fight me. The darned skunk never put in an appearance, and that's the story of how I was going to duel with a Prussian officer!" And Mr. Thompson Binns, having now exhausted his breath, sat down much pleased with himself.

"Oh! you *idiot*," whispered Mrs. Jackson, who could contain herself no longer. "You're enough to drive a woman silly, you are. You've been putting your foot in it nicely. Don't you see that it's a Prussian officer you've been talking to?"

Mr. Binns had not taken in this fact, and he opened his mouth much in the same fashion as the pantomime little boy, who, in the act of stealing a sausage, finds himself suddenly confronted with the policeman. His curly hair quite stood on end. However, no harm was done. The ladies, as before hinted, couldn't always understand Mr. Binns's wild flights of rhetoric, and had not therefore grasped this terrible insult to their soldiery, while the officer was no wiser than they were.

The general hilarity of the evening, meanwhile, showed no signs of diminishing. Elise's turn was called for next. She had spent some time in composing a little English poem to give me as an "Andenken," or farewell gift, and she now offered to recite it to the company. They were all very much impressed, especially those who couldn't understand a word of it. It ran thus:

> Oh, will you tink of me
> When you are on de sea?
> When waves roll round your head,
> Then I will tink of thee!

(I was much gratified, but explained that the lines, though beautiful in themselves, were perhaps a little gloomy in their tenor, inasmuch as I hoped not to be drowned on the return passage.) But Mr. Thompson Binns now rose again at a sign from Elise. He had partially recovered from his collapse. "I speak," he said, "in the name of Mrs. Jackson and myself. As you perhaps know, my friends, the feelings with which I regard that lady" (here Mrs. Jackson looked rather foolish), "I will not further descant on that theme. I will only tell you of my fervent hope, which is that she will one day call herself Mrs. Binns. Ladies, I hope you'll wish me joy. I have always—I may say it without pride—tried to do my duty among you, and have kept my temper as a man should on many trying occasions."

Mrs. Jackson here pulled him violently by the sleeve: "Sit down, Thompson, you silly man! You've said quite enough. Why *will*

you always spoil things by saying too much? Oh! *however* you'll manage the business I'm sure *I* don't know!"

"Only one word more, ladies," went on Thompson, nothing daunted, raising his glass. "May you all find as complete a cure as mine at Bad-Langeweile."

After the outburst of cheers which greeted this hit, Frau Biener was called upon. She dragged, of course, into her speech some allusion to her husbands (like Mr. Dick with Charles I.'s head, she never could get on entirely without their aid), but otherwise her few remarks were pithy and to the point. Laying down her eternal knitting for this occasion only, she said slowly, with a strong south German accent: "The bride is young, but she has already once been married, and that is always something; it gives experience. Let her study to be a good cook and housekeeper, and see to her husband's shirt-buttons, and she will retain his affection. He has promised to be good to her, and we can only hope that he will keep his word." These words, spoken gruffly in a deep bass voice, and accompanied by a distrusting glance at Mr. Binns, were not without their effect. They seemed to imply that man in general, and Mr. Thompson in particular, would do anything rather than "keep his word." Everybody shuddered, but Frau Biener was only acting up to a firmly-implanted principle of hers. An article, according to her, must, above all, be made to "wear." If solid, it was not generally ornamental; if ornamental, as a rule it did not "wear." Mr. Binns was ornamental; *ergo*, he probably did not possess good "wearing" qualities. She looked lovingly across at her own Franz, who sat with one arm encircling Louise's capacious waist, and the other raising—a tankard of beer! Nobody could deny that *he*, at least, was more useful than ornamental.

But Franz now rose to speak for himself and wife. "My Louise is shy," he said, looking towards her fondly, "and it therefore devolves on me to speak. As to the betrothed couple, I can do no more than wish them as much happiness as my Louise and myself are blessed with: and as for you, ladies, I can only say that when you are next in the neighbourhood of Hohenellenputznau, we should be delighted if you would honour our little abode with a visit. My Louise has a girl to cook, and though ours is a simple household, yet it is a comfortable one."

I had hoped to escape notice, but now there were loud cries of "The Miss! Let the Miss speak." So, seeing that there was no help for it, I mounted the speaker's chair, and got through the ordeal as best I could. They cheered me loudly, notwithstanding my

blunders. "Come back next year," cried everybody; "we will all meet next year! *Auf Wiedersehen! Auf Wiedersehen!*" and the glasses clinked again with a will.

August 20.—It is now the last day of my stay, and twilight is approaching. As I write these words I remember the thought so well expressed by De Quincey: "Life resembles a journey by stage-coach; the scene continually changes, and the passengers also." I have quite a sentiment of tenderness in my heart for the young girl, for Fräulein Bertha, for Mr. Binns, Mrs. Jackson, and even for the crocheting old German ladies, now that they will so soon vanish into "the land of shadows." Then I think of Mattie, already departed along that distant silver streak of water whither I shall soon follow her; and, leaning out of my window, I forget my past weeks of boredom, and gaze, almost with a feeling of regret, over to where the red sun dies far away from off the wooded knolls of the Schwarzwald.

EMILY CONSTANCE COOK.

AURORA KÖNIGSMARK.

"Cette femme, célèbre dans le monde par son esprit et par sa beauté . . . La comtesse, parmi les perfections qui la rendaient une des plus aimables personnes de l'Europe . . ."—VOLTAIRE.

"TO Westminster Abbey . . . and here we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katharine of Valois; and I had the upper part of the body in my hands, and did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a queen, and that this was my birthday —thirty-six years old—that I did kiss a queen." Such is Mr. Pepys' quaint account of his post-mortem homage to the royal lady who had lain in the arms of the Victor of Agincourt, and who has been depicted by Shakespeare as the French lady-love of the young Warrior King. The date of the burial of Queen Katharine was January 1457. The date of Mr. Pepys' visit to her remains in the Abbey was February 23, 1668-69. It is not, indeed, a very uncommon thing for the living to have seen the preserved bodies of the long dead. We have all seen the mummies of old Egyptian kings, priests, ladies; and I have held in my hand the head of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, the father of Lady Jane Grey. In about the first quarter of this century it happened to Dr. Friedrich Cramer to see, by particular favour, in the vaults of the old *Stiftskirche* of Quedlinburg, the mummified remains of a quasi-royal lady, who had been, in her time, one of the most beautiful women of her day in Europe; who had been witty, accomplished, charming; the mistress of a splendid king, and the mother of a great captain; the centre of attraction at the courts of Germany and of Sweden; who was one of those witch-women of history who, by means of the magic of sexual and of mental charm, had excited desire, inspired intrigue, stirred ambition, and played a distinguished, if ignoble, part in the drama of her land and time. Such was *la Saxe galante*, the once fair and lovely Aurora Königsmark; and she was the lady upon whose artificially preserved remains Dr. Cramer—and, no doubt, others—gazed with wonder, and with thoughts stirred by many complex memories. Dr. Cramer, more modest, less amatory and inquisitive than Mr. Pepys, was

content with gazing ; and was not guilty of the cadaverous adultery of kissing the dead wife of a dead prince.

Her life, and that of her brother, are so full of romance, and are so typical of the times and of the countries in which they lived, and moved, and had their being, that it seems worth while to endeavour to tell the story of the erring, but lovely Countess. The authorities are many, though the evidence is often conflicting, and the problem, at times, perplexing. The tale has not been fully told by any thorough, lucid or graphic German writer. Cramer is, perhaps, the best.

It may be here in place to touch briefly upon the descent of the "divine Aurora," and to allude slightly to those of her ancestors who made the most distinct mark in the story of their country and their day. The family was an old German one, belonging to the class of smaller nobles, and had its original seat in Königsmark, in the marches of Brandenburg. The name of Königsmark was first made famous by Johann Christoph, born 1600, at Kötzlin. He was a general in the Thirty Years' War, serving with the Swedes, and has left a somewhat truculent reputation, owing to his activity as an unscrupulous and cunning freebooter ; but, in energy and in a rugged determination to push his own fortunes, he was a very distinguished old fighter and diplomatist. He was present at the coronation of Queen Christina in Stockholm, in 1650, and died, also in Stockholm, in 1660, leaving immense property and materials for the pompous inscription on his tomb. He was the first to link the old German house of Königsmark with Sweden. Johann Christoph was a valiant, wary, unprincipled soldier of good fortune. One of his sons, Konrad Christoph, strengthened the family alliance with Sweden by marrying Maria Christina Wrangel, born 1638, a daughter of the great Swedish Marshal, Herrmann Wrangel, and of his wife, Amalia Magdalena, born Princess of the Palatinate, of the Salzbach line. Konrad was killed by a bomb-shell at the siege of Bonn, 1673.

Next in the line appears a romantic figure, Karl Johann, son of Konrad Christoph. Karl was born at Nienburg, in 1659. He added to the warrior restlessness of his family a very marked tendency to gallantry and to adventure, in love as well as in war, which renders him still attractive. He lived in, or visited, Holland, England, France, Spain, Rome, Florence, Genoa, Venice ; and he brought to our Charles II. letters sent by the King of Sweden. As a volunteer, he joined the English fleet, then waiting for a wind to carry troops to Tangier; and served under the French flag in Catalonia. He is found in Greece, and in the service of Venice ; and is always active, brave, and love-loving. One little anecdote touching one of his many romantic amours is characteristic.

We may ask, with Walter Scott,

> Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
> A gentle paramour?

The account rests upon the authority of a letter addressed by Charlotte Elizabeth, of the Palatinate, daughter of Elizabeth Stuart, and then the widow of the Duke of Orleans, to Caroline of Anspach, then Princess of Wales; and the German lady recounts that she knew a Count Königsmark who had been followed to the wars by an English young lady of rare and delicate beauty, who discharged, among other duties, the office of page to the Count, and had, for that purpose, adopted dainty masculine costume. The page lived with the soldier in his tent at Chambor; and one day he described his amour to the widowed Duchess, who, returning with the Count from hunting, insisted upon seeing the fair page. The Duchess had never in her life (she says) seen anything prettier than this pretty page, who smiled, though with a little embarrassment, at the curiosity of the Duchess. The page was found to possess great brown eyes, a very delicious little nose, and a charming, laughing mouth, showing white teeth. He or she wore her own ample brown locks, fastened with large buckles. When the Count went with her to Italy, the landlady of an inn came running to the Count, crying out: "Monsieur, courez vite là-haut, votre page accouche!" We need not follow the fortunes of the daughter of the Count and of his romantic and lovely young page. The name that the daughter bore was Maria Dorothea d'Hollande von Königsmark.

Aurora's father, Konrad Christoph, had, as we have seen, died a soldier's death at Bonn in 1673. Her mother, Maria Christina, born Wrangel, was left a widow in her thirty-fifth year. That vehement, sprightly gentleman, Count Karl Johann, escaped the ordinary lot, and was never married. A soldier is better accommodated than with a wife; and may be satisfied with a pretty page. Aurora herself was certainly never married; probably she never really loved. Aurora's elder sister, Amalie Wilhelmine, married the Swedish Count, Karl Gustav von Löwenhaupt, who was soldier and diplomatist. Maria Aurora was, no doubt, born in Stade; but it is difficult to fix the precise date of her birth. Ordinary historians say that she was born in 1677 or 1678; but they forget that her father died in 1673. Dr. Cramer's careful calculations make it more than probable that she was born in 1667 or 1668; but Aurora herself, with the fantastic chronology of a beauty, was fond, in her riper years, of representing herself as younger than she really was. Her brother, Philipp Christoph, was a mere boy at the time of his father's death. During

the youth of her children, the widowed Countess moved her residence to Hamburg.

Amalie Wilhelmine being married, there remained only the beauty-daughter to settle in life; but it was not so easy to find a suitable *parti* for such a brilliant young divinity. She did not want for suitors, and for renowned and even regal suitors among them. Portia of Belmont had not more; though in her case loveliness was supplemented by an heiress's wealth, while Aurora had beauty only, and was poor. "The most celebrated woman of two centuries" drew after her crowds of adorers; though royal admirers hesitated to pay the price of marriage even for the possession of such beauty, such wit, such talents, and so rare a charm. Many of the love-letters addressed to Aurora still lie before us; and we find that she had bewitched Herzog Anton Ulrich von Braunschweig-Wolfenbüttel, who begs Aurora to visit him at Brunswick, but urges her in a letter dated November 3, 1692, for the preservation of the peace, to write to his wife the Duchess to announce the visit for which the elderly gallant longed most ardently. The Herzog Friedrich Wilhelm von Mecklenburg-Schwerin (son of the above) is another of her amatory correspondents, and he prays for a portrait of the charmer. Her brother, Philipp Christoph, Count Königsmark, writes to her from Hanover, dated January 10, 1693, about her matrimonial projects and prospects; and speaks of his sister as "halb verlobt," half-engaged; and alludes to various aspirants, among whom we find Herr M——, a foolish Graf von Waidel, Graf von Hohenlohe, and another nameless suitor, strongly favoured by the brother, who had 6,000 dollars of income, and could settle 30,000 dollars upon Aurora. But the most passionate of her correspondents was Gustav Horn, related in some way to his divinity, and grandson of the well-known Swedish Field-marshal, Gustav Horn. The genuine warmth of this young man's adoration inspires us with a certain respect and sympathy, and in one of his letters he gives us the following picture of his hotly-loved, incomparable mistress. He ascribes to her a wealth of physical beauty, and says that her figure was neither too stout nor too slim, and that all parts of her exquisite body were formed in perfect harmony. Her delicate complexion evinces the bloom of youth and health. Her hair is of unusual fulness and darkness; the face is of a fine oval, and the forehead open and high. Her eyes are large, dark, and full of fire, and capable of most expressive glances. The nose is tenderly modelled, the mouth small, the lips always glowing with lively red, the teeth white, regular, and of equal size. Then he exclaims, rhapsodically, that all about her must strike

the least susceptible beholder with a kind of sacred delight. He forgot to mention the merits, recorded by others, of her fine foot, lovely hands and arms, and of her glorious bust. Always brilliant, this almost peerless creature was sweet-tempered, though witty, and had the added charm of gracious and most perfect manners.

Indeed, she was becoming renowned in all German courts as a paragon of loveliness, of learning, of music, of poetry, and of coquetry; but her reputation was, as yet, quite untarnished. In Hanover she excited an enthusiasm of passion and of admiration; and we find intimate letters (in 1692) to her from the Kurfürstin von Braunschweig-Lüneburg, the Electress Sophia, and from the ill-fated Erbprinzessin von Braunschweig-Lüneburg, Sophia Dorothea (geb. Prinzessin v. Br.-Zelle), who was soon to be so fatally connected with Aurora's surviving brother.

The mother of Aurora is but a shadowy figure in the memoirs of the time, and is only interesting to us as being the mother of so splendid a daughter. The widowed Countess died in Stockholm, December 17, 1691; she was fifty-three years of age. There is a mass of Löwenhaupt correspondence extant. Amalia was far inferior to Aurora in all gifts and graces. The wedded pair got on pretty well together, though Löwenhaupt, absorbed in military duty, was often away, and for long absences, from his wife. She once caused that worthy man great uneasiness by a pronounced flirtation with Fürst von Fürstenberg; and Löwenhaupt often gave his wife causes of jealousy. Löwenhaupt was somewhat addicted to excess in wine, and his intemperance provoked remonstrances and regrets from his wife. The pair had several children. They had for some time a difficult part to play, owing to being servants, if not subjects, of two conflicting powers—Saxony and Sweden—nor were their difficulties lessened after Aurora ceased to have influence in Saxony. They had property in Germany and in Sweden.

Next we turn to the contemplation of a very striking figure, memorable for its fatal beauty, for its dissolute heartlessness, and for its tragic end. This is Philipp Christoph, born, it is supposed, in 1662, the younger of the two brothers of the incomparable Aurora, and worthy for his many physical gifts and beauties—gifts unalloyed by conscience or by principle—to be the brother of such a loosely winsome lady. Contemporary records are conclusive as to his perfect figure, his regularly handsome face, his liveliness and charm, his seductive manner, and his success in the favour of women. The handsome young officer was indeed a man of *bonnes fortunes*, and was as depraved as he was good-looking. Palmblad gives a very

she caused the mother, the daughter only of a French noble, to be properly married to the Duke, and so raised Sophia Dorothea from the position of Mdlle. d'Albreuse to ducal dignity and rank.

Electress Sophia's husband, the *Herzog und Kurfürst*, Ernst August, sometime Prince-Bishop of Osnabrück, was a splendour-loving and expensive Herr, loose in his life, but with an old-world gallantry of manner towards women. His permanent mistress was the Countess von Platen, who, in so far as Sophia would let her, practically ruled Hanover. The Countess von Platen was one of the two famous Von Meissenberg sisters, both splendid and seductive women, belonging to the highest rank of married strumpetocracy. Her complaisant husband, Franz Ernst, Graf von Platen, was Hofmarschall, and President of the Secret Council, a man of influence in the State. The sister of the Countess was the mistress of the Erbprinz, Georg Ludwig, and the whole thing was a compact little family arrangement, productive of comfort and advantage to several of the persons engaged in it.

Georg Ludwig was a boor, heavy, taciturn, cold, awkward, heartless, ugly, and a phlegmatic libertine. The position of poor Sophia Dorothea was a pitiable one. She had no friends at the Court of Hanover, and her coarse husband treated her with neglect. With her mother-in-law she was never intimate. Passionate, ardent, impulsive, with a keen and mocking wit, she loathed her enforced marriage, and hated the surroundings of her joyless life.

Then appeared upon the scene the lover of her early girlhood, the handsome, heartless Count von Königsmark. He had left the Saxon service to become colonel of the Foot Guards in Hanover, and went there to meet his fate. Liked at Court, loved by women, extravagant, dishonourable—but so very charming—he excited a frantic passion in the sensual Countess of Platen, and became her lover. She could further his interests and help his extravagances. Thrown intimately into the society of the forlorn Sophia Dorothea, the natural consequences followed. If the scoundrelly Philipp Christoph could feel anything like love or tenderness for any woman, it was for the Princess. The false love soon turns to hate, and the Countess, mad with jealousy, hated first the Princess, and then her false lover. She had her spies, and easily learned the truth. The Princess and the Count contemplated a flight to Wolfenbüttel. Georg Ludwig was away in Berlin. On the evening of Sunday, July 1, 1694, Königsmark received a note: "Ce soir, après dix heures, la princesse Sophie-Dorothée attendra le comte Königsmark." The fated man obeyed the summons, and went to

the rooms of his mistress, where he remained till one in the morning. In the meantime, the Platen flew to her other lover, Ernst August, and obtained from him an order for the arrest of Königsmark. All exits from Herrenhausen were guarded, and three soldiers, with an under-officer, who was a creature of the Countess, attended to arrest the Count as he came out of the rooms of the Princess. They were instructed by the Platen to use their weapons ruthlessly in case of resistance, as she desired rather the death of the sinner than that he should be merely arrested and live. The malignant Countess hid herself near the room from which Königsmark must issue. She had posted the guards in the *Rittersaal*, through which he must pass.

The doomed man at length appeared. The Princess and he had, in their talk, been mocking the Countess.

Finding all other doors closed, Königsmark stealthily crept into the *Rittersaal*. He was lightly clothed, but had his sword with him. The four soldiers sprang upon him. He resisted the arrest, and fought desperately, inflicting several wounds upon his assailants; but his sword broke, and he could no longer resist. He was hacked and stabbed to death. Then appeared the fierce and furious Countess. "Murder me, if you will," cried the sorely wounded man; "but spare the Princess—she is innocent."

"Traitor, confess her guilt and yours!" screamed the dæmonic woman; and, as the dying man lay stretched out helplessly, she stopped his faint protestations of the innocence of the Princess by stamping with her heel upon his bleeding mouth. We can well imagine the terrible glances exchanged between the fading eyes of the murdered man and the flaming orbs of the vile woman who presided over the murder.

So perished the fascinating brother of the fascinating Aurora. The body was probably burnt in Herrenhausen, and the strictest secrecy was maintained. The Court of Hanover preserved a quiet, silent, stoical calm and unruffled stately composure. There were rumours, of course; and it was generally believed that the Count was secretly imprisoned. Sophia Dorothea was divorced, she gladly consenting, and became Countess of Ahlden. In the desolate solitude of lonely Ahlden, Sophia Dorothea passed two-and-thirty years, dying in her sixtieth year, in 1726. Of her two children, one became George II., King of England, and the other the wife of Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia, and the mother of Frederick the Great. Countess Platen finished her life of infamy about 1706. She became totally blind, and her closing years were lonely and miserable. She left a confession, which was partly made public in the funeral

sermon preached after her death. The persons who (we except the Princess) felt most deeply the death, or disappearance, of the Count were his two sisters. Aurora, who believed him to be in secret confinement, made every effort to ascertain the fate of her brother. Meeting only with polite evasion from Hanover, the idea occurred to her to appeal to the Elector of Saxony, who had known the Count well. Aurora started for Dresden, and there met her fate, not in death, but in love, and in the lot of a royal mistress.

Saxony could obtain no clear answer from polite but surprised Hanover about Königsmark, who had, by the way, been at one time a general in the Saxon service. August, however, soon learned to take more interest in the living sister than in the dead brother; and he fell violently in love with Aurora—with the fair, winsome, witty beauty with such large dark eyes.

Friedrich August, Elector of Saxony, and afterwards King of Poland, commonly known as August the Physically Strong (*August der Starke*), was born in Dresden, May 12, 1670.

He was the son of Kurfürst Johann Georg III., and of Anna Sophie, daughter of Friedrich III. of Denmark. Owing to the early death of his brother, Johann Georg IV., who departed his scandalous life April 27, 1694, August became Elector of Saxony. He was a handsome prince, "with glittering eyes, and excellent physical constitution; was a very good-humoured fellow, supremely pleasant in society." His physical strength was quite extraordinary, and he could bend horse-shoes and do various other feats which required most uncommon power. In his youth he had visited the Court of the *Grand Monarque*, and the example of Louis XIV. excited in August a desire to emulate the life and conversation of that mirror of kings. August was fond of show and splendour, and of pleasure. His intense tendency to connubiality rendered him a formidable competitor in this branch of industry of the kings David and Solomon; and the strong man is credited with 354 bastard children. He married the daughter of the Markgraf von Baireuth, Ernestine Eberhardine, a virtuous princess; but marriage was not allowed to be any restraint upon his recreations. He was in the fire-new flush of his accession to the Electorate when Aurora came to Dresden; and she—probably not at all unwillingly—became his first acknowledged mistress. At the outset, he overwhelmed her with presents, and gave sumptuous fêtes in her honour; but the ardent temperament of the voluptuous and amorous Elector almost forbade the very idea of constancy, and the reign of Aurora as Electoral mistress, if intense, was yet but short.

All close relations with her lover ceased in April 1696, and she was succeeded by the Gräfin Esterle, who was followed by the Gräfin von Cosel, by Gräfin Lubomirska, and by very many other fair and frail ladies, who were supported generously and handsomely out of the public taxes. "Wenn Fürsten schwelgen darben die Völker;" and August ruled only to ruin Saxony. There is one fearful infamy in the story of August which only seems incredible because it is so foul. He had a natural daughter, a Countess Orzelska, who was the mistress of one Rutowski, also an illegitimate child of August; and this young lady had her parent for her lover. "Really a polite creature," says Carlyle of the depraved Elector; but August must have had in him a strain of the infrahuman vile Borgia taint. In October 1696, Aurora became the mother of Graf Moritz von Sachsen, the son of August. Moritz knew how to make dexterous use of such a bar sinister. He was patronised by the Duke of Orleans, and ripened into the victor of Fontenoy and the lover of Adrienne Lecouvreur. August loved Moritz better than any of his other sons, and surely such a preference was a compliment to a youth who had so extensive a father; the father of so many of his people, though with only one legitimate son. It is significant of the times that the relations of Aurora with August by no means lowered her in the estimation of the polite world. The Löwenhaupts were full of congratulations, and only desired that Aurora should employ her interest with the good Elector for their benefit. Nor did the number of her suitors diminish. She still excited many a passion. Numerous admirers, including Herzog Christian Ulrich of Würtemberg, sought her love or her hand. After the cessation of her *liaison* with him, August was not liberal to Aurora. The mistress of the hour always cost him so much that the claims of a past mistress could not be regarded; and the poor man was put to heavy expenses by his armies and his concubines. Soldiers might remain unpaid, but the sultana of the hour required ready money. August, when compared with his model, Louis XIV., was perhaps a greater actor, though he played his part upon a smaller stage. His vanity stimulated his ambition, and he elected to procure his election to the throne of Poland. It was a time of restless striving for advancement among German princes, and both Prussia and Hanover pointed the way to great promotion. August could not remain a Protestant in Saxony and yet become a Catholic in Poland. He turned to Catholicism, and this base apostasy, dictated only by self-interest working in a man who had no sense of religion, degraded Saxony from the high position which the country had occupied since the Reformation.

Saxony was his by inheritance ; Poland could only be his by intrigue; and he deliberately sacrificed his hereditary Electorate to his assumed Crown. Saxony was sacrificed to Poland. The Jesuits were introduced into once noble Saxony, which was degraded, pilled, and half-ruined in order to sustain the vanity of a reckless ruler. August was not respected, loved, or feared. As a soldier, he possessed only the personal prowess of a paladin, and had nothing of the talent of a great captain. He was always a failure as a general.

August's Polish enterprise brought him into conflict with the higher character and greater genius of Charles XII. of Sweden. Charles, for a time, deposed August, and gave the crown of Poland to Stanislaus Leczinski, father of the wife of Louis XV. The Swedish army lived at free quarters in unhappy Saxony from September 1706 to September 1707. Aurora was still the friend of her former lover ; and August had reason to know well her power of fascination. He therefore sent her as his ambassadress to the Swedish camp in order that she might obtain for him favourable terms from Charles ; but, in so doing, he reckoned without his enemy. Charles was steel-cold, steel-bright, steel-hard. Upon him, as upon Friedrich Wilhelm, the rattan ruler of Prussia, the lawless loveliness of venal and wanton beauty was wholly thrown away, and he refused to admit Aurora to an audience. Driving one day, she met the Soldier King on horseback in a narrow way ; and, thinking that he could not then escape her, she descended from her carriage in the hope of speaking with him. The stern Swede, however, merely lifted his hat, and rode rapidly away, refusing all conversation with the disappointed and offended ambassadress. Count Piper gave a great fête, at which Charles was to be present. The Count asked the King what rank he was to assign to the Countess von Königsmark. "Rank !" said the Monarch, "how can she claim any rank ? *Sie ist und bleibt eine H*——, and she may stay away." A king this of harder metal than the soft, sensual August. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "the woman is an improper female, and there's an end of it." But the lovely and bewitching woman conceived a scheme of serious ambition ; ambition combined with a desire of gain. It may be that she was somewhat sated with loves and passions ; it may be that no marriage which was offered to her choice exactly suited her fastidious requirements ; but, without desiring wholly to disconnect herself from gallantry and pleasure, she yet felt that business is business, and that it was desirable to secure some exalted position and some settled income. She loved extravagant living, splendour and show, fine jewels, rich dresses, coquetry, and excitement ; and

the unmeasured enjoyment of these delights had plunged her into debt. Nothing more was to be hoped from August. During her short revel of a reign as favourite Ikbal, August gave her some pearls of great cost. After her fall, necessity compelled her to pawn them. She applied to her ex-lover to redeem them. He promised faintly, but never kept his word. Munificent to the strumpet of the moment, he would not waste his people's money upon a deserted sweetheart. Aurora decided upon trying to become Abbess of Quedlinburg.

Quedlinburg was founded as an abbey in 936 by Kaiser Heinrich II. and his wife Mathilde. It had become in Aurora's day *eine geistliche Stiftung für Jungfrauen*, a religious institution for virgins (or spinsters) who were of noble birth and had good connections. The revenue of the *Stift* seems to have been ample, and the abbess was nearly always a lady of royal birth. When Aurora made her attempt upon Quedlinburg, the home of princesses and of countesses, the lady appointed as abbess was Anna Dorothea, Princess of Sachsen-Weimar.

Surely our fair, if worldly, heroine had, in her past career, given proof of a singular fitness for the religious guidance and control of noble virgins; but yet—and this is very painful to record—a strong opposition in the institution itself arose against the appointment of the ex-concubine of August. The protests of the royal and noble ladies were sent to Vienna, and a cabal was formed against Aurora; but she was a resolute woman of the world, and well understood how to use influence, and how to intrigue against enemies. She could also place proved reliance upon the power of her beauty. Saxony, always in want of ready money, had sold Quedlinburg to Prussia, and August had therefore no power over the elections in the institution. Poor Aurora found but cold comfort in the north, Prussia being but a lukewarm friend to the enchantress; but she was an astute, indomitable woman, who knew well how to gain her ends. She had a half-triumph. Unable to get herself made abbess, she succeeded at length in securing her election as *Pröbstin*, which may be rendered as sub-prioress. Aurora had desired an appointment, but she had no idea of discharging a duty; and her frequent absences from Quedlinburg brought her into conflict with the very unreasonable authorities. Such a bird in such a cage! She travelled restlessly about wherever interest attracted or pleasure lured, and proved to be a very lazy and indifferent prioress.

When next a vacancy occurred, Aurora used the most strenuous efforts to obtain, or, if necessary, to buy, the post of abbess; but she was again disappointed, and the Princess Maria Elisabeth von Hol-

stein-Gottorp was elected. Aurora never rose higher than *Pröbstin*, but she held that post until the day of her death.

Unfeeling Time, that takes in trust our youth, our joys, our all we have, and in the dark and silent grave, when we have wandered all our ways, shuts up the story of our days ; that Time which spares no beauty and respects no charm, began to be busy with the very German Antony and Cleopatra of our history. The lady first felt the effects of age ; but she retired fighting, and turned to the arts of the toilet in order to oppose the ravages of Time. Her constitution was not so strong as that of August the Strong. Soured by disappointments, and withered by age, with a life of excess telling upon her vitality, Aurora's health began to fail, and the divine creature of former years subsided into a discontented invalid and waning beauty, who possessed no charm and owned no influence that would win inexorable Death to spare her. She died at Quedlinburg, February 15–16, 1728. Death lays his icy hands on kings, and August the Strong, and the Magnificent, died at Warsaw, February 1, 1733. They were not lovely in their lives, and in death they were not long divided.

Aurora left very little money, but a large amount of debt, behind her. She was buried in the *Stiftskirche* at Quedlinburg.

The influence of Louis XIV. upon the morals and the manners of the majority of the German princes of the time was most disastrous. Their palaces were mainly built in imitation of Versailles, and their conduct, as rulers and as men, was an attempt to emulate the reign and the morals of the colossal egoist of France. They naturally failed to see how Louis was paving the way for the French Revolution. Our Charles II., the infamous sovereign who signed the Treaty of Dover, was also a disciple of the *Grand Monarque* ; and August the Strong took Louis for his model. His Jesuits made use, for their own purposes, of the Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, but they never checked the open and flagrant sin in which August defiantly wallowed. They treated his depraved debaucheries and excesses with the cold, clammy slime of priestly guile. August should have lived

> In der heroischen Zeit, da Götter und Göttinnen liebten,
> Folgte Begierde dem Blick, folgte Genuss der Begier.

He had, as a gift of nature, violent passions and almost unexampled physique ; he had, no doubt, terrible temptation within and from without ; he had no reason which he recognised as valid for refraining from the indulgence of his lusts, and he never strangled the impulse of desire with the bowstring of conscience. August was wholly and entirely selfish, in politics and also in love. He had no one high aim in life, no sense of duty, no feeling of right. Indifferent to the rights and to the welfare of his most unhappy people, he revelled in vanity

and he wallowed in sin. A gigantic Mormon, he is almost the foulest figure in a degraded, a depraved, a licentious time. He translated French levity into German heaviness, and he bettered his example. His only shadow of excuse consists in a burning temperament, and in wanton strength of constitution.

And, next, the fair Aurora. In how far was she intrinsically base; in how far was she the creature of those times and circumstances of which she was at once the product and the type? Would she, amid purer and happier surroundings, have been a good woman? It is hard to decide—the case must be left as an hypothesis. And yet her bright eyes seem to look upon us pleadingly, and we remember her many and rare gifts and graces, her varied accomplishments, and her witching charms. It is charm that still pleads in history for the foul, hard, cruel Queen of Scots; for her who could look on calmly while a lover was done to death before her glorious eyes; and Aurora can urge something of the same pretty plea in arrest of sterner, of truer judgment. She left a very tarnished name, and the record of her is that of a wasted life of flaunting vanity and of feverish pleasure. She must have known the real value of the love of her princely lover; and yet, at one time, how she flattered him! Among her many graceful accomplishments was that of making very fair verses. One specimen may serve as a sample of her skill as a poetess. It is a *pièce d'occasion*. At a great fête August the Strong deigned to personate Alexander the Great; and his beautiful mistress was inspired to write—

Alexandre n'eut point de maître
Et ne souffrit point de rival;
Comme lui le ciel vous fit naître
Pour vaincre et n'avoir point d'égal.
Ta foudre, moins forte et moins prompte
Que votre bras, terrasse et dompte,
Jeune et redoutable vainqueur.
Ajoutons, pour palmes nouvelles,
Jamais contre un héros les belles
Ne sçûrent moins garder le cœur.

Really a delicate and neat piece of flattery in not quite bad verse. She was, naturally, the subject of many lampoons and satires; but she bore all with equanimity, and was distinctly amiable, ever witty, but never bitter. Yes; her beauty, her grace, her wit still plead for the fair, if erring, woman; and our captivated judgment tries to think as favourably as it can of splendid, heartless, voluptuous, sinful, lovely AURORA KÖNIGSMARK.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS.

THE kind of idleness I am about to extol is not a mere make-shift for killing time; it is a serious—a very serious—business; so serious, in fact, that the man of a flippant or restless nature cannot very well adapt himself to it. To enter into its true spirit one must be like the peers of Gilbert's "Iolanthe"—have absolutely nothing to do, and do it very well. For to "idle" properly one should be as lazy as Ludlam's dog, that leaned his head against a wall to bark. It is all very well for moralists to talk about the virtue of industry—the glorious charm of useful occupation; to preach from the threadbare text, "Laborare est orare," and to emphasise the hortatory maxim that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." As a means of making money, industry has, no doubt, some redeeming points in its favour. Unfortunately, in this ill-arranged world, everybody is not born heir to ten thousand a year, payable quarterly in advance. Some people—the majority, perhaps, but objects of a profound compassion, nevertheless—are compelled to work whether they care about it or not. Instead of "fleeting the time carelessly as one did in the Golden Age," they have to submit to the necessity of the eternal grind. There are certain public instructors who exhort us to cultivate a love of industry as a distinctly precious equipment in life. They have invited us to "consider the ant," and have held up "the busy bee" as an edifying example which we should do well to emulate. I hope I am not lacking in a proper sense of entomological reverence if I decline to frame my life-conduct upon the model of either the ant or the busy bee. In their way they are doubtless excellent specimens of the more frugal side of the animal kingdom. As types of thrift they would probably be useful object-lessons for an insurance society. But apart altogether from the obviously interested and even selfish character of their industry, it seems to have escaped the observation of their panegyrists that these much-lauded insects enjoy a vacation even longer than that of a queen's counsel. One half of their life is occupied in accumulating stores in order that the other half may be spent in

eating and sleeping. There are not a few of us who would be glad to hybernate on our gains after the fashion of the ant. By some maladroit dispensation on the part of Providence, however, those who would most thoroughly enter into the enjoyment of a lazy life are often those who have to "grunt and sweat under a weary load" of enforced industry.

It is small comfort, when a dreary and unwelcome task has to be finished, to have the maxims of the moralist and their "shocking examples" held up for our edification. We read about the Red Cross Knight drinking of the waters of the Lake of Idleness, and being consequently beaten and made captive by the hideous giant Orgoglio; but the allegory does not make our own labour any the more attractive. Hogarth, again, has drawn a very terrible picture of what befel his "Idle Apprentice," but we don't like work any the better on account of it. We see the sorry rascal treading the downward path to ruin and perdition—wasting his master's time, playing at dice on a tombstone, while the "Industrious Apprentice" is at church; hiding with his paramour from the pursuit of the runners; convicted of crime and terminating his inglorious career on the gibbet. The stern moralist wielded his graver with a powerful purpose, but let me observe that it was not idleness in the proper sense of the term that brought Tom Idle to a bad end and furnished the theme of a great pictorial sermon. It was idleness as distinguished from industry, no doubt, but it was a vicious and inartistic idleness, or rather a vicious and criminal activity, not that indefinable and sensuous abandonment to perfect mental and physical repose which constitutes idleness in its highest and most perfect form. Tom Idle disliked work, and that is a reprehensible frame of mind unless accompanied by the requisite faculty for making laziness the supreme business of life.

There are several conditions of idleness, and I do not pretend to say that they are all equally acceptable. Some men are born idle, some achieve idleness, and some have idleness thrust upon them. The workman on strike is a fair sample of the man who achieves idleness. The results are not always satisfactory, even when a principle is being struggled for or an injustice resented. "Strike pay" usually means limited rations, and who can possibly enjoy idleness with an empty stomach? It may be laid down as an axiom that the gnawings of hunger are inconsistent with the true comfort of laziness. When a man's appetite is sharp set he is more or less unhappy. The *dolce far niente* implies at least regularity of meals. Not necessarily elaborate meals of several courses, with cunningly

prepared sauces and wines of choice vintage; a chunk of homely brown bread, a slice of cheese, with, perchance, the vulgar but appetising onion, will produce, as well as the banquet of a Lucullus, that degree of internal satisfaction which makes indolence a fine ecstasy. And so, when the sturdily independent British workman is on strike and short of funds, and has to go empty from one breakfast time to another, and sees his wife growing daily thinner and thinner, and hears his children vainly clamouring for food, the idleness he has achieved is not exactly calculated to fill him with a divine content. If he cannot "lie beside his nectar," he must, at any rate, have some small beer to lie beside, or the whole scheme of his idleness collapses. Whelks and porter—the favourite repast of Mr. Chevalier's heroes and heroines—may not be the gastronomically highest form of entertainment, but they are as good as turbot and Rudesheimer for soothing those inward monitions which, so long as they are active, spoil the true rapture of idleness. And therein, I grant you, honest toil—when honest toil means the difference between meals and no meals—has its advantages. For honest toil, regarded in the abstract, it is quite possible to entertain a feeling of profound pity without disparaging its occasional value from the necessitarian point of view. It is, unfortunately, a disagreeable fact that the most delightful and the easiest of all occupations—that of doing nothing—is also the most unremunerative. The poor man very soon discovers the incompatibility of the indolent life with the exacting requirements of his physical nature. To achieve idleness, therefore, is often to seek rest in a bed of thorns rather than of asphodel. The pursuit of idleness, in fact, requires a nice discrimination. A man must weigh in the balance his capacity for doing nothing against what doing nothing will cost him. Idleness tinctured with anxiety is not idleness at all. For the proper attainment of the artistic spirit of idleness it is absolutely indispensable that the mind should have no serious preoccupations. If a man has a dread of the bailiffs, or sinks at heart at the sight of a county court summons, then he has no right to intrude into the country of indolence, for he will be unable to enjoy its languorous air, or to soothe his troubled soul with its harmonious murmurs.

Nor is the man who has idleness thrust upon him always in the best position to take advantage of his opportunities. For the true enjoyment of idleness there should be the consciousness of neglected duty. The schoolboy never enjoys any duly sanctioned holiday half as much as he does those stolen hours in which he plays the truant. It is the same in everything. No apples in the world ever tasted as

sweet as that forbidden fruit which Mother Eve plucked in the orchards of Eden. There are few pleasures equal to those of the malingerer when, under the plea of a sick headache, he absents himself from business in order to have a day's punting up the river, or a drive among the Kentish hop-vines. There is a class of people who have latterly had idleness very much thrust upon them—I mean the stockbrokers—and they are without the poor consolation of knowing that it is their duty to be at work. They cannot shirk business because there is little or none for them to shirk. They cannot experience the sly raptures of the truant because fate has already decreed for them an almost continuous vacation. The Stock Exchange man is, just now, the idle man *par excellence.* He is the real Simon Pure. For eighteen long months he has enjoyed the inexpressible luxury of having nothing to do. But just as *toujours perdrix* is apt to pall upon even a gourmet's taste, so there are limitations to one's appreciation of involuntary idleness. To begin with, an idleness that is enforced is not much more agreeable than a toil that is enforced. No man cares about doing what he is compelled to do—even if it be nothing. The very notion that he cannot help being idle is irksome to him and frets his sense of independence. Then, the idleness of the Stock Exchange in these dull and piping times, although complete enough in one sense, is only half an idleness in another. The members stand idle in the market-place, but—they stand there. Now, real idleness is not consistent with a highly localised attention. The scenic beauties of Capel Court are, no doubt, infinite—Throgmorton Street, I am told, is one of the most picturesque spots in England—and what goes by the name of the "Kaffir Circus" has stirred the spirit of poetry; but for a real holiday ramble there are other places at least as attractive. Even Portland, despite its open position and salubrious air, is apt to grow wearisome and monotonous to a man who is constrained to spend a good part of his life there. The Stock Exchange idler does, of course, get some little change by wandering from the American market to the Foreign market, and thence to the Brighton market, but after all the place is circumscribed, its associations lack variety, and it misses the particular environment which is needed to invest prolonged idleness with a satisfying charm.

Then, idleness is not a condition that lends itself very readily to the gregarious habit. People cannot be satisfactorily idle in crowds, and in the Stock Exchange nearly every broker is idle, only some happen to be more so than others. The bare suggestion of gregarious idleness almost involves a contradiction in terms. If you point out

to me that personally-conducted holiday-making is now the vogue, I reply that holiday-making is not necessarily idleness, and is, in fact, very often just the opposite. It is frequently the fate of the personally-conducted tourist to be not only "Cooked" but "done to death." Nothing, I contend, is more vexing to the person covetous of true idleness than to have his idleness disturbed by the intrusion of other idle people. Not that there are many members of the Stock Exchange covetous of idleness; it has been, as I have said, thrust upon them. It is impossible, with a due regard for the high standard to be aimed at, to claim that there is overmuch virtue in idleness of this kind. It is, in some respects, an advantageous discipline, but it has its drawbacks. Moreover, its monotony is apt to be a little trying. Just as Macaulay's conversation would have been all the better, according to Sydney Smith, for a few brilliant flashes of silence, so idleness of this sort would be more likely to be appreciated if it could be broken up, now and then, by an occasional bargain. The inevitable tendency of a dull uniformity is to rob idleness of a good deal of its pleasure. I am quite sure that if the speculating public could only realise what a hindrance their excessive caution and apathy may in this way become to the evolution of a most entrancing Lotos Land, they would now and then dabble in a few American shares, or lose their money in some equally unstable securities, just to sharpen the stockbroker's enjoyment of his subsequent inactivity. From the bottom of my soul I pity—profoundly and sympathisingly pity—these distressed victims of compulsory idleness. Alas! the very conditions that have brought it about have also forged its fetters. They go to the City day after day with a faint, flickering Micawberish hope that a client will "turn up," when if circumstances were only favourable they would be joyfully disporting themselves in the grand stand at Epsom or sailing on summer seas. Conceive, my fellow-idlers, what it is to be overwhelmed with leisure, and yet to have no chance of being properly lazy; to have time hanging heavily on your hands, and yet to be powerless to bask in perfect indolence. The tortures of Tantalus, parched with a fiery thirst, and unable to taste one drop of the clear limpid water all around him, were nothing in comparison. The old fable of the malicious fairy godmother who mingled with every good gift a qualifying curse is realised in the case of the unfortunate stockbroker. He is an idler in the fullest sense, but his idleness availeth him not. For him there is no lying in August days beneath the shade of leafy woods, no wandering at purple sunset by the wild sea-shore, no climbing the white-crowned Alps, or cleaving the blue

billows of the southern sea. He is doomed instead to hang about listlessly in an idle market, where it is "always afternoon," to listen to the feeble shout of prices which mean not business, to watch the flickering movements of stocks in which he has only an academic sort of interest, and to sigh in helpless dejection over that vanished past when the speculative fever was at its height and commissions were plentiful in the land.

It is very likely that my little eulogium of idleness may shock some of the respectable folks who plume themselves on their industry. "What dreadful sentiments!" they will say. It is as if one should preach a sermon on the social advantages of murder, or recommend theft as the primitive and unadulterated form of commerce. There is a good deal of shrieking nowadays about the grand gospel of labour, especially from people who never by any chance do a stroke of work if they can possibly get along without it. I can endure with equanimity these reproaches because I know them to be insincere. Those who shout the loudest in praise of industry are exactly the persons who love to bask in the sunshine and take things easily. Was it not Dr. Johnson who said that every man either is or hopes to be an idler, and that to be idle is the ultimate purpose of the busy? Those who work most assiduously do so that they may acquire the means whereby to indulge in the luxury of an indolent old age. It is the ambition of every business man to retire—which being truly interpreted means to go downhill doing nothing. The only difference between us is that I should prefer to begin at the other end. For to enjoy idleness completely you ought, I think, to have some remnants of youth still left. When you are feeble, decrepit, full of aches and pains, and generally irritable and grumpy, how on earth can you be idle with comfort to yourself or in peace with your neighbours? It needs physical soundness and mental vigour to be idle to perfection. After a man has well-nigh worn himself out with business worries, how can he be expected to do justice to idleness? Middle age is perhaps the best period of life for this sweetest and most enthralling of occupations. The zest for enjoyment is not gone, and there is just enough weariness of the flesh to give idleness a peculiar spice of welcome.

Therefore I contend that anyone who begins to idle before it is too late, taking time by the forelock as it were, exercises a wise precaution. Shakespeare says that he who cuts off so many years of life cuts off so many years of fearing death; so he who idles in youth cuts off so many years of inexperienced idleness in after years. He learns his business betimes. He serves an apprenticeship to his craft.

When most people are only beginning to think about retiring he is already a past-master in the art of doing nothing. Then he escapes those disappointments—those slips 'twixt the cup and the lip—which spoil the prospects and shatter the hopes of so many people. There is small chance of the grim Apparitor touching him on the shoulder before he has tasted of the real sweets of existence. Too many men, eager to obtain the coveted rest, strain every nerve and sinew, with the result that they break down within sight of the goal, their fond dreams unrealised, except in the long idleness of the grave. Not so the idler who begins early in life and sticks persistently to his *rôle*. Besides, are we not told that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well? Does not this mean that we should be consistent and thorough in our idleness, not marring its symmetry by fits and starts, or spoiling its grace by cowardly concessions to the cant of work?

And what is idleness? Ask me not to define it, for true idleness is an ineffable condition beyond the prosaic grasp of the lexicographer. I only know that the world would be all the better if there were a great deal more of it. The eternal grind of modern life, with its haste for riches and its fierce spirit of scorn for all who do not join in its pitiless Carmagnole, gives people no leisure to think, or at least to think of anything nobler than the grabbing of other people's guineas. There is a fine, subtle wisdom in these lines of Emerson's:—

> Tax not my sloth, that I
> Fold my arms beside the brook;
> Each cloud that floateth in the sky
> Writes a letter in my book.

H. J. JENNINGS.

ALPINE TIT-BITS.

SWITZERLAND is a land of legends, and the neighbourhood of the Lake of Lucerne comes in for a full share of these. The plaster statue of William Tell in the square at Altdorf, where he is said to have stood when he shot the apple off his son's head; the tower with the frescoes of Tell and Gesler on it, and which is said to stand on the site of the very tree on which Gesler hung his cap for the populace to salute as they passed along; the chapel, well-nigh brand new, which fringes on the lake itself below the Axenstrasse, and which marks the spot where Tell escaped from Gesler's boat; the little meadow of the Grütli, on the opposite side of the lovely Bay of Uri—just south of Seelisberg—where three springs are said to have started into existence in commemoration of the three reputed founders of Swiss Independence (who met together on the grass-plot in the dead of night in November 1307), are mere trifles to the grim stories which hover round Pilatus. The body of the Roman Governor, after he had committed suicide at Rome in disgrace, was thrown first of all into the Tiber, but was afterwards removed thence on account of the storms which raged round that river. It was next sent to Gaul, where at Vienne it was consigned to the Rhone. Later on, having been once more transported—this time to the Lake of Geneva—it was finally deposited in the little tarn on the side of the well-known mountain near Lucerne which to this hour bears his ill-omened name. Even here the perturbed spirit broke loose, dealing havoc and destruction to the neighbourhood; and, to total up this long roll of superstition, the wraith was one day encountered by a traveller, and an agreement was then and there entered into between them that the former was to give itself rest for ever, with the stipulation expressly provided that it might break loose from its prison-house on *one* day in each year—Good Friday—when the spirit, clothed in the red robe of office, henceforward sat annually on a rock above the lake, and whoever saw it died before the year had run out. The Lucerne magistracy prohibited all approach to the tarn; and in 1387 several adventurers were put into gaol for dis-

obedience to this order. Later, in 1518, permission was granted to four men of science to approach this accursed piece of water, and they then took the opportunity of ascending the mountain. In 1555 Konrad Gesner was allowed to climb Pilatus, with his friends, and from that year the grim spell, which had for long bound the mountains, was relaxed, and the Alps began to be accounted gradually, as years rolled on, as that playground of Europe into which they have now so thoroughly developed, instead of being looked upon as the harbingers of evil and the strongholds of demons and wraiths.

If only such a writer as Herr Scheuchzer could emulate Rip Van Winkle and revisit his haunts of nearly two hundred years back, he would not only be able to re-edit his dragon stories once more, but with his very own eyes he would see nowadays huge monsters in the Alps such as were not even dreamed of in those far off legendary days. "Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum." Supposing Herr Scheuchzer had found himself, for instance, on the summit of the Rigi in 1873, when the first up-train from Vitznau came puffing along from the lake below and at length disgorged its human freight within two hundred yards of the top of that popular height, his graphic pen would have done ample justice to what he saw there! The iron age creeps on apace. Threatened corkscrews inside the Jungfrau; a line of rails to span the Wengern Alp; a long creeping thing everlastingly worming its way up the Nicholai Thal, to the very front door of the Riffel Alp Hotel; such and many another tale would supply legends for a thrilling chapter in the history of Switzerland in a few years' time from the present date, if only a good story-teller could be found to chronicle them. *Tempora mutantur.* The *Gazzetta Piemontese* of February 9–10, 1892, states that Herren Imfeld and Heer have taken instructions from the Federal Council of Switzerland to furnish particulars with a view of constructing a railway to an altitude of 3,000 metres above the level of the sea, at the base of the Matterhorn itself, at a cost of only 7,000,000 francs!

Whether all that does duty as "improvements" is really an index of advancing culture depends a good deal upon those points of view from which we may look at matters. The iron-bound age of Alpine history, which is now passing through its first edition, will certainly not react as an alloy detrimental to the pocket-filling inclinations of Swiss hotel-keepers; and the spider's web of railways which is now fast proceeding in every corner of Switzerland enables those who little dreamed of an Alpine tour when in their teens to become as familiar as they please with these glorious recesses of an obliging

Nature. The old poet of Tibur tells us "Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret." And this is true enough. May the gods of the mountains grant that these railways do not succeed in so spoiling the nooks and corners of the Alps that they are at length pitchforked out of all recognition, so as never to "recur" at all to their pristine loveliness and primitive associations.

This last Christmas there were eighty visitors at Boss's Hotel ("The Bear") at Grindelwald. Winter visits to the Alps have become quite common. Nowadays, the great tide of humanity swarms up to Zermatt in the summer and autumn months with far less difficulty from New York or Philadelphia than was experienced a couple of generations ago in a journey from Piccadilly into Yorkshire.

A quaint history connects itself with the valleys which lie south of the Rhône. We may well wonder as to how many who revel in that splendid scenery between the Simplon and the great St. Bernard take the trouble to look back into the histories and associations which are severally bound up with the various Thals, each furnishing its quota to the great European river.

[1] The present village of Zermatt (in den Hoffen) is not, according to tradition, the earliest hamlet in that neighbourhood. Zu den tiefen Matten, at the base of the Howäng or Schönbühlberg in the valley of Zmutt, is said to have existed at a more distant date. Zermatt is referred to in 1280, in a deed of October 27, and was clearly then a place of long standing. The deed refers to the sale of grass-land at Finellen, &c. Pratoborno (*pré borné*) was then the name of Zermatt. In Türst's map of Switzerland (1495-97) "Matt" is distinct *in loco*; and in the latest edition of "Délices de la Suisse" (1778) "Matt" is still its name, but in 1789 De Saussure, who was the first explorer of the valley as an actual visitor, styles it "Zer Matt." Thus it appears to have been a village of no small importance before the establishment of the Swiss Confederation in 1291, though the Canton Va'ais, in which Zermatt is situated, did not properly form part of the Confederation until 1815. It is on record that so long ago as 1406 a man was paid to keep up a road in the Zermatt valley. In the burial registers the name of Johann Branschen occurs in 1574; between 1578 and 1580 Anna Biner of Zermatt, and two other Zermatt women, died at Grindelwa'd. The year 1854 may with confidence be fixed as the date when Zermatt began to emerge into modest prominence as an Alpine centre. Before that time the Zermatt Breithorn had been ascended more than once in mistake for Monte Rosa, but no point in the great rock

[1] See *Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide Books* (1889).

ridge which culminates in the Dufour Spitze had been reached prior to 1848. In 1854 the Ost Spitze, which is only very slightly indeed lower than the Dufour (Allerhöchste) Spitze, was reached by Messrs. Smyth (3), and in the same year by Mr. E. S. Kennedy, but it was left to the following year for the true summit to be gained, *viâ* the great western *arête*, by the Rev. Christopher Smyth, the Rev. James Grenville Smyth, the Rev. Charles Hudson, and the Rev. Edward John Walter Stevenson (August 1, 1855). It was in 1854 that Herr Alexander Seiler became proprietor of the Zermatt Inn, and also, in that year, the Riffelhaus was built and leased to Seiler. In 1854, too, Mr. Justice Wills made the first ascent of the Wetterhorn from Grindelwald, on which ever-memorable occasion old Christian Almer took up a young fir-tree and planted it on the snow-tipped summit. Thus the beacon-fires, so to speak, were simultaneously and sympathetically lighted from the two great Swiss centres on either side of the Rhône, and the ball was fairly "opened" when mountaineering commenced its career as one of the legitimate sports of Europe; a pastime the most invigorating, the most healthy, the most social, and withal without any speck of cruelty to the lower animals of creation. All the great peaks around Zermatt have, since 1854, one after another fallen to Englishmen. The year 1865, it is true, taught us that the mountains claim victims in the sport which they afford; but, considering the immense number of ascents which have been made, not only of the Matterhorn, but of all the other great peaks in that neighbourhood and in the Alps generally, and considering, be it added, the reckless folly of some who have climbed them, it is indeed a providence which one may well marvel at that there have been so very few, comparatively, fatal accidents to record in the Alps. The sad catastrophe on the Matterhorn (in 1865) by which three English gentlemen and a far-famed guide from Chamonix lost their lives, or (to be more accurate) the splendidly graphic account of that accident as given by Mr. E. Whymper, one of the survivors, in "Scrambles in the Alps," put the final jewel into the crown of Zermatt. The Matterhorn became a sort of mountain fetish henceforward. Some went to tremble beneath the scene of the great disaster, others to climb the monster which had levied such heavy toll from those who had been the first to trample him underfoot. And, so long as that great peak stands firm on his exalted pedestal, it seems impossible that any other centre in the mountain districts of the world should ever supersede Zermatt, either as a climbing or as a tourist headquarter. Though less beautiful than majestic in the sternness of his grotesque upheaval, there is a

grace upon the outlines of the Matterhorn which is altogether unique. No shape in Nature exactly acts as counterpart to the Matterhorn: and he dominates in the midst, or, more accurately, as an extreme outpost of that district which is absolutely unrivalled in the whole Alps. If the Matterhorn be the most majestic instance of stern grandeur near Zermatt, the Weisshorn is by far the loveliest of all objects in the natural world. Monte Rosa is as disappointing when viewed from the Zermatt side as any great object can well be. Stunted, ill-proportioned, like an ill-favoured potato, it is, perhaps, from a panoramic point of view the most depressing feature in the world, for a mountain of its size. But, as against this, where shall we find such a rock-peak as the Rothhorn, or such a glorious *mêlée* of rock-work and snow as is represented by the Dent Blanche?

Life in the Zermatt valley was quaint enough in earlier days.

One Thomas Platter, who states, in a now celebrated memoir, that he was born in 1499, on Shrove Tuesday, when they were singing Mass, tells us that he was destined for the priesthood by his valley friends because of this particular circumstance. *Sacerdos nascitur non fit* was evidently amongst the old legends of the valley. His mother's maiden name was Summermatter, and her father reached the enormous age of 126 years. The precocious Tommy, indeed, springs his bow so tightly as to tell us, in all apparent gravity, that his grandfather assured him, six years before he died, that he knew men in the valley who were older than he was then. When the old man had reached a hundred years of age he married a wife of thirty, and had a son, of whom this young woman was the mother. Weaned very young, Tommy was obliged to drink cows' milk through a little horn; and he plaintively tells us that this little method of nursing very young children was all in the way with them, as no child under four ever tasted anything except by means of this process of suction. The women did nothing but weave and sew, whilst the men went away in the winter to Bern to buy wool; and this resulted in the homespuns which the female portion of the community of the valley made up into coats and breeches for their husbands and brothers. Poor Tom's father caught the pestilence one year, whilst engaged in his purchases, and was buried in the village of Stäfyssburg, near Thun. His mother married a second husband, one Heintzman of the Grund (a house between Visp and Stalden). Her offspring then left her, though Tom, either from their extreme number or else from their truant vagaries, had no notion as to how many brothers and sisters he ever had. Simon and Hans were killed in the wars, and Joder died at Oberhofen, on the Lake of Thun. Poor old Platter, Tom's

father, had had to borrow money, and the result was that his family got scattered. Tom, as the youngest, was the pet of his aunts, who each in turn had him to stay with them. When a mere imp he went alone to the parish church and got himself confirmed by a genuine cardinal. That prelate seems to have been as much astonished at the time as his absent godfather expressed himself to be after the ceremony was over. At about six years old Tom was shunted off to Eisten, a valley within Stalden ; and there he had to pull kids out of all sorts of scrapes. Once an animal stuck fast in the snow, so that the little nomad could hardly extricate it, though he just managed to do so at last with the loss of one of his own shoes. He was so small, between seven and eight years old, that if he didn't jump short off when he opened the pasture gate he got knocked down by the goats as a matter of course, and his head, ears, and back were trodden on. When he crossed the Visp bridge the foremost goats used to bolt for the corn patches, and while he was driving the vanguard out all the rest would run in. His meal was cheese and rye-bread. And then, for the fun of the thing, he and his little mates used to heave boulder stones down into the Visp ; and, alas ! on one ill-fated occasion, as he was stepping back to prevent a great piece of rock, which another boy had detached, from breaking his limbs, Tommy fell straight down the precipice, and all the rest set up a frantic yell, feeling sure that he was altogether lost. However, the young varlet, with feline agility and longevity, was master of the situation and soon again on his pins, having regained the top of the upper bank, and then there was a mingled wail, half grief, half joy, amongst the rest. Once he got stuck hard and fast on a grass slope while chevying his goats. His coat blew off, and someone who saw it thought it was a great bird. Poor Tommy had *another* narrow escape that time, as he was doubtful all the while as to whether he would lose his footing and fall below. At last he was sent off to a fresh employer —Jans Imboden—and once he got benighted while following a young chamois. It got quite dark, and at last he was obliged to hang on to a tree-root with one hand while he scratched a hole in the mountain-side with the other. He then crossed himself, and went off to sleep in nothing but his little shirt, as he had left his coat far below, and he had no trousers on. He lay wedged in among the roots, but when he woke next morning he discovered, to his horror and bewilderment, that he had slipped two feet down the incline in his sleep. At last he got home, and found that his aunt and his master's wife had been on their knees all night long praying for his safety. Once, while he was a goatherd, Tommy fell into a cauldron

of hot milk. He used to get sadly blistered in the feet, poor lad, and often had bad falls. In summer he lay in hay; in winter, on a sack of straw full of bugs, and often lice. Then at last Tommy's *venue* was changed for him and he went to mind his uncle's cows, for in most places in Wallis they have (he says) no common cowherd, but whoever has no alp to send his cows up to in the summer keeps a cowherd to look after them in his own fields. Then, after a bit, an aunt of Tommy's was for sending him to a school, and when he went to it he was hardly beaten and was held off the ground by his ears. His mentor was Herr Anthoni Platter, an uncle who, having moved from Grenchen, was now domiciled at St. Nicholas, in a hamlet called Gasen (we touch this name in the Gassenried Glacier, which leads up to the Ried Pass, near the Ulrichshorn). Eventually he went to school with a cousin in Germany. On one occasion, after visiting his mother, he and his two brothers went back again into Germany by crossing the Lötschenberg to Gasteren, where the party had a fine glissade on the descent towards Kandersteg; but poor Tom met with a bad fall, as his legs were not one like the other, and he slid down head foremost on his back. Later on in life he settled down as a student at Zürich, studied Hebrew and the classics, and took some part in the Reformation movement in connection with Zwingli and the Zwinglians, and finally he married. Then for a time he returned to Visp and started trade as a ropemaker and schoolmaster. He had thirty scholars, and was paid a thick penny every quarter by each, and so did well—receiving cans of wine, milk, cheese, eggs, &c., from his numerous aunts. Owing to religious disturbances the four Platters deemed it expedient to turn their backs on Visp for a while. On a certain occasion, as Tom was making the passage of the Grimsel, feeling exhausted, he sat down to rest and went to sleep until, after a bit, a passer-by woke him up and remonstrated with him for his *al fresco* slumbers. He had been feeling excessively warm and comfortable as he sat, but he had a very narrow escape indeed of his life this time. He learned afterwards, he says, that if one sits down from fatigue in a hard frost on the mountains the blood rushes from the heart to the face and limbs, so that he freezes and dies: and Tom gives useful information to his readers when he goes on to advise people who are obliged to spend a night out on the mountains to hold each other by the hand and to move round and round in a ring the whole night long.

A memoir by Felix, a son of Tom, is also interesting. He visited Visp in 1562, and writes of it as a pretty little town. The party, consisting of Thomas and Felix Platter, and the wife of Felix and her brother, went up to Stalden, turned up the valley on the

right, and, after a while, having walked along a very narrow path with a fearful precipice below, they began to mount rapidly towards the terrible mountains of Grenchen (Grächen). Then they came to a beautifully level meadow, near a dreadful pine forest in which were many bears. They went together to Tom's birthplace, which Felix describes as but a bit of a house put together of larch-trees, close to a high rock or plateau "from which we Platters are named." Felix paid a crown to have his name and arms carved on the rock there. On their way back they met a woman with two great goitres. There is a peak, known locally now as the Blatthorn (3,317 m.), near the Gassenried Glacier.

Mountains and lakes lend themselves scarcely less to exaggerations of fact than to legends of fancy. Whoever had the good fortune to form one of the audience at Mr. Albert Smith's lectures in the Egyptian Hall shortly after his far-famed ascent of Mont Blanc, had good opportunities for realising the enormity of excess to which exaggeration of mountain difficulties and experiences can carry a man. As one witnessed his dioramas and listened to the pleasing stories which he spun out by the yard, night after night, to crowded benches, it was perhaps difficult to determine whether to feel the greater interest in the lady-traveller with the big black box, of which jujubes (we may remember) formed so prominent an item of tourist belongings, or at the enormous snow-fields of the great monarch of the Alps as they succeeded one another on his windlasses. In those early days of Alpine travel there was very little fear of criticism, and Mr. Smith was, for the nonce, the great explorer of the world. There are many of us who can trace back our first sniffs for mountain climbing to those days, when Mont Blanc *par excellence* stood out in the mind as the great (if not the only) feature in the Alps worth mentioning. And, to write quite seriously, it is certain that to Mr. Albert Smith is due one of the first spurts of Englishmen towards the mountains. However much Messrs. Pocock and Wyndham may have done, and certainly did, in the way of bringing before the world the grand scenery of this district of the Pennines by their expedition to Chamonix in 1741, yet certainly it is to Albert Smith that we owe our formal introduction to this magnificent range. But what a business was made of Mont Blanc in those days! Though for the expanse of its glaciers and the enormity of its snow-fields this mountain (as viewed, for example, from the summit of the Brevent) must ever rivet itself as unsurpassed in the Alps, yet the difficulties of ascending it from Chamonix in fine weather and under ordinary good conditions of the snow are comparatively light.

It is a mountain which may be, and sometimes has proved itself to be, very dangerous indeed to the unwary; but the inherent difficulties, as compared with other great mountains at Chamonix and elsewhere, are very small indeed—in fact, none at all, in fine weather, if the proper route be taken. Here is a list of Mr. A. Smith and his party's expenditure on August 12 and 13, 1851: Sixteen guides, 1,600 francs; eighteen porters, 108 frs.; three mules, 18 frs.; other items, 612 frs. 75 c.: total, 2,338 francs 75 centimes. These expenses do not include the bill at the hotel in Chamonix afterwards, when 126 frs. 50 c. is the modest total for breakfasts, dinners (to guides), &c., after the event. So that we who mountaineer in these latter days have the grim satisfaction, at any rate, of knowing that the fleecing shears have been very close on others' backs before our day. It is quite unnecessary to comment further upon the above facts and figures: even those who have *not* been up a mountain of any sort do not need to be reminded of the grotesqueness—to say the least of it—of the whole affair. A very great deal of nonsense is talked sometimes about the rarefaction of the air and the next-to-impossibility of breathing on the summit of Mont Blanc. It is merely, however, a matter of training. The present writer has been on the top of the monarch on three separate occasions. On the first two he made the ascent without any, or with very little, previous training at all in the way of walking-exercise, and the result in each case was very distressing; whereas, on the third occasion, when he crossed over the top of the mountain from the Courmayeur side to Chamonix—a *real* climb—he felt no ill-effects at all on the summit, because this time he was in excellent training. Mountain sickness and other such-like evils mean, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that he who experiences them is in little or no walking-training at all.

Talking of exaggerations leads one to think of the extraordinarily crude ideas entertained and expressed by some of those whom one meets in an Alpine ramble anent mountaineering and its appliances. A gentleman asked me not long ago, in all evident seriousness (and he, too, was an Englishman), whilst chatting outside a small well-known hotel door in a well-known mountain centre—"Why is it that mountaineers take *two* guides with them: is it in case they should lose one?" My interrogator on this occasion would have been extremely puzzled to know the reason why Mr. Albert Smith and his three companions engaged no fewer than sixteen guides to accompany them in their ascent of Mont Blanc in 1851! Another gentleman, at the same mountain centre, fifteen years before, asked me, evidently in some doubt, as to whether *rock* mountains *counted* as mountains

at all amongst climbers? If only a collection were made of the *on dits* and quaint inquiries made to us in our holidays amongst the mountains they would be of an interesting order.

There can be no doubt that until one has seen the mountains with their winter clothes on no full conception can be entertained of their varying beauties. I shall never forget a hurried visit to Switzerland which I made in April a few years ago. The mountains and the mountain slopes and terraces around the Lake of Lucerne; the icicles on the Reuss just above the Devil's Bridge; the subdued purple of the trees along the Rigi slopes as they were fast maturing in the bud, were beautiful in the extreme. The Bristenstock at the foot of the Maderanerthal, standing out as a great sentinel as one looked along the Bay of Uri, seemed to have enlarged itself into a veritable Weisshorn. I never witnessed a more glorious Alpine sunset than there was upon the Mönch as we drove up the valley from Interlaken towards Grindelwald, making the whole journey from Lucerne over the Brünig in a single day. The next day we plodded up the Lower Grindelwald Glacier towards the Zäsenberg, floundering in snow: and the day following we went up the Faulhorn *viâ* the Buss Alp. It was a regular snow mountain. The outlines of the Oberland peaks seemed to be edged with steel, so sharply did they stand out in the keen, crisp air; whilst the rippled surface of the Lake of Brienz at our feet reminded us, equally with the surrounding peaks, that we were still in the winterly half of the calendar year. The spring flowers, such as cardinellas, pansies, crocuses, primulas, and some gentians, were flowering at different levels around Grindelwald. Avalanches were coming down apace from the Wetterhorn, Eiger, and Männlichen at all hours of the day, and the slopes of the Little Scheideck were thick in snow. We drove round to Lauterbrunnen one day, and that valley looked greener than the higher level of Grindelwald, but the Staubbach fall was thin. It is very remarkable how many winter ascents of the higher peaks have been made of recent years. Amongst the most remarkable of these was the ascent of the Schreckhorn on January 27, 1879, by the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, along with old Christian Almer, Ulrich his son, and a porter. They slept at the Schwarzenegg hut, on the left bank of the upper part of the Lower Grindelwald Glacier, on the 26th, and were off at 6.40 next morning. The snow was in excellent order, though a trifle too hard. They reached the summit at 4.35 P.M., and found the temperature there deliciously warm. They regained the Schwarzenegg hut at 8.20 P.M., under the light of the moon and bright stars. On January 28, 1876, Miss Mary Isabella Straton left Chamonix with two

guides and two porters for the summit of Mont Blanc. They slept at the Grands Mulets, and reached the Grand Plateau at 2 P.M. on the afternoon of the 29th, but returned to the Grands Mulets, as it was too late in the day to proceed farther. On the 30th a porter, who had been hurt the previous day, went down to Chamonix. On Monday, 31st, the party (of four) again left the Grands Mulets at 3.40 A.M. for the summit, which they reached by dint of the greatest perseverance (*viâ* the Bosses du Dromedaire) at 3 P.M., the thermometer (Fahrenheit) being 10 degrees below zero. They made the Grands Mulets again at 7.30 P.M. Miss Straton speaks of the view being far grander than in the summer, and adds that the immense amount of snow on the Italian side added greatly to the magnificence of the outlook.

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.

Chips from the time-honoured block of personal experience are, after all, the best worth having. I remember on a certain occasion standing under the lee of the Eiger buttresses, which overhang the Wengisthal Alp, in making the ascent of that peak from the Little Scheideck, whilst the chips from the axe of the trusty guide (who, out of sight round the corner, was worming a way for us up the ice) came rattling down like peas from a shovel. I recollect on many another glorious occasion how one has had to stand bolt upright in a pedal of the impromptu staircase which was being made in the slope, when the chips came sputtering down about one's hands and ears as thick as sparks from a smith's anvil. One must put up with this. To budge an inch while in an ice step is impossible. To move would be to die oneself, and to kill all the rest on the rope, full often. What moments those have been, though! There is no danger. The only approach to danger is to imagine that there is danger. Stand still and wait. That is the *mot d'ordre* of the hour, imperatively given; and after a very little thoroughgoing mountain discipline this is not a difficult task to perform. Step by step, to follow on unflinchingly becomes easier and more easy still; and as each great peak peers up, an individual essence (a *rencontre* of old friends long known and never lost from mind), the strain becomes all the less and less intense, *gradatim*. Sometimes amusing people—that class of excellent humanitarians who spend more time in asking questions than in listening to the answers made to them—inquire of mountaineers "What is the use of climbing mountains?" And the best, indeed the only really satisfactory, information that can be given them in

reply is, "Go and learn what the 'climbing mania,' as you call it, means—by picking up a few mountain 'chips' for your own basket, and *then*—but not before—will you know the charms of rock and ice work in the Alps." Cutting steps *up* an ice slope is hard work enough, and it is a species of carpentering for which even the guides have to serve a long apprenticeship. The step, when hacked, has to be sufficient for the upward tread of each of those who follow after: and by "sufficient" is meant not merely large enough in size, but that it must be cut at such an angle to the slope as not to be the means of those who use it falling backwards, instead of being able to tread in it firmly in their upward progress; and then, after the snicks in the glacier have been made (with the pick end of the axe), a perfect master in the craft of ice steps (such, for instance, as old Christian Almer of Grindelwald, who is by far the best "stepper" that the writer was ever led by) will, with a side movement of his pick, shovel out the larger bits which have crept into the little niches, to clear the steps. But cutting steps *across* a slope requires far more care and practice than in cutting *up*wards. Never will it be forgotten, by one at least of a party who ascended the Aiguille de Blaitière in the summer of 1878 from Chamonix, how Ulrich Almer hacked out very soup-plates from ice of adamantine hardness, so as to ward off a defeat by that needle-like peak! How the chips went singing down towards the valley! How the ice-axe rang indomitable upon the watery, cast-iron slope! How a Courmayeur porter, who had lately crossed over with me from the Allée Blanche by the Aiguille Grise route (over the summit of Mont Blanc), trembled on his pins and would have knelt down and prayed to the tutelar god of the great Plan des Aiguilles if only he had thought that there was anything to kneel upon! The writer of these words was trussed between the doughty step-cutter in front and this poor trembling creature behind him: and if on that occasion all three didn't "fall into the ditch" it wasn't owing to the rescuing powers of No. 3 on the rope! No sooner had we once again made the valley after a successful climb than an attack of indigestion, or a telegram from his mother, relieved us of this utterly incompetent youth, and he left my climbing ranks. There is no lesson which is better worth learning in Alpine study than that of carefulness in the selection of guides.

However, step-cutting *up*wards or crosswise on a slope is not equalled, as regards difficulty of execution, by the cutting of steps *downwards* on a mountain-side. It was on Monday, August 23, 1875, that I passed the night in the old Faulberg shanty, on the left bank of the great Aletsch Glacier, on my way to Grindelwald. The

Mönch had never as yet been traversed from the Valais to the Canton Bern, and we made up our minds to give it a trial in that direction. Old Christian Almer and his son-in-law, Christian Roth, who has long ago developed into a really good and reliable guide, were along with me, and we wended our way in the early hours of the following morning towards the summit of the Jungfrau Joch. We reached the top of the Mönch in seven hours and ten minutes from the sleeping-place, by way of the *arête* which rises from the Jungfrau Joch, until, on reaching a buttress, our course was turned into the northern face, and by it the last part of the upward climb was made. After fifteen minutes' halt we set about the descent. Returning to the buttress already mentioned, we were soon driven from the north-western *arête* right on to the middle of the face. The snow was simply perfect. Had the slopes been ice, an attempt at a descent of an incline set at so great an angle as that with which all who know the splendid view of the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger from the Wengern Alp and Little Scheideck are so familiar, would have been simply impossible; and, again, had the face of the mountain on that side been pappy or soft the danger would have been equally great. But the snow was of exactly equable consistency—neither too soft nor too hard. For the best part of five hours I spent my time (face to the slope) peeping down at my toes between my opened legs, with an axe jobbed firmly into the snow on my right hand, and with my left digit in a finger-hole scratched in the snow. I had thus ample time, and good occasion, for making observations as to the condition of the slope. The name of the chief hero of that extraordinary climb it is not necessary here to dwell upon. He borrowed *my* axe (now hanging longways in its rack above the book-shelves on my study wall), because it is an unusally long one in the shaft. I had had it made expressly to order, as I believe strongly in long axes, for all except the guides, in a climbing adventure. And, with this lengthy implement, he managed to cut most adroitly the necessary steps from above. Five thousand "Stufen" was the exact number ascribed to him by a local Swiss newspaper at the time, on that ever-memorable day; and although, perhaps, the writer of the notice had dipped his pen *rather* too deeply into his graphic horn in so fixing the amount of step-cutting, Almer's hacking was simply incessant for long hours of work. At one juncture, about half-way down the slope, Almer detached me from the rope and left me in a great snow-hole on the mountain, where I held converse with an astonished crow which whirled overhead in utter despair at his aërial rendezvous in Cis-Alpine Switzerland being thus so rudely invaded. I attempted

unsuccessfully to strike a whole boxful of matches to light up a brier-wood pipe, but they refused at that altitude (being lowlanders !) to strike : and for twenty minutes I had to wait in faith, albeit in confidence as well, for the return of my trusty companions, who, though out of sight down the slope from the moment they had left me, had never been more out of my mind than I had been absent from theirs ; and as the familiar wideawakes of Almer and Roth came up into view again from below, with a cheery "Es geht" from the old guide, all the keen excitement of the descent was renewed. It is, on all accounts, fortunate that they did return ; if for any reason they had not come back, *I*, for one, should now be forming an integral part of the great mountain, a whitening skeleton in his conventual cells. As it was, we got down to the hospitable *auberge* of Herr Seiler Sterchi at the Belle Vue, on the Little Scheideck, at 5.30 P.M. ; and then a howling storm, which had most considerately kept off until the evening, greeted us with a drenching as we hastened down the grass to the hotel. Mr. Coolidge tells us, in Murray's Handbook for 1891, that this descent has never since been repeated.

There is another aspect from which to view mountaineering generally, and that is as to its immunity from danger or the dread and fear of any. Well, let us at once grasp the nettle and admit *fronte plenâ* that, of course, as in the case of every other sport in the world, there *are* risks and dangers. Indeed, if time, temper, and space permitted, it would be edifying to inquire *where* and *when* can we take part in anything in the way of true sport connected with which there is *no* risk of bodily damage? This, however, we can and do make bold to say, viz., that there are certainly not more risks of neck-breaking in mountaineering proper than in the pursuit of other athletic sports. When we speak of "mountaineering proper," let us be understood to mean mountaineering which is prosecuted under the ordinary and palpable "rules of the game," which are as definite and distinct as in the case of any other "game" that we can mention. Many "dangers" in the Alps so called are mere bogies, whereas some of the *real* dangers (that arising, for instance, from falling stones) are not realised sufficiently, or perhaps not at all.

Perhaps among Alpine accidents and, let us call them, "awkward positions," one of the *most* awkward and provoking is that which occurs when a portion of the party disappears on one side of an *arête* while the other portion of it remains balanced on the other. This species of Alpine adventure is not only excessively disagreeable, on account of the length of time that is expended in extricating oneself from it, but may end fatally to *all* the party.

The most thrilling and most terribly sad accident of this sort that has ever occurred in the Alps is that which happened on September 6, 1877, to a party composed of Mr. W. A. Lewis, Mr. N. H. Patterson, with Niklaus, Johann, and Peter Joseph Knubel, who were ascending the Lyskamm by the terribly sharp Lys Joch (Eastern) *arête*, when the whole party fell headlong on to the Italian side of the ridge and were *all* lost. They were walking *on* the cornice overhanging to the South, which gave way with a mighty crash; Peter Joseph Knubel was the last to be carried down on the rope, and, as was evidenced by the fact that his body was well-nigh cut in half by the tightened rope round his waist, he did his utmost by throwing himself on to the northern side of the ridge to stay the fall of the rest of his party. The weight, however, of the remaining four was so great, and the slope upon the side of the mountain upon which the cornice broke away was *so* very great, that the poor, brave fellow was merely pulled up to the crest of the *arête* to be drawn headlong downwards on the other side, more than 1,200 feet! with the remainder of his unfortunate companions. The bodies of the three Knubels who were killed on this occasion lie buried in the churchyard at St. Nicholas; and, in some of its incidents, this is the most terrible of all the Alpine accidents that have ever occurred.

Another most awkward accident of this class, though happily not fatal in its results, occurred in the Engadine. In the year 1878 a party, of which old Hans Grass was a member, were descending westwards along the crest of the Piz Palu, when the leading guide fell down the slope of the northern side, and three of the party of four were dangling down on the rope, old Hans alone remaining on the ridge. He managed to hold the three (of whom one was a lady), but it was not until the end of three-quarters of an hour that the last of the party was landed again on the ridge. A few years later Hans showed me a silver drinking-cup and a handsome new ice-axe, given him as souvenirs of his gallant prowess on this most critical occasion.

Similarly fortunate, on the ridge which separates the Obergabelhorn from the Wellenkuppe, was Ulrich Almer in 1880. He and his party were about twelve yards from the crest of the ridge when the cornice, to the length of about forty yards by thirteen yards broad, fell down on to the Gabelhorn Glacier, to the east. Ulrich was the only one of the four who remained on *terra firma*, and instantly on hearing the crack he leaped a yard backwards, dug his axe into the snow, and thus stopped the fall of the other three down a precipice of an enormous depth. These last two adventures speak as much

for the value of the rope as for the presence of mind and sterling courage of the guides whom I have mentioned by name.

In the year 1876 a most extraordinary escape was vouchsafed to the writer of this paper in the Saas district. After having started one fine dark morning at a little after 2 o'clock with a Courmayeur guide from the "Monte Rosa" at Zermatt, we made towards the foot of the Adler Pass up the Findelen Glacier. Neither of us had made this expedition before. Though due at Saas im Grund that evening, to meet a friend who had left Zermatt a few days before, I felt anxious to ascend the Rympfischhorn *en route* if possible. We found no difficulty in making our way towards the pass, which lies between the Rympfischhorn and Strahlhorn (two mountains in the Saas-grat range). We overshot the usual place of departure for the route ordinarily taken up the mountain which formed the immediate object of our attentions, but beneath a certain point in the rocks which looked inviting we made a halt, with a view of attacking it from that place of vantage. Leaving our baggage on the snow, we next commenced to ascend, and found no difficulty; at length, struggling up a wall of perpendicular snow some few feet high, we reached a large plateau of *névé*, and arrived eventually at the top of our peak under favourable circumstances (13,790 feet). Not being able to afford much time on the summit owing to the day's work still before us being extremely long if we were to reach our trysting-place that night, we soon commenced the descent. The Courmayeur man went well up to his middle into a crevasse while descending the *névé*, but as we had a long span (some 15 feet or 16 feet) of good rope between us, I had no difficulty, from behind, in recovering him. Having descended the rocks to the base of the peak, we picked up our traps and proceeded to ascend the steep slopes leading to the Adler Pass (12,461 feet), and reached Saas in nineteen hours from Zermatt, between 9 P.M. and 10 P.M., under a brilliant moon, which brought out vividly the excessive beauties of the Mischabel range. Next afternoon my friend, whom I found true to his engagement, and I, accompanied by the Courmayeur guide, and by Alexander Burgener and a man named Venetz, of Stalden, wended our way across the Saaser Visp, up the slopes towards Fée, with all provisions and paraphernalia suitable for another "grand course" next day. Making no halt at the lovely village of Fée, there being no hostelries at that day of any sort there to lure us on our way, we trudged along slowly towards the Gletscher Alp, two hours altogether from Saas im Grund. Although August 6, the date of this lovely walk of ours, is far on in the season for Swiss wild flowers, I picked no fewer

than twenty-five different species of them on our way up from the valley. Our sleeping-quarters were supplied by a miserable milk châlet, of a type familiar to all those who have wandered amongst the upper pasturages of the Alps. We managed, however, to distil a good deal of fun out of experiences generally while there. The glorious air around a high Alpine sleeping-place braces one in a manner not to be understood by lowlanders; the *bonhomie* which unites together in bonds of no ordinary friendship the members of a party on such occasions is in itself an intoxicant of no mean order; to say nothing of the prospect of a glorious day upon the Fée Glacier and over one of the Mischabel peaks into the Zermatt valley on the morrow. These are ingredients in the *pot pourri* which all of them do much to dissolve and to sugar over anything that is gruesome or fleay in the milk-shed. I remember I made the soup out of some of Mr. Whitehead's celebrated pea-powder, stirring it with a splint of pinewood—and oh! how good that soup was after the butter and salt and pepper and all the rest had been added to the bubbling kettle!—but little did I dream as I lay down in the straw, later, of what was in store for me in the way of adventure on the morrow! If I had guessed, even the traditional forty winks save one enjoyed in an Alpine sleeping-place would have been discounted considerably. Next morning at two we set out for one of the most glorious days of enjoyment, pure and simple, that I ever experienced in all my Alpine climbs. We had contemplated an ascent of the Mischabel Dorn; but, on starting, Burgener counselled us to change our tactics and to go in for a maiden ascent of the Täschhorn from the Saas side, since, although that mountain had been ascended from the Zermatt valley, or western, side (on July 30, 1862, by the Rev. J. Ll. Davies and J. W. Hayward, and often afterwards), no one had attempted it from the Fée Glacier as yet. Walking on the ice was easy enough at first, but when the enormous cliffs began to tower aloft as we got farther along upon our way the work became appreciably harder. We had ascended a steep ice-slope on to a little ice-terrace of about a foot and a half in width and some twenty feet in length, and were halting on this flattened surface ere taking again to the ice-slope above us. (Alexander Burgener had seemed, on roping, not over-keen to be linked on to the same cord with his trans-Alpine *confrère*, and so I had volunteered to follow on alone with the latter, if Burgener and Venetz would show the way up the *séracs*, roped on to my friend.) All of a sudden, just after the first detachment of our party had commenced to mount slowly from the terrace on to the higher ice, the Courmayeur guide, with the single word "Sacré!" on his astonished

lips, subsided on to his beam ends, while in a stationary position, and commenced to slither. Knapsack slung across one shoulder, wine tin round the other, he glided gradually, but surely, on his stern adown the ice-sheet: the rope was firmly attached to his waist, and so it was round mine, with fifteen feet of it between us! I was standing, at the time he fell, at a distance of from twelve to fourteen feet from him. The position was the most critical one in which I ever found myself to be placed! Being at the time in remarkably good training, I did not experience, however, at this truly alarming moment one single *soupçon* of alarm or fear. Swift as lightning, the thought came upon me that the *only* strain I could put upon the rope so as to help to arrest his downward progress, and to secure my own feet from slipping from under me as well, was as far as to the elbow of my right arm. I had no space to step back upon, as the ice-slope rose again straight behind my heels. If I had thrown one or both of my shoulders to the rear, my feet would have gone from under me like a shaft from a crossbow! One thing was evident, viz., that in ten seconds more either *I* should be helping him *up* the slope down which he was now gliding, *or he* would be pulling *me* down hundreds of feet to a crevasse below, where the fate of both of us was indubitable! And so I coiled in the rope with my right hand and paid it along into my left so as to get to terms with him, on a taut rope, at the earliest second possible. When the cord became tight between us, I gave a sharp turn to my (right) wrist, and thus we were both saved! The man had not even *attempted* to dig his axe (which remained all the while in his hand) into the ice to stop himself; and when, on his regaining the little terrace on which I stood, I inquired of him, "How on earth did you manage that!" he merely replied by arching his eyebrows and a characteristic shrug of the shoulders *à la française*! After this narrow escape I insisted on all five of our party being tied together on *one* rope, and so we were for the remainder of the day. This unhappy slip had its ridiculous side as well as its more serious one. The Courmayeur guide, who was the hero of this extraordinary glacier escapade, was really a very good man on a mountain. He made some splendid ascents with me that year; but, for some reason or another, he was very bad in the legs on the occasion referred to above, and the result was as I have stated. We took eight hours and forty-five minutes, including halts, from the Gletscher Alp chalet to the summit of the Täschhorn, and, after an hour's rest on the top, went down to Randa in the Zermatt valley, where we sat down comfortably to dinner at 8 P.M.

F. T. WETHERED.

THE QUAKER POET.[1]

THE life of the Quaker is in many respects an ideal life; but it is not exactly in these that we should call ideal the life of the American poet who has just gone to his rest. Those of the younger generation who know anything of Whittier at all, know him only as a kindly, courteous old gentleman, upon whom the marches and changes of time had left no shadow or tinge of sadness, who awaited the inevitable call with as much complacency as the "Good Grey Poet" who went before him, and who, now that he has gone, has left behind him a poetic legacy in which there is not a little that the world will willingly let die. But the Whittier of the early days—he is as far removed from the present as that turmoil of the great Abolition struggle which so far has been the most memorable chapter in the history of the United States. The advocacy of a good but intensely unpopular cause was what he once recommended as the best discipline for a young man of earnest aspirations; and that was just the method by which the poet himself emerged from the obscurity of his humble home at Haverhill to become a force almost equal to that of Abraham Lincoln and William Lloyd Garrison.

According to his own confession, it never had been his desire to found a school of poetry, or even to write with the definite object of influencing others. He wrote, as his fellow-Quakers prayed, only when the spirit moved him, unable often to give utterance to the best that was in his heart; but he held it to be the crowning glory of a life prolonged beyond the allotted span that he could look back to having been of some value in helping forward those reforms in the laws of his country which made so many millions of bondmen free. When the minister of religion, holding the Bible in his hand, sought to prove that the white man had a right to traffic in human flesh, it needed that some Tyrtæus should gird the sword on the thigh, and go forth in combat against the powers of tyranny and oppression. The ambition to make a free man of every negro within the bounds

[1] *The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier*, with Life, Notes, &c. F. Warne & Co.

of the States was a noble one, and John Greenleaf Whittier was fired by it. Exchanging the plough for the pen, he helped to rouse the nation by marching-songs which made the blood move quicker as the step hastened onwards to liberty; and before he sheathed the sword he had the satisfaction of seeing that there had been secured to every man the rice in his own pot. For this must the Quaker poet be held in honour: if we cannot call him great, we can at least call him good; and his name should assuredly be kept on the borders of the living land for his noble faith and his worthy deeds. As Mr. Lowell has said in his "Fable for Critics":—

> All honour and praise to the right-hearted bard
> Who was true to the voice when such service was hard,
> Who himself was so free he dared sing for the slave
> When to look but a protest in silence was brave.

To the very last the cause of the coloured man and the oppressed continued dear to him; though for the solution of the problem he had come to look largely to the education and elevation of the negro himself.

When someone asked Whittier as to the date of his birth, he replied: "I cannot say positively from my personal knowledge when I was born, but my mother told me it was on December 17, 1807, and she was a very truthful woman." There is no reason to doubt the good lady's veracity, either as to this, or as to the further fact that the place of birth was the farmhouse of Haverhill, on the Merrimac River, Massachusetts. The parents were, of course, members of the Society of Friends, so that the poet inherited with his birth little more than the memory of centuries of persecution, which had, however, no doubt some share in putting the iron in his blood which was to make of him the poetic warrior for a downtrodden race. Whittier, like Burns and Hogg, was brought up to the life of the farm, working so hard that only during occasional intervals was he able to get to school. The family acres were neither many nor very productive; and thus it was that during the long winters the household revenues had to be increased by some kind of indoor industry suited to the place and season. The making of shoes, as a rule, employed the elders, while the boys did the work of the barn, and brought home from the meadows the "sharp, sickle-edged grass" which the young cattle would eat in midwinter. The poet himself has told us of the wonder and terror of those wide and perilous meadows over which he used to wander and toil in his earlier years. They were full of snakes—striped, green, dingy water-snakes, adders and black snakes—creatures of which he had "an almost Irish

natred." All this inured him to honest homely labour, and although it prevented him getting much of regular schooling, he yet employed his evenings to such advantage that by-and-by he had taught himself so well that he was able to teach a little to others. When he came of age he "drifted into journalism" as the editor of the *Boston Manufacturer*, and with journalism he remained connected, more or less, for several years, having all the time, like a cautious Quaker, a second string to his bow in the shape of a farm. His literary work was mainly in connection with obscure and poor journals, and his salary is said never to have amounted to more than four hundred dollars a year.

It was in 1836 that, as someone has put it, Whittier "received a call." The *Newburyport Free Press*, edited by William Lloyd Garrison, had been an important medium of early culture to the young poet, and at the age of nineteen his own first verses had appeared in its Poets' Corner. The lines were entitled "The Exile's Departure," and opened thus:—

> Fond scenes that delighted my youthful existence,
> With feelings of sorrow I bid you adieu—
> A lasting adieu, for now, dim in the distance,
> The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.
>
> Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and grey,
> Which guard the loved shores of my own native land!
> Farewell to the village and sail-shadowed bay,
> The forest-crowned hill, and the water-washed strand.

In the editor's "Notices to Correspondents," the poet was told that "If 'W.' at Haverhill will continue to favour us with pieces as beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department of to-day, we shall esteem it a favour." Not often is the budding poet thus addressed by the editor, even of the provincial paper, and Whittier, staid and sober Quaker though he was, must have felt an honest pride rising in his bosom as he read the flattering lines. Speaking of those days he once said: "The ability to make rhymes then was rare. The principal poets when I was young who were doing anything were Bryant, the elder Dana, and Percival. One of the remarkable things in literature to-day is that there are so many and so good writers of verse. Many of them, had they lived earlier, would have been regarded as something wonderful."

Having once gained a place in the "Poets' Corner," other verses followed as a matter of course, and before long Mr. Garrison was on his way to visit his unknown contributor, not thinking to find him a youth on an outlying farm. Shortly afterwards Garrison started *The*

Liberator, an anti-slavery organ, and thenceforward all Whittier's energies as well as his verses were consecrated to the deliverance of his countrymen from the narrowing despotism which was then the national curse of America. It was no small matter in those days to take the side of right against might in the interests of the negro. As Bryant has pointed out, the Quaker poet championed the slave when to say anything against slavery was "to draw upon oneself the bitterest hatred, loathing, and contempt of the great majority of men throughout the land." Once the office of the newspaper of which the poet was editor was sacked by an angry mob; once he had to flee one way while Garrison fled another, both being pursued by a crowd which would have as readily strung them up to the lamp-posts as they had strung up the negroes who already dangled there. When he was living on the paternal farm at Haverhill, an old friend from Boston came to inform him that he had been appointed a delegate to a convention about to be held at Philadelphia for the purpose of forming a National Anti-Slavery Society. From this time onward for many a year the poet led the life of a martyr. Soon after he was at Philadelphia editing the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, and assisting to erect Pennsylvania Hall, which was being reared in order that there might be in the city at least one edifice in which the principles of liberty could be discussed freely and without fear. The hall had barely been dedicated when it was fired by an angry mob, and with it perished the books and papers of the editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*.

The battle was fierce and obstinate, for the enemy was strong, and long was the issue dubious, but in the darkest hour the poet never faltered. As the author of "Letters to Living Authors" remarks, with a faith as unflinching as that of our own Cromwell, he and the noble company whose cause was his held on, growing ever the more determined the heavier the odds against him. When Church and State opposed him, he defiantly and scornfully asked regarding the free citizen:—

> Must he be told his freedom stands
> On Slavery's dark foundations strong—
> On breaking hearts and fettered hands,
> On robbery and crime and wrong?
> That all his fathers taught is vain—
> That Freedom's emblem is the chain?

The moneyed opposition, stung into defiant rage, after prophesying failure, asked who and what was this young poet that he should presume to disturb the economy of Nature—that he should dictate to his superiors, the holders of human property, whose rights were perhaps equal to those of the Deity Himself? He was unknown,

this young poet, he was obscure, he was without influence. It was all true ; but the young poet was not without zeal, and so he fought on, never despairing, till at last the head of the hydra was crushed—and in view of the band of evil prophets, many of them, strange to say, hailing from our own land, he sheathed the sword and put on the victor's crown.

It was a glorious triumph, but that it was bought at the cost of much excitement and nervous strain we can easily see from the poet's "Voices of Freedom." There we have many powerful if sometimes not too poetical verses, struck off as it were at white heat, like the "Marseillaise," and full of the most impassioned pleading and burning denunciation.

> What ho ! *our* countrymen in chains !
> The whip on WOMAN'S shrinking flesh !
> *Our* soil yet reddening with the stains
> Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh !
> What ! mothers from their children riven !
> What ! God's own image bought and sold !
> AMERICANS to market driven,
> And bartered as the brute for gold !

The fugitive slave might seek a refuge in the village church, but there is no sanctuary for her even there, and the parson calls out to the pursuing owner :—

> "Of course, I know your right divine,
> To own and work and whip her ;
> Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglot
> Before the wench, and trip her ! "

So the poor girl is caught, and the poet tells us how

> Shriek rose on shriek—the Sabbath air
> Her wild cries tore asunder ;
> I listened with hushed breath to hear
> God answering with His thunder !

Another girl is put up to auction, and the man of the hammer commends her to the expectant bidders as "a good Christian."

> A Christian ! going, gone !
> Who bids for God's own image ?—for His grace,
> Which that poor victim of the market-place
> Hath in her suffering won !
>
> My God ! can such things be ?
> Hast Thou not said that whatsoe'er is done
> Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one
> Is even done to Thee ?

The "Quaker maid" is persecuted and offered for sale by "dark

and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land"; but some chivalry is still left in the breast of the old sea-captain, who speaks out :—

> "Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold,
> From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold;
> By the living God who made me! I would sooner in your bay
> Sink ship, and crew, and cargo, than bear this child away!"

So the girl receives her freedom, and immediately her voice rises to heaven in a song of praise for her deliverance :—

> "Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all praises be,
> Who from the hands of evil men hath set His handmaid free;
> All praise to Him before Whose power the mighty are afraid,
> Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the poor is laid!"

Trenchant and telling are the satirical denunciations of the clergy who gave their countenance to a great meeting held at Charleston in favour of slavery.

> Just God! and these are they
> Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right!
> Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
> On Israel's Ark of light!
> . . . . . .
> What! servants of Thy own
> Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
> The homeless and the outcast—fettering down
> The tasked and plundered slave!

These and other verses of a like kind show the moral purpose of Whittier's early work, which is perhaps the most important element for the critic who would duly determine his ultimate position as a singer. And in that connection, as has been before remarked, one cannot miss the resemblance between him and the other two distinguished American poets whom after so short an interval he has followed to the Silent Land. The names of Lowell, of Whittier, and of Whitman are all associated more or less with the Abolition struggle. The "Biglow Papers" and the "Harvard Commemoration Ode," the "Monody on Lincoln," and the "Drum Taps," are the best literary expression of the enthusiasms which "nerved the North to the great battle for freedom and for the Union, and which carried it victoriously through the fight." As with Whitman, so with Whittier, these enthusiasms were the inspiration not only of the poet's lyrics, but of his life as well. His whole man was enlarged and formed into a permanent mould by the influence of these early days of struggle; and it is undoubtedly as one of the last veterans of this struggle that he has merited the praise and the reverence that are receiving expression now that he has passed away.

And yet there is very little, if, indeed, there is anything at all, among these anti-slavery productions that is destined to live. They served but a passing need, and have already lost much of their value as literature. A sympathetic critic has well said: "Mr. Whittier can afford to own that he has sometimes failed to rise above the level of the verse-maker. A writer who celebrates the events of the passing hour must expect the lustre of some performances to fade with the interests which called them forth, and in the mass of Mr. Whittier's productions, representing as it does the fruitage of a long and busy life, there is much, undoubtedly, of an ephemeral character; but there is an abundance of durable work of a peculiar and rare quality, and there are certain themes which, by right of discovery, this writer has made his own." His last work came from those later days passed in the quiet of great peace, when the poet had already entered on the reward which comes from the consciousness of duty well done. There are times when the spirit of poetry seems to have possessed him utterly, when the best thought is worked out in a terse and telling form, with all the true fire and magic of genius. There are lines where the musical effect, the seemingly effortless and inevitable aptness of word and rhythm, with their perfect and crystalline clearness of thought, disclose the highest quality of poetical art. They move with the same unconscious volition as when the bird hovers over the meadow's surface, or darts with unerring swiftness at its mark. On the other hand, as even the kindly American critic has admitted, there are whole pages which resemble the same bird with folded wings, hopping aimlessly here and there upon the ground—pages of purely commonplace and mechanical jingle, such as any versifier with an ordinary metrical ear can produce by the ream.

No writer, however, should be judged by his least successful efforts, and it is enough that Whittier has left us a number of poems which for musical charm, for lyric passion, for concentrated and exquisite expression of high poetic feeling, are equal to anything which America has produced. There is, as someone has remarked, a haunting melody about many of his verses which comes back to us like the scent of birches and bog-myrtle.

> The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
> Their song was soft and low;
> The blossoms in the sweet May wind
> Were falling like the snow.

This beautiful poem, by the way, serves to remind us how little of the inspiration of love there is in the Quaker poet. The only poem,

besides "My Playmate," in which he refers to the tender passion is that entitled "Memories." Mr. Whittier has been in love, and for a moment he takes us into his confidence. The glimpse is valuable, if only to assure us of his common clay. As has been said, there is something unhuman if not inhuman about a man who has never been in love, but the American poet has been "there," and has profited by the experience, as all good men, especially old bachelors, do.

I feel its glow upon my cheek,
  Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
  Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
  I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringèd lids of hazel eyes,
  With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
  Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers and dewy leaves,
  And smiles and tones more dear than they!

His poems dealing with individual characters are notable, as the *Times* remarked, for their individuality and their graphic force. Take "Cassandra Southwick" for example, where we see portrayed a veritable woman, noble in her tribulations and glorious in her triumph; or "Randolph of Roanoke," a splendid tribute to the memory of a great man, and all the more praiseworthy that it was wrung from the lips of an opponent. The Quaker poet saw the Virginian slave-holder as he was—a man to be known and respected. Some of his ballads are among the best that the century has given us, full of charm and pathos, and as pure and fresh as the mountain breezes. That one of "Annie and Rhoda" brims over with the feeling which appeals most strongly to the emotions. One sister has a lover, and in the quiet of the night the younger one hears him call upon her name as he is drowning at sea. "Thou liest!" says the elder girl; "he never would call thy name.

"If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him ever from thee and me!"

But the younger girl is assured her sister's betrothed is really dead, and she can now avow the love she had never told. The ballad ends thus:—

"The wind and the waves their work have done;
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

Little will reck that heart of thine;
It loved him not with a love like mine.

I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and broider thy bridal gear,
Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.
But now my soul with his soul I wed—
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

In this branch of his work it may almost be said of him that what Sir Walter Scott did for his country Whittier did for New England.

The religious sentiment runs through most of Whittier's poems. His typical teaching seems to be that religion is a present active belief; that it should be exemplified in the life, whatever the future may bring; the call of duty must be obeyed, but in obedience will be found solace, consolation, hope, and trust. "I am, and always have been," he once said, "an orthodox Friend, but I am profoundly convinced of the terrible realities of life, and as I grow older I become more and more convinced that the God who brought all these souls into the world will not disown His ultimate responsibility for them." Many of his devotional lyrics recall those of Cowper, and some of them have now taken a permanent place in English hymnology. The Christian philosophy of "My Psalm" is such as might be accepted by the most rigidly orthodox.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.
I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.
I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay
Aside the toiling oar:
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.
. . . . . .
For death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

His cheery view of life, even as it nears the end, comes out in "My Birthday":—

Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.
I grieve not with the moaning wind,
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well.

Such, then, was John Greenleaf Whittier. His work, if not great, has at least been earnest and genuine, and there is surely enough in it to hand down his name to future generations along with the names of Longfellow and Lowell, Bryant and Poe, Whitman and Holmes. In any case, he will always be entitled to the honour of having used his talents in the highest service to which it was possible to put them. As a writer addressing him once said, "You have done what you could for your fellow-men ; you have fought the battle of the weak, and helped to raise the downtrodden and the oppressed. There is a glory higher than the laurel of the poet—the glory of good deeds done in behalf of suffering humanity ; and it is yours. You are a poet, a true and sweet one, and something better."

T. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

ANCIENT EXPERIMENTS IN CO-OPERATION.

TO guard against any disappointment, it will be well to confess at the outset that this brief paper is no inquiry into the graven records of the first historiographers, no startling discovery of "stores" in Babylon or strikes in ancient Nineveh. We have no tale to tell of an Owen of the Ganges, nor a picturesque presentment of William Morris, in a full-bottomed wig and a lotus-broidered robe, "organising labour"—with fascinating side glances at the good old times of the sixth dynasty—in the shadow of a yet unfinished pyramid. Such comparatively recent attempts to reduce the too insistent individual for the good of society, if they occurred, are altogether too modern for our present scope. The first attempts at mitigating competition by union are of hugely remoter date than the first of human cities; and their success or failure is written, not on dead and decaying papyrus and stone, but vividly and with an animation, variety, and colour that a Carlyle or Froude must envy, in the whole volume of living things.

For it is altogether false to find the nexus of life, and its changes, in competition alone. One gets an impression, from the current phraseology of our scientific teachers, that until the Christian Era the whole record of life from its beginning had been a frantic struggle of individuals to survive. A figure is conjured up of a growing crowd of units, battling at the too narrow portals of survival, with death sweeping off the hindermost. It is a horrible conception, as false as it is evil; and though a healthy man may include it in his beliefs and still live, by instinct, a wholesome citizen, it is there lying in wait against the germinal time of depression, disaster, or trial, the seed of a savage pessimism. But an even cursory examination of the biologist's province will show that this element of individual competition is over-accentuated in current thought, and that not only human sentiment, but the great mother of humanity, Nature, has her sanction for self-sacrifice, and her own abundant recognition of the toiler and of the martyr.

The most familiar cases of aid and self-abnegation are to be found among gregarious and social animals. In the herbivora the herd will aid the individual; the majority of birds and land animals live and fight for their young, some will die for them. But these are far less striking instances than others less obvious to ordinary observation. The popular literature of natural history has made the ant and the bee so well-known to us, it would seem, that we leave them out of philosophical speculation. The mutual dependence of worker and soldier in the termite community, the certain harmony of disposition and desire between them, is surely forgotten when the "struggle for existence" is spoken of as one chaotic scramble. Here, growing indeed out of the very conditions of that struggle, is an instance of temperance and concession. In an anthill the rigour of competition has been softened, to the benefit and triumph of the species. But these cases of peaceful association are the merest beginnings of such unions, as a more careful analysis of zoological and botanical fact displays. It is in what are called colonial organisms that we find the next more pronounced phase of co-operative activity.

Beginning with such types as the coral polyps, we find individuals resembling one another in form and needs, but, because their food-supply is sufficient, living harmoniously together, linked as the Siamese twins were linked, by their bodies, and building up one common skeleton. In their relatives, the hydrozoa, we find another step along the line of organisation. Tree-like forms occur, made up of a branching system of polyps, with a common circulating system and a community of feeling; but here the individuals are not all alike. Some spread eager fingers through the water for food; some are concerned only in the budding off of colonising medusæ, which swim away to reproduce the kind in fresh localities. This division of labour is still greater in one subordinate group, the *Siphonphora*. In such a form as *Physophora* there is a collection of diverse individuals, some of which cater for the colony, some of which are mere aggressive batteries of stinging cells; some act as protective coverings, some as egg-forming cases, and one—like a scientific essayist—crowns the colony and secretes gas to lighten it, as it floats through the waters of the ocean. Here evidently there is something else than competition as a factor in the life of these various united zooids.

These numerous creatures, each equivalent to an ordinary animal, have foregone the struggle, and merged themselves into a higher unity. The same thing happens ordinarily in the sponges. The great group of the Polyzoa is made up of similar higher unities, and those near relations of the vertebrata, the Ascidians, include colonial

forms, the colonies of which are so elaborated and specialised that they might at first be mistaken for a single creature.

But scientific analysis has not stopped here. It is not simply among individuals of the same kind that co-operative association occurs. During the last decade or so a great number of facts have been accumulated with regard to what scientists term *symbiosis*. Here two *dissimilar* organisms merge together for their common benefit. The typical case is that of the lichens. These familiar films and furs, the green and yellow blotches that soften and even glorify our old buildings and exposed rocky surfaces, and the rich grey foliaceous forms that enrich the bare branches of our wintry woods, were once regarded as a group of lowly vegetables comparable to the mosses and liverworts. A microscopic examination of their substance reveals, however, a considerable departure from the structure of ordinary green vegetables. A network of felted fibres, such as we find in fungi, holds in its meshes a number of green threads and particles. These latter have exactly the same appearance as the green and bluish-green algæ of stagnant water. And experiment has manifested the truth of the suspicion this structure engendered, that the lichens are not simple vegetables at all, but co-operative unions of various fungi with green algæ; the fungus doing much the same work as the root of a higher plant, and the alga discharging the duty of a leaf. Later, many more instances of such united organisms have been adduced. Very probably the great majority of forest-trees obtain food, not by their roots directly, but through the intermediation of fungus filaments that interweave among their roots. The suspicion of symbiotic unions, indeed, now affects almost the whole Vegetable Kingdom, and many animals. Here again is an entirely different thing from destructive competition between individuals; instead, we perceive their harmonious agreement and the genesis of a higher unity.

Following the analytical process further, we discover still more sweeping objections to the idea of the competitive isolation of living things. The whole substance of a higher animal—and this term, of course, covers ourselves—is either made up of, or formed by, protoplasmic blebs called cells; in bone, cartilage, connective tissue, and blood we find them, and again, with changes of shape and duty, in muscle and nerve. Now the commonest object of elementary microscopic work is the *amœba*, one of a large class of creatures essentially identical in structure with one of these cells, a mere bleb of protoplasm living its life alone. Even to summarise the considerations in favour of the theory of evolution would be quite out-

side the scope of this paper; it will suffice now to state that no zoologist or botanist of repute appears to have any doubt that the higher animals and the higher plants are alike descended from such forms, and are, in fact, *colonies* of imperfectly-separated amoeboid cells. Here, then, we realise that a thing essentially different from competition, the co-operative union of individuals to form higher unities, underlies the whole living creation as it appears to our unaided eyes. How complete that union is let our sense of individuality testify. The oldest fossils, the age of which the geologist indicates by such purely symbolical expressions as fifty and a hundred million of years, are remains of creatures consisting of many "cells," and before that time, therefore, their first ancient experiments in co-operation had been made and had succeeded.

A very curious, and to some minds a fascinating line of speculation, may be noted before we conclude. In the amoeba we have an isolated animal of one cell; in the great majority of animals we have a union of many cells; among the hydrozoa, ascidians, and polyzoa these unions again unite into unions of a higher order. In the gregarious assembly of cattle, in the social intercourse of rooks and wolves, and men also, we have the faint beginnings of such a further synthesis, into the herd, the pack, the flock, or the party. How far may we speculate in the future of further developments of the co-operative principle? Certain cities—Jerusalem, Florence, imperial and pontifical Rome—are no mere aggregates; they have a unity and distinctive character, an initiative and an emotion of their own. Again, we have ships that seem to have an individuality not entirely subjective. We perceive now in the Socialist a bold ambition for such a synthesis; we realise his drift. The village commune of the future will be an organism; it will rejoice and sorrow like a man. Men will be limbs—even nowadays in our public organisations men are but members. One ambition will sway the commune, a perfect fusion of interest there will be, and a perfect sympathy of feeling. Not only will there be "forty feeding like one," but forty writhing like one, because of toothache in its carpenter or rheumatics in its agriculturalists.

The recent work undertaken by physiologists to investigate the behaviour of the peculiar corpuscles in the body, the phagocytes, lends colour to this vision. These strange unities wander through the body, here engorging bacteria, and there crowding at an inflamed spot or absorbing an obsolete structure. They have an appearance of far more initiative and freedom than a factory hand in the body politic. It is as startling and grotesque as it is scientifically true,

that man is an aggregate of amoeboid individuals in a higher unity, and that such higher unities as may be reasonably likened to man, the Polyzoa individuals and the Ascidians, have united again into yet higher individual unities, and that, therefore, there is no impossibility in science that in the future men should not coalesce into similar unified aggregates. There can be no doubt that such phenomena as the now almost forgotten Siamese twins and double-headed monstrosities are tentative experiments on the part of Nature towards a "colonial" grouping.

This is one of those numberless peculiar cases in which experience jars with reason. Mathematics abounds in such queer contrasts; at the very beginning of algebra we have to speculate about taking quantities away from deficiencies, as everybody knows; but the paradoxical aspect of biological science has not yet been so widely proclaimed. It is as much beyond dispute that the possibility of the utter extinction of humanity, or its extensive modification into even such strange forms as we have hinted at, human trees with individuals as their branches and so forth, is as imperatively admissible in science as it is repugnant to the imagination. Only a very ignorant and dull person would find in such conclusions the *reductio ad absurdum* of science, and only a very imaginative person could imagine he realised what those conclusions meant. But there are certainly enough facts accumulated by biologists to necessitate very considerable modification of our conceptions of individuality, and to have, if properly applied, an extensive influence on the tenor of current speculation.

H. G. WELLS.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

THE dramatic event of the dead month has been the curious little discussion which the enterprising *Pall Mall Gazette* has started in its columns under the title of "Why I Don't Write Plays." The discussion is due originally to the restless energy of Mr. William Archer. Mr. Archer thinks that the British drama is not brilliant—in which I quite agree with him; but he thinks it is to be bettered by the forcing of all sorts of reluctant novelists into the writing of plays—in which I do not agree with him at all. But the *Pall Mall Gazette* took the matter up, and wrote to a number of our leading novelists to ask them why they didn't write plays, and what their views were on the present divorce between literature and the drama. A great number of the novelists addressed have replied. One of the first and one of the most important replies came from Mr. Thomas Hardy. Mr. Hardy's remarks appeal to me with a peculiar interest, because Mr. Hardy has been good enough to give me his permission to dramatise one of the most powerful and painful of the stories that compose the "Group of Noble Dames." Mr. Hardy is very much to the point. He thinks the divorce of fiction from the drama is inimical to the best interests of the stage, but no injury to literature. He has occasionally had a desire to produce a play, and has gone so far as to write the skeletons of several, but has no such desire in any special sense just now. His reasons for preferring the novel to the drama are very cogent. He considers that "in general the novel affords scope for getting nearer to the heart and meaning of things than does the play: in particular, the play as nowadays conditioned, when parts have to be moulded to actors, not actors to parts; when managers will not risk a truly original play; when scenes have to be arranged in a constrained and arbitrary fashion to suit the exigencies of scene-building, although spectators are absolutely indifferent to order and succession, provided they can have set before them a developing thread of interest. The reason of this arbitrary arrangement would seem to be that the presentation of human passions is subordinated to the presentation of mountains,

cities, clothes, furniture, plate, jewels, and other real and sham-real appurtenances, to the neglect of the principle that the material stage should be a conventional or figurative arena, in which accessories are kept down to the plane of mere suggestions of place and time, so as not to interfere with the required high relief of the action and emotions."

Certainly no man has a better right to speak for fiction than the author who first found fame with a masterpiece like "Far from the Madding Crowd," and who has earned of late still greater honour from "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." But there are other novelists of very different methods whose opinions have also been sought and found, and prominent among these is that Thackeray in miniature, Mr. W. E. Norris.

Mr. Norris thinks that, although it is one thing to write a novel, and quite another thing to write a play, the two arts are, nevertheless, closely allied. It is needless, he thinks, to point out that in every country but England a novelist is almost, as a matter of course, a playwright into the bargain. Needless also is it to insist upon the benefits which must necessarily accrue both to a national literature and to a national drama from such ordinary versatility. The English novelist, with his regulation three volumes in which to play about and elaborate his ideas, is apt to grow diffuse—is sometimes even driven to be diffuse—and requires that sort of discipline which demands concentration and condensation.

Mr. Norris himself does not feel greatly tempted to enter the dramatic lists. "Why should we, who assuredly are not men of genius, and who, therefore, cannot hope to trample an opposing host of difficulties under foot, expose ourselves not so much to the danger as to the certainty of a fiasco? Let it, for the sake of argument, be boldly assumed that we could, if we chose, produce comedies about equal in merit to the novels which we have written, and which have found acceptance with a portion of the novel-reading public. Well, in Paris there would be a chance for us. In Paris our piece—the piece as we had written it—would be faithfully rendered, and our audience would no more think of demanding from it what was neither in it, nor intended to be in it, than of searching for peaches in a strawberry-bed. In Paris such a play, for example, as 'L'Ami Fritz,' a play in which there is absolutely no dramatic incident or situation whatsoever, is not only tolerated but appreciated. But can it be pretended that London would put up with delineations of character, with little *genre* pictures of contemporary life or gentle satires upon contemporary manners and

morals? . . . One would fain avoid the appearance of being offensive or impertinent; but, frankly, I do not believe that the average novelist—the novelist whose works are supposed to be read by 'the lesser public'—could hope to escape being rendered publicly ridiculous were he to essay the suggested feat. If, by an impossibility, he could go the round of the London theatres, selecting an actor here and an actress there, he might get a company together; otherwise he would be foredoomed to failure. That terrible 'technique' would be the death of him. Points which depend for their effect upon being very quietly given would be thrust to the front with cruel, strident emphasis; *grandes dames* would strut and snort; little tricks of speech and manner that characterise the different classes with which he is accustomed to deal would be replaced by gestures and methods of enunciation characteristic of nothing at all, except the British stage; emotions common enough in daily life would be displayed after a fashion in which no human being off the boards of a theatre has ever dreamt of displaying them since the world began; and if he ventured upon a timid remonstrance, he would undoubtedly be told that he did not know what he was talking about. The bare thought of what it would be like is enough to make the average novelist's blood curdle in his veins."

But Mr. Norris has his word to say to the critics who call upon him and his fellows to do something towards rendering the English drama philosophically and technically abreast of the intellectual movement of the time. "Jump upon your Pegasus—or your Rosinante—say these critics; lay your doughty pen in rest, and charge against that grim square of foemen, those 'old critics,' those 'actor-managers,' that inveterate, inexorable 'technique.' You will be killed, perhaps; still, you will have fallen in a good cause, and the next squadron, or the next, may be more fortunate.

"But," pleads Mr. Norris, "if you come to that, I do not so very much want to be killed. I have my little position, such as it is, in the world of letters; I have my circle of readers, who treat me with a kindness more than equal to any claims that I may possess upon their attention; I feel that I am fulfilling my modest mission *tant bien que mal.* If you take me for Don Quixote, it becomes at once my duty to inform you that I am only Sancho Panza. Permit me, for the moment, to shelter myself behind the backs of my big brothers. If they like to undertake the charge, well and good. I am inclined to agree with you that they ought to undertake it, and applause shall not be lacking to them so long as my hands and lungs continue to serve me. Possibly, being so big, they may triumph

where I should have been ignominiously rolled over. Meanwhile," says Mr. Norris, in conclusion, "I and other writers of my calibre must needs rest contented—or discontented—with things as they are."

Mr. Anstey is pithy, pertinent, sensible; he doubts very much whether any author who possesses the power of dramatic utterance at all requires any external persuasion to induce him to exercise it; and he cannot accept the theory that a writer who does not feel a natural and spontaneous impulse to write a play "owes it to himself and to literature to make some essay, at any rate, in dramatic form." It seems to him, as indeed it seems to me, that a drama solemnly composed from a stern and exaggerated sense of duty of this sort would not be particularly likely to benefit either literature or the stage.

Mrs. Margaret L. Woods's contribution to the debate is chiefly remarkable for an astounding assertion. "But even in France it is doubtful whether the plays of the last thirty years, with certain great exceptions, equal the novels of the same period in artistic quality. That so trashy a play as 'La Dame aux Camélias' holds the stage, while the novel on which it is founded is extinct, points to a certain lowering of the standard for theatrical purposes." How, I ask myself in amazement, can "La Dame aux Camélias" be called an extinct novel?

But if Mrs. Woods is perplexing, Mr. Shorthouse is even more so. He says, "I do not call myself a *novelist*, and I do not think that any of my books can be described as *novels*." What, one asks in wonder, is he? what are they? But Mr. Shorthouse seems to be in the mood for whimsical assertions. He says, "The last English actor I saw with pleasure was the late Charles Mathews, and I doubt whether he could properly be called an actor at all." What is the meaning of this mysterious juggling with words? Mr. Shorthouse contributes nothing to the matter under discussion beyond these two riddles.

Lucas Malet is much more to the point, and her contribution is one of the best in the bunch. She has some definite opinions to express, and she expresses them well. According to her, the stage is in some considerable measure responsible for the breach between literature and drama. "For the members of the dramatic profession insinuate rather persistently that a sacred mystery enshrouds the business of their art, which the intelligence of the literary man or woman is hardly equal to penetrating. The specialist's profound reverence for himself is a peculiarity of the English nature. He has yet to learn that the possessor of a fair amount of intellect can apply

that intellect down pretty well any lines he pleases. From this peculiarity the English novelist is, I need hardly remark, happily free. We English writers are a modest and retiring race, naturally disposed to believe that which our fellow-artists tell us about ourselves. We have been told we could not write plays by those who were supposed to know. Therefore we have been discouraged, and have not written them."

But it would seem that Lucas Malet does not yearn to write them, does not want to be lured to the stage. "No, I for one protest against a new departure. We have experienced the worst of the printer and compositor; of the critics, whose arrows fly by day in the public prints; and of those persons with a conscience and desire for our souls' good whose letters, like the pestilence, walk in the darkness of anonymity. We also know the magazine editor; some of us know—and that is bitter knowledge indeed—the slow torture inflicted by the illustrator—in England, for they do these things better across the Atlantic and in France. Can we seriously be required to add to all these woes those of the stage manager, the actors, still more the ladies of the company, the scene-painter, the costumier, the scene-shifters and carpenters, the very important personage who directs the limelight upon the face of our expiring hero—the whole *personnel* of the theatre, in short, including, according to Dumas *père*, the fireman whose nod means damnation? With all due deference to Mr. Archer, I really think we cannot. It *is* too much."

I cannot analyse the utterances of all the writers. Among the best must be classed the words of Mr. Harold Frederic, words whose cool courage and uncompromising frankness come like a favouring wind across the fervour and the foolishness of the debate.

It is a queer controversy: it seems to me to be also rather a barren controversy. Why, in Heaven's name! should people be called upon to write plays whether they want to or whether they do not want to? If a man, or woman, has it in him, or her, to write a good play, he, or she, will write that good play and have done with it. But good plays are not to be obtained by eloquent appeals to the writers of novels to "come over and help us." This desperate attempt to force an art that ought to be spontaneous can scarcely yield good fruit. As for the novelists themselves, they seem, as we have seen, to be very well content with their own method and their own material, in which, at all events, they are very wise.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Discovery of America.

THE theory that Columbus was the first to visit the American continent has long been disputed, and will shortly be abandoned. The latest, and immeasurably the most ambitious historian of America, Mr. Edward John Payne, the first volume of whose "History of the New World called America" has just been issued by the Clarendon Press, is so much in earnest in stripping Columbus of a portion of his laurels that he is not inclined wholly and unhesitatingly to reject the story that Madox, the son of Owen Gwyneth, King of North Wales, sailed in the twelfth century to America and founded a colony on the bank of the Missouri. Without entering on this question, Mr. Payne gives a still earlier date to what is practically the discovery of America. He holds that when Ingolf, the son of Orn, reached Iceland in 874, he had unwittingly bridged over the gulf between Europe and America. Iceland practically belongs to America, and from the day when the Northmen landed on its coast, finding their way to the coast of New England was only a question of time. The nearest promontory of Greenland was only fifty-two nautical leagues from Iceland. The year 986 is that in which America was first discovered by Biarne Herjulfson the Northman, whose vessel drifted on an arctic current to New England. At this period, as Mr. Payne says, "While the Northmen were exploring the coast of America, others of their race were engaged in that continuous invasion of England which resulted in the Danish dynasty. Others were sailing up the Guadalquivir and plundering the Moors in Andalusia. Spain seemed permanently annexed to Africa: Genoa had not emerged from obscurity: the maritime revolution was not begun: none of the causes of the Columbian discovery had come into existence." Profoundly interesting is the account of the discovery which Americans regard with small favour and in which Spain feels no great belief. Danish antiquaries, however, have taken much pains to establish its authority, and will be generally held to have succeeded. A subsequent voyage in Biarne's own ship, but

under the lead of Leif, the son of Eric the Red, resulted in the discovery of Wineland, as the Northmen named the country in which they found the vine. This spot our author takes to have been some part of the State of Rhode Island.

Christopher Columbus.

THE views of Columbus generally which Mr. Payne expresses are not likely to be well received by those who have undertaken the apotheosis of the great navigator. Besides stripping Columbus of the honours awarded him through centuries, Mr. Payne finds much in his character to condemn. Humboldt regarded Columbus as "above all things an observer of cosmical Nature, a man of science, and worthy of a place among the forerunners of modern natural philosophy." This view is not accepted by the later writer, who takes a much lower estimate, holding that his tone of thought belongs wholly to the Middle Ages, and then continues: "His ill-directed ambition, his sentimental fidelity to the monarchs who hired him, and cheated him of his hire, his love of the show of power and dignity, his intolerance of any theory of his discoveries except his own, indicate a temperament far indeed from that of the philosopher: and the literary work which employed his latter years, treating of the prophecies which he had conceived himself to have been instrumental in bringing to pass, evince a mind wholly under the sway of a gross and narrow theology." Elsewhere I read that "Columbus, though a great seaman, was an incompetent governor," and that the secret of his dogged persistency, both when recommending his scheme to Ferdinand and Isabella, and when crossing the Atlantic in search of the Indies, was not "precisely a masculine and rational faith in himself and the cause. It was part of his creed that nothing in his career was really a matter of fortune, and that he was in all things an instrument chosen by the Almighty for the accomplishment of His inscrutable designs." I give Mr. Payne's own words, and leave them to be regarded as rank heresy or inspired truth according to the sympathies or convictions of the reader.

The Exploration of Antarctic Seas.

THE extreme interest now taken in all things connected with the voyages of Columbus and the discovery of America renders more remarkable the neglect that has long been exhibited with regard to the Antarctic Ocean. While Arctic seas have been explored in search

of a North-West passage or in pursuit of commerce, the corresponding region in the south has for a long time been practically neglected. It is satisfactory to know that Britain is still in the van of discovery, and that four Dundee whalers have set sail for Arctic seas in pursuit of what is practically a voyage of discovery. The vessels are well fitted, manned, and commanded, and are furnished with means of taking observations, meteorological, magnetic, and other. What amount of success is to be hoped for in a voyage of this class, how far the fauna and flora of this comparatively unknown region may be expected to differ from those of the North, are matters that I leave to scientists. My satisfaction is derived from seeing that the spirit of enterprise and the love of adventure, and, I may add, the search after gain, are as keen now as they were in the days when across unknown seas Columbus held on undaunted. It speaks volumes for the British sailor that, though at the utmost disadvantage as regards situation, he remains foremost in the chase. To America should fall the responsibility of solving the great mystery of the South. Perhaps if we wait a little the task will fall to the Australasians. When once they have fitted themselves to the new home of Englishmen, have explored the length and breadth of their splendid continent, and settled the vexed questions connected with their political future, their surplus energies may be devoted to the solution of the largest, if not the most important, of remaining geographical problems.

Artificial Food and Civilisation.

ONE view strongly held by Mr. Payne, to whose "History of the New World" I have recurred, seems likely, with some modifications, to meet with acceptance. It is that the "organisation of food-provision on the artificial basis has been combined with that of defence, and that communities in which these combined organisations have been fully elaborated have extended their boundaries at the expense of others whose social arrangements were less advanced." I have neither time nor space, *if* I had the ability and disposition, to show what seem the limitations of the theory, and content myself with putting it before my readers, many of whom will not fail to turn to Mr. Payne's volume. The transformation of human society, and the features which distinguish civilisation from savagery, are thus attributed to "the substitution of an artificial for a natural basis of subsistence." Upon the savage, as upon the civilised, weighs the necessity of storing food, a lesson taught him by some of the lower animals. The first step to an artificial supply is, instead of mere

storage, planting seeds or roots in the earth to fructify and develop, or domesticating animals. At the basis of advancement stands the domestication of the ass, the horse, the ox, the camel, the sheep, and the goat. In the milch animal, and the greatly increased proportion of multiplication which its possession implies, is found "the economic basis of the existing settlement of the Old World." America was practically destitute of "those animals which in the Old World were bred and fed in domestication in order to yield a constant supply of milk for human consumption. In this fact Mr. Payne sees the most important among the causes of the backwardness of the American aborigines. For the further development of this interesting second theory the "History of the New World" must be consulted.

What People Read.

WHAT books do the majority of people read by preference? If I may trust the librarians of local London libraries, fiction enjoys an uncontested supremacy. This is, of course, to be expected. According to the third annual report of the Brentford Free Public Library—a juvenile institution with no embarrassing variety of choice, as it contains only 4,092 volumes in all—the two most popular books with the Brentfordians are Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" and Edna Lyall's "In the Golden Days," both of which had been taken out sixty-five times. Confining oneself only to the same class of literature, one finds Besant's "Katherine Regina," Macdonald's "Robert Falconer," Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," continue in a diminishing degree of popularity. Some heavier fare was there for more practical minds, Cassell's "Popular Educator" having been taken out forty-one times. Opposite Cross's "Life of George Eliot" is the number thirty, and opposite Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," thirty-five. Darwin's "Descent of Man" was read fifteen times, Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" fourteen, and Farrar's "St. Paul" thirteen. Very interesting are these statistics, and the lessons to be drawn from them, were one inclined to moralise, are significant. Until I know the general constitution of the library I cannot, however, reach any very satisfactory results. That books supplying practical information, such as the "Popular Educator," are in favour with the higher class of workmen is known not only to the librarian but to the second-hand bookseller. An old volume of some trade or scientific periodical, sold for a few pence, will attract the attention of a workman who, like

Johnson choosing an arithmetic for a *compagnon de voyage*, knows that its contents will not soon be exhausted. The only books belonging to past literature that are given are Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell," before mentioned, "Æsop's Fables," taken down twenty-two times, and "Gulliver's Travels," taken down twenty.

What is Read by Youth?

I SHOULD like full statistics as to what is generally read by the younger generation besides the brilliantly amusing pages of the *Idler* and other redhot novelties. In fiction, even, are the old masters forgotten by the young? That Scott is still popular is proven by the fact that endless editions of the Waverley Novels see the light. Men of culture will never deny themselves the delight of reading "Joseph Andrews" and "Tristram Shandy," and will turn at times to "Peregrine Pickle" and "Clarissa Harlowe." New editions of Jane Austen even see the light. Does anyone, however, in these days take up the novels of Captain Marryat, the breeziest and the most side-splitting volumes ever written? Is Mrs. Radcliffe clean forgotten, with her romances of mystery; or lovely, *piquante* Mrs. Inchbald, with her delightful pictures of society? I was aghast to hear the other day, and was a little incredulous also, that the days of Alexandre Dumas are over, and that few now in France read "Monte Cristo" or "La Reine Margot." I was told even, by the same authority, himself a distinguished author, that the taste for Hugo among the young generation was dying, and that it was only older men that turned to "Notre Dame de Paris" and "Les Misérables." That the actual is the most palatable to men may be granted, but oblivion cannot tread so closely as this upon highest accomplishment. A curious trait of the British workman I must supply. I had a workman to make the bookshelves a fresh provision of which an expanding library rendered constantly necessary. He was one of the honestest and worthiest men I ever knew, and had by industry raised himself and his family to a respectable position. He was to some extent a reader. I possessed a copy, in many volumes, of a good edition of Shakespeare which had been scorched in a fire, but was for reading purposes uninjured. This I gave him, telling him he might carry the volumes home at his leisure. The gift was quite unprized, and the later volumes were not taken away. I have strong doubts whether Shakespeare is much read among the operatives.

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THE IDYL OF SWIFTWATER FERRY.

BY CHARLES T. C. JAMES.

I.

"ARE you the girl who did it?"

"I," said Norah, with a smile, "am the girl who did it."

All day long and every day, come wet, come wind, come sunshine, Norah, the girl at the ferry, poled the punt backwards and forwards across the river, and many people lately had come to be ferried across by her. They thought there was an honour in being ferried across by the girl who had done the thing to which the vicar's wife from the next parish alluded in the question given above.

"Tell me," continued the lady, "all about it. I must hear it from your own lips. I will sit here, at the end of the punt, and hear the story from your own lips."

"It was nothing, nothing at all," Norah replied, but placing a cushion at the end of the punt for the greater ease of the old lady, and then standing before her in picturesque garb, sleeves rolled up to the elbows, wide-brimmed hat slantwise on her head as a shield directed against the blazing afternoon sun, and one hand on the top of the punt pole, planted on the outward side of her moored craft to keep it steady at the landing-place. "Less than nothing, Mrs. Marcus."

"But I don't think so, my dear, and I want to hear your own account of it."

"Why, you see," Norah began, looking thoughtfully at the great broad stream that even in that summer weather swirled and eddied turbulently by, "why, you see, I had just ferried the pic-nic party across, and noticed what a pretty little girl it was they had with them, and so had watched them making their preparations for tea beside the bank, when, all at once, I heard a scream and saw the poor little thing in the water. What was it, on a summer day, to have gone in after the child and brought her out? Anyone would have done it, placed as I was. They couldn't have helped doing it; and it isn't worth a word."

"It would have been a brave thing, standing alone. But it is not your first rescue," Mrs. Marcus said, with admiring eyes hardly dimmed by the spectacles through which they glanced up at the tall strong figure and the handsome gipsy face.

"Old Clark, when he got tipsy and fell out of my punt last winter in the twilight? Oh, I couldn't drown a passenger, you know! It would ruin business."

"You're a remarkable girl!" Mrs. Marcus returned, still looking admiringly at face and figure. "Do you really mean to tell me that you're contented with your life, living all by yourself in that little hut (which you keep as neat as a new pin), and that you wouldn't like to try a new life—I don't like to say a better station of life, seeing the noble things you've done in your present one—somewhere else?"

"I do mean it, Mrs. Marcus, honestly, P'r'aps if I'd been able to arrange things for myself I'd have had one or two things different. I'd have liked poor father to have lived on, so that I shouldn't have been quite so lonely in the winter's evenings. P'r'aps if he hadn't said with his last breath, 'Norah, keep you on the ferry! There's been Jacksons at Swiftwater Ferry for three generations; keep you on the ferry,' I'd have turned to something else. As it is, you see—why, it's *as* it is, and here I am."

Then Norah laughed.

"Well, my dear," Mrs. Marcus rejoined, "as you seem to like it, and as you are so useful at it, perhaps this ferry 's your right place in the world. I don't know, I'm sure. If you'd been anywhere else you wouldn't have saved two lives, I expect. Fancy it! What danger you must have been in."

"Not very much, either time," said Norah, laughing still. "The third 's the dangerous time, you know. When *that* comes I must be careful."

"I hope," replied Mrs. Marcus, "that it never may come!"

"Oh, I don't know. If it does, I'm ready for it! Shall I punt you across?"

"If you please. I don't know that there's anything pleasanter, on such a day, than being ferried across by such a girl."

It was such a marvellously responsive craft that the least movement on Norah's part—a mere smile of hers down at the water—and the punt was out in the stream, moving diagonally across it. The exertion was of so slight a nature to Norah that she spoke as unconstrainedly in mid-stream as though she had been sitting in a drawing-room with an egg-shell tea-cup in her hands in lieu of the long pole that bent in her grasp notwithstanding the apparent ease of her movements.

"It's strange to me," she said, "sometimes, to think I've got to make just the same allowance as father had for the current; that there's just the same strength in the current now that there used to be fifteen years ago, when I began to learn to balance myself in the punt, a little mite of three: I've changed so very much and it hasn't changed at all!"

"And won't, my dear, I expect, for the next five hundred years."

"Unless, you know, they come to make that bridge they're always talking of, and so do away with me altogether. I don't seem to belong to the present age at all, do I? I'm such an old-world institution, you see: I feel as if I belonged to the gallant days when "knights were bold," and there were barons holding sway, and all that sort of thing. When there was chiv—what's the word, Mrs. Marcus?"

"Chivalry, my dear?"

'Yes; but I wasn't quite clear about it."

"But you know a very great deal. I think you wonderfully well educated."

"All that curate who 's gone away," Norah said, with a grave face. "All his doings, when father was smoking his pipe in the evenings. Night work."

They were nearing the opposite bank now, and Mrs. Marcus looked very closely at the handsome gipsy face, and wondered whether the rumour were true that poor Mr. Chex, curate, of no expectations, had been wildly in love with his pupil and would have married her if she'd given him the least encouragement, which she wouldn't.

In the final survey of that face as the end of the punt bumped on the bank, Mrs. Marcus felt she wouldn't have been greatly surprised if that rumour had been a true one.

"Well, my dear," she said, handed out by Norah with the greatest

care, "I don't know what to wish you in parting, I'm sure. I don't like to see you where you are; and yet I don't like the thought of your being anywhere else, because your place in life may be here, you see. But I'm very glad to have heard the story of the rescue from your own lips; and I don't in the least grudge the mile-and-a-half out of my way to come and hear you tell it. Good-bye."

She freely and cordially held out her hand at parting, did good old Mrs. Marcus. Norah shook it with her own large but shapely hand, and then got back into the punt again, while the old lady puffed away up the two or three steep feet of loose gravel path that led to the footway through the wood. Arrived at the top of those two or three steep feet of path, however, Mrs. Marcus turned back and called out:

"Perhaps, my dear, the age of chivalry isn't entirely over yet. Perhaps, if you keep on looking as steadily into the stream as you were doing when I came upon you half an hour ago, one day you'll see the reflection of a knight there. Who knows?"

"Ah!" laughed Norah back, "who knows?"

Then the old lady went her way, and Norah, remaining with her punt where she was, seemed to have laid the advice very much to heart, for she sat in the far end of her craft and stared into the water with all her might.

She might have so stared and waited for a period of half an hour; then there came the distant sound of heavy-booted footsteps breaking coarsely on her reverie, and, raising her head, she looked up, not in the direction of the footsteps, but across the stream to her little black-tarred, two-roomed, wooden abode.

The sun had got low down in the sky, and had opened a banking account with both windows of the cabin, and paid in nothing but gold upon those two gleaming counters. There were woods both sides the river, and amongst those towards which Norah was glancing a silver moon had put in a chaste and modest appearance to bid the sun good-night; or, perhaps, seeing the sun so overburdened by gold—he had turned the whole up-stream to that precious metal, in a molten state by that time—to see if he would care for a little change in silver.

As Norah looked appreciatively at all this natural glory, a sharp whistle arrowed through the silence, and made her start. It was discharged by the owner of the heavy-booted steps, and that worthy stood on the bank whence Mrs. Marcus had previously departed, and looked down at Norah. He was a particularly agricultural-looking young man, with a good-natured face of the beefy order; and

its appearance was not enhanced in grandeur by a very sickly, not to say sheepish, expression which came upon it when it caught sight of the dark eyes of Norah looking up at its own placidly bovine ones.

"Oh!" she said calmly, "so you've come. I thought you wouldn't be long, so I waited to save myself the trouble of coming across for you, you know," she added by way of explanation. "Get in, Noakes, please."

Noakes—the only name he ever bore, and supposed to be Christian, and not sur—though nobody, including himself, knew for certain—went down the bank, deposited his basket of rush-plait, which held his dinner at an earlier period of the day, upon the end seat of the punt, and embarked.

"Shell oi shove 'er across?" he inquired, looking straight up at the distant moon; but presumably referring to the punt, with which the operation would be more useful and efficacious.

Norah also appeared to understand the query as having a more direct bearing on the punt, for she resigned the pole into the vast hands of Noakes, and answered,

"If you like you can. I'll sit down."

Then Noakes, making a good deal of noise with his hob-nailed boots on the lower deck as he stepped to and fro, began to "shove 'er across."

For the first three or four digs of the pole in the ribs of the river Noakes shoved 'er across in silence; then he turned his head a little to get a look at somebody's face, and shoved 'er across to the words, spoken in a tone of the sincerest conviction,

"You *du* ternight; that you du!

"Do what, Noakes?"

"Look uncommon—uncommon sweet; that you du."

Then Mr. Noakes shoved 'er across in such remarkable fashion, that the pole appeared wrestling with him to see which should be wholly submerged first.

"Don't be stupid; and mind what you're doing. You'll have the punt over if you go on like that."

"Noa," returned Mr. Noákes, more sheepishly sickly than ever; "oi'll shove 'er across all right." Which he proceeded to do in silence.

When he got out he paused a moment, and looked back across Norah to the opposite plantation.

"Oi s'pose it ain't a bit o' use o' my speakin' of the thing again?" he inquired very despondently, addressing the opposite plantation, and feeling how many days' growth of beard he had on his chin with a large rough hand.

"Not a bit, Noakes," said Norah from the end seat of the punt. 'Pray, don't!"

"It's 'ard," remarked Mr. Noakes, still trying to draw the wood on the other side of the stream into conversation, "ter see yer, day arter day, an' not ter speak. Mornin' an' night, night an' mornin', you taks me athirt an' across, athirt an' across, and it seems it never ain't no use me speakin'."

"And I don't think it ever will be."

"I wouldn't give oop my eighteen shillin' a week, you understan —not oi; but oi'd go to it ev'ry day, an' leave 'ee to the ferry 'ere. Don't it seem a pity, now, as it ain't no use me speakin'?"

Mr. Noakes was quite pathetic in this appeal to the opposite plantation.

"But," laughed Norah mischievously, "there's Elms, head-gardener to Mrs. Jessel at the Hall, and he has thirty-five shillings a week and a cottage too, and I've told *him* it's no use speaking. I tell them all the same—every one."

"An' they're all jest mad about 'ee," Mr. Noakes told the opposite plantation, with emotion. "Jest mad. Aint it 'ard? Doan't 'ee think now, as it's a bit 'ard?"

Getting no immediate reply from the opposite plantation, Mr. Noakes looked for an instant in Norah's face, and then looked away again hurriedly, with his hand to his eyes.

"It reg'lar dazzles me," he explained.

"Then don't look at it, but go home," Norah laughed.

Mr. Noakes seemed prepared to take this hint, but paused irresolutely for a moment, standing first on one foot and then on the other, and appearing anxious to deliver himself of some great sentiment.

"Yer face," he said heavily, at last, "yer face is sich a face ter me, that when I sees the sun I thinks o' yer face direc'ly: an' when I sees the moon, I thinks o' yer face direc'ly, I du. Yer face seems reg'lar like sun, moon, an' stars all rolled into one; fur when I sees the stars I thinks o' yer face, that I du. It's a queer thing, so I thought I'd better tell yer."

Thus can love fertilise the rock, and make flowers spring and blossom in the dust!

"I did'nt know I was so brilliant," Norah laughed. "Good-night, Noakes."

Then did Mr. Noakes, with another momentary glance, and a sudden, dazzled turning away, address a hoarse "Good night" to the opposite plantation, shoulder his empty basket and depart.

"Funny," said Norah to herself, and thinking of Mrs. Marcus, "that she should have said 'look steadily in the stream and one day you'll see the reflection of a knight there'; because, when I sit here and wait for fares, I always *do* look in the stream: and the footpath happens to be at such an angle that I always *do* see my fares in the water before I see them in the flesh. Generally, they're such awful faces they might easily frighten anyone. Well, here I sit, then, waiting for the knight! I wonder how long I shall have to wait? I do believe I'm ready for him. Nobody knows as I know, every day and all day long, how lonely I feel. I'm sure I've a warm corner for the knight, in my heart; and that I could make him very cosy there!"

It is sad to think how many equally brave, tender, and true women's hearts there are in the world this moment with the empty corner for the knight in them, and with the power to make him cosy there—if he would only come, as he ought to do, loyal and true!

Norah began to sing gently to herself, and to watch the lights appearing in the cottage windows of her nearest neighbours, two hundred yards away; and then, when the summer night was fully fallen, she went indoors to supper.

Strange girl, strange life! Strange, oh, doubly strange and mysterious river, eternally coiling in eddies to the sea: so like the stream of our existence upon which we, stray atoms detached from time, are outward borne!

II.

THE summer glided by upon perfumed wings. The river became crowded by various craft, and seemed an aquatic Bond Street. Norah, taking across such fares as required that attention, would have all eyes turned to her, and various comments would be audibly passed upon her by holiday-making youths from distant shops, and by youths from the great college three miles away up stream. All complimentary comments, and well-meant; but insufferably unpleasant to the girl, who began to find the possessing of that intangible attribute, a "reputation," is not unalloyed bliss.

At last the summer began to shiver itself away in fitful winds and showers. The fresh greens began to be streaked with yellow.

But to Norah, sitting daily in her punt and looking at the stream, no true knight came.

At last, on one of those early autumn days when summer seems to have come back to look for something it has left behind, Norah, in the old picturesque costume, with the wide-brimmed hat upon her

head, searching the mirror of the stream as it glided by, suddenly saw a totally new reflection there, and wondered whether the knight were come. At least, she greeted his appearance with a blush upon neck and brow as she thought, "If I *had* to choose a knight, he would be something like that!" and then hesitated before she looked up from the reflection in the stream to the man who caused it.

Bertie Vale stood for a moment or two unconcernedly upon the bank, looking at the lights and shadows on the stream with the appreciative glance of one who might have been a great artist if wealth hadn't numbed his natural powers. Finally, he came to the water's edge, and said civilly to the girl:

"May I trouble you to take me over?"

Polite as a true knight ever should be! So polite, that Norah felt she'd never said anything half so rude to any stranger before, as she replied:

"It's no trouble; it's my business."

Vale got in and went to the usual seat of fares, at the far end of the punt.

"I won't ask you to let me do the work," he said quietly, as he did so. "I can see you're independent, and would rather do it yourself."

"Yes," returned Norah abruptly, "I would."

They began moving across the stream, Norah making the same diagonal allowance for the current that her great-grandfather used to make for it a hundred years or so ago.

The stranger made no comment on anything, and, when the opposite bank was reached, said "Thank you," paid his penny and walked away.

"A melancholy knight," Norah thought, glancing after him; "but just the face to look well in a helmet. Quite a pale, dark-moustached, crusading face! I wonder how long he's going to sit on that stile and stare dreamily down here? And I wonder what his great trouble is? He's got one, I'm certain."

That made him all the more interesting, she told herself, as she punted back to the shelter of her little cabin. To the great majority of women, a man with some profound, soul-searing, secret sorrow (so long, perhaps, as it isn't indigestion or homicidal mania) is the most interesting and delightful experience. For all women conceive themselves the born physicians of man—at least, in all heart-affection cases.

Arrived at the other side Norah moored her craft in its usual place, and taking her usual seat in it dreamily watched the stranger

across the river as, still sitting lazily upon the stile, he prepared to smoke a confidential cigar.

He was deeply thoughtful as he lighted that cigar, and performed the operation in the manner of one who didn't expect to derive any true enjoyment from the completed task. When he had completed it, however, he still sat on the stile and looked back over the river to the spot whence he had so recently come; doing it all in the same melancholy and half-hearted manner.

The fact of the matter was, shorn of all subterfuge, that Bertie Vale at that period of his life suffered from an extremely distressing optical disturbance which took the form of presenting to his eyes the words "Lily Tarleton," scrawled in very big letters across everything he looked at. It was most awkward and painful. Even then, that bright, still autumn day, as he sat there on the stile smoking an excellent cigar, he saw that name written across the river beneath him, as though that river were a bill and she had accepted it.

That very thought came into his head at the moment, and came into it in a most melancholy way—"Accepted *it*—though she has declined *me*! How very dreary! and yet, even now, I think she declined me sadly—almost regretfully. I'm sure she did. Yes, even though she wouldn't give a reason. Two years! That's the time I've followed her like a dog, and not spoken for fear of being premature! Then I speak, and get declined at once. Too bad, altogether! Well, I've done with her. I'll never think about her golden hair and her blue eyes, and her delicate little figure, any more. Hang me if I do! I'll have a complete contrast. Something tall and dark and queenly. By-the-bye, what a wonderful creature this ferry girl is!—and she answers my description, too! Presently I'll go down and see what she's like to talk to."

A man in the position of Mr. Bertie Vale is in a very dangerous position. The danger varies in accordance with the temperament. One man, rejected, shuts up his heart there and then with the snap of a rat-trap, and has done with the business of romance for the residue of his natural life. Another man, in similar circumstances, becomes what may be called "receptive." He has been suddenly expelled Paradise, and, feeling the lack of it very badly, sets to work as speedily as he can to enclose and plant a new little paradise of his own. It isn't on quite such a large and delightful scale as the real Paradise, and unworthy of a capital letter; but it is a very good makeshift while it lasts.

Belonging to the latter order of the noble institution MAN, Bertie Vale went down from the stile presently, and signalling to be

taken into the punt and returned whence he had originally come, paused at the end of his voyage and held a conversation with Norah.

"Yes," said Mr. Vale, in the course of it, "I'm staying within a couple of miles of this place. Only staying for a week. Can't tell you, for the life of me, why I've come here. Some vague, hypnotic suggestion, I suppose, that something would come of my coming here. That's the only way I can account for the action. A very rash one."

He was a picturesquely-clad individual, artistically attired in a soft brown suit, surmounted by a soft brown felt hat. In his button-hole was a rosebud with a piece of maiden-hair fern for back-ground.

"Do you think it was so very rash?" asked Norah.

"Awfully! Don't you? I come to a part I've not the least knowledge of, for no particular purpose——"

"Oh, for no particular purpose?"

"Why, what purpose do you suppose I have?"

"I thought you might have come to get the better of something," Norah replied very demurely. "People do."

"Influenza, scarlet fever, or something of that sort?"

"Yes, and other things."

"What other things? Heart disease, for instance?"

A mild flash of humour suggested this brilliance.

"P'r'aps. I don't know."

She was standing with one hand on the top of the pole planted in the river, and Bertie sat still at the end of the punt, looking up at her. He thought what an excellent figure she had, and what flashing mischievous eyes. He was not in the least hurry to get out, and would have stayed on there for an hour or two longer if an old woman with a bundle hadn't turned up after only a ten minutes' interval and compelled him to vacate his seat and depart.

When Norah came back and moored under her cabin after the voyage with the old woman, she noticed that the rose Bertie Vale had been wearing had dropped a flake of crimson snow upon the seat of her craft. She picked that petal up and held it in her hand for a short space, looking closely at it.

"If he's to be the knight," she thought, "I ought to keep this, and show it him, very crisp and withered, on our golden-wedding day!"

Then, with a smile, and quite convinced he *wasn't* the knight, and couldn't be, she crumpled up the perfumed memento of her recent

fare, and threw it far out into the stream. "There are worse fates," she told it, "than that! The swift clear water, I love it!"

Bertie Vale became a frequent passenger after that first day. He told himself he had discovered a unique character, and that, as a man deeply interested in bits of character, he owed it to himself to study this one well. So he went every day (being a persevering man) for the purpose of studying it.

Such persistent usage of the ferry very soon had the local effect of producing gossiping comments of all sorts. Mr. Noakes was deeply affected.

"Oi *knows* as it ain't no use me speakin' now," he told the opposite plantation ruefully one evening when Norah had brought him across from his daily labour. "Not a bit. 'Taint likely, when him as they calls Muster Bertie Vale be allus 'ere."

"Don't be a fool, Noakes," Norah replied, laughing. "Was it any use before? I didn't even know his name. It's not a bad name, though, is it?"

Mr. Noakes could only tell the opposite plantation that it "Were 'ard, that it were!"

"Hard? What is hard?" asked Norah.

"Woi," returned Noakes, still intent on the opposite side of the river, "Oi telled 'ee as yer was my sun, moon, an' stars, an' it's 'ard when anything goes wrong with a chap's sun, moon, an' stars all at onst, that it be!"

Then Mr. Noakes departed homewards, extremely disconsolate. Norah looked after him and smiled.

"Poor Noakes!" she thought; "what use should I be to him, if I let him throw himself away upon me? As little use as I should be to Ber—Mr. Vale, if I let *him* throw himself away upon me! I'm betwixt and between, and of no particular use to anyone."

There was no conceit in thinking she might probably allow Bertie Vale to make a cast-away of himself if she chose, because that gentleman, being in the highly receptive state, and seeing Norah constantly, had once or twice come very near making a formal declaration to her, and she was quick enough to know it. But she sighed as she made the admission. "I wish," she thought, "that Mr. Chex had taught me a little more, or a little less, so that I wasn't a sort of halfway house on the social road."

Then it occurred to her that it was three-quarters of an hour past her usual tea-time, and leaving the punt moored in its wonted station, she went into the cabin.

The sun was just going down, and it shone straight into the little

room and nearly killed the fire in the small grate. Norah saw it, and taking off her great wide-brimmed hat, hung it over the back of a chair in front of the stove. "The kettle will never boil if I don't shelter it a bit," she thought. Then she passed through into her doll's-house bedroom, and began arranging her hair before the tiny little cracked looking-glass.

She took especial pains over the operation. "I wonder," she asked herself, "why I am getting so particular? I don't know that too much neatness suits my style of beauty." But all the time she so ruminated she was changing her brown stuff bodice for a bright red jersey, that was quite a recent extravagance and had only come home that afternoon.

"I thought a sort of livery would be more suitable to my work," she explained to her conscience, "and red 's a good livery colour."

When she got back to the outer room the chair with the hat upon it, and the fire—indeed, the whole grate—were in deep shadow. Looking, in some surprise, to see the cause of this sudden eclipse, she saw it in the back view of a man who was lounging before the open door on the outward side.

A deep flush came upon Norah's face as she saw who the man was; and the man, hearing the movement of her coming, turned slowly round and faced her, looking into the cabin.

"Do you—want the ferry, Mr. Vale?" Norah asked, rather astonished and flurried.

"Well, you know, I did; but I'm not particular. I don't want to disturb your tea. I'll wait till you've finished, if you don't mind."

"Oh, no! I'll take you over now, and when I come back the tea will be 'stood.' I'll just pour the water in," said Norah, with the brown tea-pot in her hand, and advancing upon the boiling kettle.

"Tell you what I'd like best, if I may, Miss Jackson—to come in and have a cup of tea with you. May I?"

Hesitating a moment, Norah finally replied, "I don't know why you shouldn't, if you want to."

Then Mr. Vale came in—stooping a good deal to do it.

It was the neatest, cleanest, brightest little place, like the cabin of a yacht. Every space was utilised in the most ingenious manner, and there wasn't the ghost of a speck of dust to be seen anywhere. On the little wooden mantelpiece were some ancient china figures clad in vivid colours; against the side opposite you as you entered was an old blackened piece of furniture, half cabinet, half dresser, on the top shelves of which stood Norah's extremely limited stock of crockery. To one side of it was a white-faced clock, with no body at all, but merely chains and weights, and a pendulum that played peep-bo!

with your eyesight, behind them. The little deal table centreing the room was as white as though it had a damask cloth upon it; and the two or three Windsor chairs shone like mahogany. Through the half-open door of the little cupboard on the far side of the fire, Norah's store of provisions could be seen in orderly ambush.

"This," said Bertie, inadvertently standing upright and knocking his head very painfully against a roof-beam, "is delightful. So snug!"

Norah was getting a second cup from the orderly cupboard, and she looked back over her shoulder to him to say smilingly,

"I'm glad you like it!"

She came back with the cup the next moment, took the hat off the chair and hung it on a nail against the wall, turned the chair it had been upon round to the fire, and asked him to sit down. When he had done so, Norah began to cut bread and butter from a loaf and pat upon the table.

"It's thicker than you generally have, I expect," she said, transferring the brown tea-pot from the hob to the painted tray on the table; "but I can't help it—I'm not used to cutting it thin."

Then she began to pour out the tea.

"It's delightful, Miss Jackson."

"Why," asked Norah, "do you always call me 'Miss Jackson'? You're the only person who ever does."

"I didn't know I might say Norah; that's why. May I?"

"What a question! Why, of course."

Then they both went on with their meal in silence. Mutual silence in such a case is a very serious sign indeed.

"Now," said Norah at last, getting up and preparing for action, "I see you've done, and I'm ready to take you across."

"But, do you know, I don't think I particularly want to go across," returned Vale vaguely. "You see, I've been across four times to-day already."

He got up and stood beside her.

"Then why did you come down here if you didn't wish to go across?"

"I wanted to see you again. That's why I came."

"Nonsense!"

"I did, upon my life," exclaimed Bertie Vale, stung into mortal earnest by her light tone. "I assure you I did. I'm always thinking about you, Norah. I am indeed. I've seen a good deal of you, and I've grown tremendously fond of you; and there it is!"

And there it was indeed, with Bertie's arm round her waist, as she looked down, hands on the mantelshelf, into the fire.

"You don't mean it, you know: you're joking," Norah said with a sigh, as she stared straight down into the fire. "It's all nonsense."

"I assure you it isn't. I offer you my heart, if you'll have it. I've nobody in the world to consider. I'm quite alone in it. I offer you my heart, and ask you to come away to a new place and be my wife."

"You offer me," said Norah dreamily (for the cultured homage was sweet in her lonely life)—"you offer me what's left of your heart, you mean."

"Why—how did you know?" Bertie stammered in surprise. "Who told you?"

"Your manner—or my own heart—or both. I don't know which. What has become of her?"

At the chance words the thought of the golden hair, the deep-blue eyes, and the delicate little figure came back to him with a stab, and Norah felt a movement in the arm about her waist.

"What has become of her?" she repeated, almost in a whisper.

"Something—I don't know exactly what—came to her ears, and parted us. It was a lie, whatever it was. I shall never see her again. I—I don't want to."

"Yes," said Norah thoughtfully, "you do. I'm sure of it. Tell me her name."

"Why do you want to know it?"

"I want to hear the tone in which you say it."

"Lily Tarleton."

"You say her name like that, and tell me you don't want to see her again? Rubbish!"

"I don't want to hide that it was a sharp affair," Vale replies, wondering how he could have said it that she should hear the beating of his heart so truly in the words.

"You're like the drapers," Norah says, with a little nervous laugh. "You offer me a remnant at a great reduction. Don't you, now?"

"Nothing of the sort! I love you more than I can tell you. Let me kiss you, Norah."

"Nonsense! Look out there at the girl in the canoe. That's more interesting."

"Bother the girl! Give me a kiss, Norah!"

"I shan't do anything of the sort. I never kiss people."

"Then it's quite time you began."

But Norah did not seem to think so, and wouldn't.

"At least give me an answer to my previous question. Come!"

The pleading tone of the last word touched her, and, still intent upon the fire, she replied very softly:

"If I give you an answer now, it will be a very bad one for *you*."

"Then don't give it now. Give it me in a week's time. Think it over, and give it me in a week's time," he said, not understanding her ambiguous words.

"Very well; I'll give it you in a week's time. And now you must go, please. There's someone coming to the ferry on the other side."

Then most reluctantly Mr. Bertie Vale took himself away, and Norah punted herself across to collect her fare.

"Why, Annie!" she exclaimed as she saw the personality of that fare, "what an age since I've seen you! How is Mrs. Jessel?"

"Mrs. Jessel is all right, thanks," replied the neat little lady's-maid from the Hall. "I've come down for an hour's chat with you, if you can spare the time, and will punt me over."

"Get in," Norah answers, and begins punting her across at once.

Presently the two girls are in the cabin, with the fire made brightly up (for now the sun is down the autumn night grows cold), prepared for any amount of gossip.

"Well, old girl," Annie says, as a beginning, "so you aren't married yet, in spite of our Elms and his thirty-five shillings a week—not to go any higher?"

"No!" laughs Norah, with a happy blush upon her face. "Not yet. I suppose you're not, neither?"

"On the road, though—engaged."

"Really! Who to?"

"Why, who do you think?—Sankey."

"The butler?"

"Yes; that's him. He said 'Will you?' and I said 'I don't mind,' and there it is. We are going to matrimonialise ourselves next spring. You'll come to the wedding, of course?"

"If I can, I will. I mayn't be able to."

"That's right! It's a plucky thing, as I tell Bill, to matrimonialise ourselves in these times, with Jackson cases and such like, and more particularly with such private love affairs as I see in everyday life. Love's dangerous, that's where it is. Look at our young lady, Miss Ethel. She's had a bad time through it lately. Used to want her hair done four times a day (different way each time, to see which looked best) while *her* affair was on, and couldn't bear the sight of a gun; and now the affair 's off, it's a hard matter to get her to give me time to make the plaits look decent for dinner, and she's actually

taken to shooting in desperation, with a leather skirt and boots an inch thick in the soles."

"That's a sad case, certainly."

"Well, then, look at her friend who's visiting at the house now. You may have seen her paddling her own canoe on the river here, for she's always at it in a condition of misery not to be believed. She's another. Her maid tells me it used to be just the same about *her* hair while the affair was on; and it is just the same the other way now the affair 's off. I can tell you we lady's-maids, having the handling of the hair, know the true state of the ladies' hearts in a moment. When a gent's in love you can tell it first, as a general rule, by his boots. With ladies it goes to the other extremity, and settles in the hair. I've seen a great deal of them, and I know their ways."

"You haven't much mercy upon them," Norah laughed.

"I never have on people that don't know their own minds. Ladies never do. They say 'No' to their fellows, and then repent it afterwards when it's too late. Our Miss Ethel did. Her friend has done ditto again. I've no mercy on such a set as that."

"Take care," laughed Norah, "that you don't go the other way: say Yes and then repent *that*. It's worse than the other, I should think."

"Can't be very nice; but I don't feel afraid of it. Bill's the right sort, you know, and going to retire when we marry and take a public. I say, who gave you that rose?"

It lay on the mantelshelf—a deep-red rose. It had been left by Bertie Vale. He always began the day with a rose in his button-hole, and always left the flower about somewhere, fragrant memento of his presence, before nightfall.

"Oh, I get heaps of those things," Norah replied, rising, however, and taking the rose into her hand, and sitting down again with it. "I like flowers."

She held it in her fingers in the lightest way, and, so holding it, made a pretty picture with her companion, both sitting before the fire in the gathering dark; the fire's fitful glow the only illuminant of the cabin, and showing and obscuring the quaint walls and fittings unexpectedly.

"And I like flowers, too. I say! what makes you so silent to-night?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Shall we have some supper?"

"No; I must be on the move. Time 's up. P'raps I'll come over another night before very long. Good-bye."

Both girls were standing up.

"Well, I'll punt you back again," Norah said.

"But I'm not going back that way," explained Annie. "My people are all out to dinner to-night, and I told Sankey where I was coming; and he said if I go back through the village he'd come that far to meet me and walk back with me. See?"

"Yes," returned Norah thoughtfully, "I see."

Then she kissed her friend and let her go; standing, profoundly pensive and picturesque, before the fire afterwards, slowly plucking the rose to pieces and dropping each petal singly into the blaze; while, in the dusk outside the open cabin door, the grey old river ran its mysterious course and went out to sea.

It was extremely painful to Mr. Bertie Vale to wait the whole week out for his answer. But he managed it somehow; and though he came daily to the ferry, and pervaded it in a pointless and feeble manner, talking nothings to Norah, he didn't once allude to the question nearest his heart. When, at last, the week was gone, he did not put in an appearance until tea-time, and then, in the twilight, came doubtfully to learn his fate.

She expected him, for there were two cups on the table and two plates.

"I can't wait, you know, or beat about the bush, Norah," he began at once. "I'm in too serious earnest for that. I won't have any tea or anything just at present, thank you. I'm dying to hear your answer: Yes or No!"

Again she is standing in her old position before the fire, and looking down into it. He goes up beside her as she speaks, and puts his arm round her waist.

"Don't," she says very gently, "you shouldn't!"

"Nonsense; don't you know I *should*. Come, please! Tell me you're going to take me for better or worse."

"No," she tells him, as gently as ever, "I can't say that. I've had a most miserable week, and I've come to think I can't possibly say that."

"Why can't you? Don't you really love me? I thought you did," Vale says, with a tone of keen disappointment in the words, but still with his arm about her.

"I know so little of how much I ought to say, and of how much I ought to keep back," she answers sorrowfully, "and you know exactly both. But you won't judge me harshly if I forget the ways of the world for a moment, and tell you honestly what I feel, will you?"

"Darling, of course I won't!"

"I think, then, that I do love you very much indeed" (the arm about her tightens). "But I don't quite know how much; because, you see, I've never had anything of the sort to judge by. I think about you a great deal, and I'm glad when I see you, and very, *very* sorry when you don't come."

"That is all I want! That is love!" exclaims Bertie, with the enthusiasm of an expert. "Because you feel all that, I know you love me, and I want you to say when you'll marry me!"

Norah smiles very sadly down at the fire, and answers:

"Ah! but it is because of that that I am going to say—don't be angry—that I never can marry you; that I love you too much to do you the injury."

"Don't, Norah, don't! I can't bear it! Dearest Norah! think what you are saying! You will kill me! I love you so much that I can't live without you! Don't make it a final answer. Come, take another week."

"*Please* don't tempt me so much!" poor Norah answers, wavering. "For your own sake, don't!"

"For my own sake I do. I could do anything in the world for you, darling!"

"I think," says Norah thoughtfully, "that I could do anything in the world for you. I'm sure I could. If things weren't as they are, I'd very likely be different to you."

"What things not as they are?"

"If," returns Norah very slowly, "if she had been dead, or if she had been in some place where you could never have seen her again, I would have been different to you."

"But I've forgotten her—utterly, completely—for ever! I swear it."

"No!" returns Norah firmly. "You think so. I know better. Perhaps knowing very, very little book-learning leaves me more room for Nature's instincts. I can't say; but I'm *certain* you've not forgotten her; that, though you don't know it, and won't believe it, you love her still."

"I swear I don't! Come, Norah, darling! you've said you like me a little. I will make you like me a great deal more. I won't listen to anything after that confession. My own darling! I cannot live without you. I cannot leave you. I am chained to this neighbourhood for ever, if you won't say Yes. Sweetest! you *must* say Yes, I implore you."

He held her more tightly in his clasp, and whispered the words brokenly in her ear.

"What are you doing? What are you doing? You are making me change against my wiser self," the girl says, in a broken voice. "Don't plead with me any more. I warn you not. You don't know what you are doing. I'm sure you don't. Think of the difference in our stations."

He only grows the more passionate in his pleading and entreaty, for he sees that she will yield.

"Come! I insist! I will not let you go till you say Yes. My own darling, you must!"

With a kiss now to every word, Norah's face burns beneath his lips.

"If you *will* make me—if you *will*—I can't help it," she says at last; "but I know it's silly, and the beginning of misery. I'm sure of it. Suppose afterwards we meet Miss Tarleton?"

She looks up quickly to his face shown by the firelight, and sees it change for an instant at her words; the next he says gaily:

"Then I'll show her and you how completely I've forgotten her. That's all."

"You have made me say Yes, against all I know to be wise and well," Norah tells him a moment or two later. "But, as it's done, you'll have to take the consequences. And the first is—tea!"

She frees herself from his arm and begins to brew: he watching her with tender eyes.

They have their meal soberly and silently together.

"I can't have you go on here, of course," he says when he is standing up at last to say good-bye. "How soon can you give up your post?"

"Oh, I must give a month's notice to the authorities. I can't give it up before that; I shouldn't like to."

He grumbles, but she is firm, and at last he unwillingly consents.

"It's an age!" he says. "But if you must, you must, I suppose. I shall come down nearly every day. Not quite every day, because I shall have to run up to town several times to make arrangements—don't be shocked—for our wedding."

A rich deep blush comes upon the dark stedfast face, and she says, "But don't be away oftener than you can help. I want you near me so much. I've been so lonely all along that I seem to want you to make up to me for it all. How silly you must think me to say that! I know you'll always be thinking me silly in future."

"No," he told her, "not he. Never! Never! Never!"

She walked back with him as far as he would let her on his way home, and didn't like parting from him even then. She loved him so very much.

When she returned to the cabin again, she sat up quite still in her chair till midnight, thinking about her future and feeling vastly happy. And that happiness lasted for one whole week and was totally unalloyed. He was there two or three times a day, and always to tea; and she wore a beautiful engagement ring that he had put on her finger, and it was quite difficult to punt people across the stream without showing the delightful token to the public eye.

She and Bertie used to talk principally about the bright future, and did a vast amount of architectural work in the designing of those diaphanous structures known as castles in the air. Norah's chief idea ran, it appeared, on ponies. "I've never had one, or driven one," she used to say, "and I've always longed to. A pony and cart shall be your first present to me, Bertie, please."

And Bertie, with a kiss, told her that it should be. Such delights as these lasted for one whole week—which is a long period for uninterrupted bliss to endure. The first passing cloud came in the shape of an announcement from Vale that he would have to go to London for a day.

"When?" asked Norah.

"To-night," returned Bertie, sadly enough. "I don't want to, but I must; and by going to-night I shall be home early to-morrow afternoon."

"If you must, you know," Norah said sagely, "you must, dear; and there it is."

But it was the first faint shadow all the same.

And the shadow deepened after he had left her: deepened into night with the coming into the cabin of Annie, after tea. Because, sitting before the fire by Norah's side, as on the previous occasion of her visit, Annie mentioned a startling fact, in her own brusque way.

"Funny start about our Miss Ethel's friend, isn't it?" she inquired.

"What is that?" Norah asked, happily turning her engagement ring round and round upon her finger, but in such a way that Annie couldn't see it.

"Why, that her fellow that she chucked up and then felt sorry for should be staying close by."

"*What* is that?" asked Norah, with a startled face, and pausing in the revolving of the ring: "*what* is that?"

"Her fellow, Mr. Vale, that she chucked, is staying here close by, and she's mad to make it up with him."

"Her name," said Norah dreamily, "is——?"

"Miss Lily Tarleton.

Norah, unseen of Annie, began slowly slipping off the engagement ring she prized so much.

"And does he know she is near him?"

"Not yet. But I'm going to manage the job for them to-morrow. I'm used to that sort of work. Its expected of lady's-maids, you know. All in the day's work, and pays well."

The ring is off now, and tightly clasped in Norah's left hand. With a wildly-beating heart she waits, somehow, until Annie has discharged her cargo of gossip and departed: then she begins hurriedly putting on her hat.

"If I can only catch him before he starts for town," she thinks, hurrying out breathlessly into the night. "If I only can! I must give him back the ring. I must tell him the truth. I would rather do it than let anyone else. I want to see his face when he hears she is close by."

Through the dark night Norah runs tumultuously on. The wild wind seems jeering at her, and the wild clouds seem out-pacing her. With her heart dead within her, but no tears in her eyes, Norah runs straight to Vale's rooms—to find he has been gone an hour.

Two or three yokels outside a public-house notice the door to which she has fruitlessly applied, and offer uncomplimentary remarks to each other about her as she passes them on her way home.

"Didn't think," says one, "as she was that sort."

"Women," says another, "is all alike."

The blood flames in poor Norah's cheeks as she hears, hurrying past.

There is no sleep for her that night. She tries, but it will not come. The cold grey dawn finds her with hot sleepless eyes. She drags through the forenoon of that day heavily, wearily, longing for, and yet dreading, his coming.

But an hour before the earliest moment he can arrive, as she sits there in her punt, moored in the usual sheltered spot beneath the cabin, someone else comes; comes upon the waterway, flashingly—a gaudy dragon-fly in the afternoon sunlight—a golden-haired girl in a canoe. Norah feels that amongst a thousand women she would instinctively know and recognise Lily Tarleton, and wonders why she hadn't done it before when she had seen her gleaming past so often.

And Lily Tarleton, for some strange reason, comes straight up to her and seems anxious to speak; bringing her frail craft alongside Norah's punt and holding on. There has been rain, and the river runs so swift and strong that Norah puts out a hand too, and prevents the lighter canoe from being swept away. She thinks what a little

weak butterfly Lily is, and how small a thing it would take to crush her out of life.

"Thanks! I wanted to speak to you," Lily says, from the canoe. "I've heard so much of you that I couldn't leave this neighbourhood to-morrow without speaking to you. You are the general subject of conversation at the Hall, on account of all your courageous rescues."

"Oh! if she would only go!" poor Norah thinks, in agony. "If she only knew how painful it is for me to see her!" But, brave girl that she is, she carries on the conversation for some moments longer, and then Lily says good-bye, and flashes away again up stream, laughing as she goes.

Norah sits in the punt looking at the water, but seeing nothing. Then a noisy, dirty steam-tug, towing a barge, coughs its way up stream, and then all in an instant there is a cry raised somewhere, and Norah, looking up startled, sees the upturned canoe floating down towards her on the rapid stream—looking closer, sees Lily Tarleton in the water, struggling in it, and being carried down towards her too.

"It's the wash of the beastly tug," Norah says, half aloud. "But of course she can swim. No! or she's in difficulties! Great heaven! she's going to be drowned." At the instant the thought of what she had told Bertie flashed into her mind: "If she were dead, or in some place where you could never see her again, I would be different to you." Then, waiting for what she thought the best moment, she plunged in to the rescue.

How cruel, cold, and swift the autumn current is. But she has Lily firmly in her grasp, and turning, fights her way slowly back. What is this paralysing the strong, sure movements—cramp, or entanglement with floating weeds borne downward by the stream? Norah does not know, but thinks she will at least keep up, and wait, in her turn, for rescue. Lily seems insensible, and does not struggle. Already there are people on the bank. The man in the tug sees what he has done, and manipulates his craft to save them. How cold the water is—how deep! "Are we going down together, after all? No! I will never let her go." Norah's teeth are clenched. "I will save her for Bertie. I will hold her to the last. Poor Bertie!" And then the rush of the water is in her ears, and, still clinging to the insensible form of the girl who blocks her way to Paradise, Norah's consciousness fades away from her.

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"Where have they taken her—how is she?" Bertie asks, breathlessly coming on to the scene, outside the little tarred cabin, half an hour later.

"Inside," they tell him, "both of 'em."

He goes tremblingly into the apartment of the dark dresser, the few white plates, the vividly-clad figures, and the bodyless clock.

On the white deal table, with a heap of blankets about her, Norah lies in that mysterious no-man's land, between life and death. The doctor's assistant is wrestling might and main with the grim, shrouded visitant.

"Will she come back? Noble girl! will she come back?" Bertie asks in a broken voice.

"I can't say. The other," replies the assistant, indicating the inner room with a movement of his head, because he doesn't wish to pause in his task—"the other, with the doctor in there, is as bad."

"Never mind the other. She is the cause of it," says Bertie indignantly. "I don't care about the other. It is Norah!"

But presently, as there is no sign of life on the pale, dark face, whose jet-black hair makes night and morning with the white bed-clothes about it, he passes through the doorway and looks down, speechless, amazed, upon the pale face and golden hair of Lily Tarleton.

"Great God!" (going up beside the bed) "is there no hope, doctor? For heaven's sake do what you can!" And then he breaks down altogether and sobs—for he has a tender heart, though he doesn't quite know whose it is.

Through the long doubtful hours that follow he goes to and fro between the two rigid figures, his heart bleeding at the sight of each, and irresolute even then which he would prefer saved if one must be taken and the other left.

"For heaven's sake, doctor," he implores, "bring them back! You must! If you can't bring both, bring one. I cannot see them both die before my eyes."

In the evening twilight, when the grim scene is weirdly lighted up with candles, one of the two comes back. Bertie is told by the doctor, and flies joyfully to that bedside.

It is Lily's.

They persist an hour longer with Norah, and then reluctantly abandon the attempt. Norah has gone so far upon the mysterious road that she cannot hear them calling her to return.

If, finding herself in difficulties with the weeds, she had relinquished Lily, she might have lived; but she preferred to hold Lily to the last, and so died to save her.

Thus things happen in the great play in which, without knowing its name, we all take eager part. Lily comes back none the worse for her adventure, and the difference is made up with Bertie; and

she tells him how wretched she was without him. And he swears with the most extravagant protestations, and the most sincere belief that they are true, that she is the only woman he ever loved, and that, if he hadn't had her, his life would have been an empty blank.

And Norah's fate is a respectful remembrance in local hearts, and a tearful remark from Mrs. Marcus, "It was the third time, you see." This, and silence in Swiftwater churchyard. Her hopes and dreams are dead. The castles in the air have vanished from her eyes; the pony she wanted to drive has never been foaled or broken—never will be—or, if it has been and is, it is the pony Mrs. Vale drives so gracefully about her neighbourhood that all the people turn to look admiringly after her.

. . . . . .

More than these things have come to pass in Swiftwater in these later days. They have built the bridge. It is a particularly ugly iron structure, and stands where Norah's ferry used to be: her old occupation is as dead as she. The only thing perhaps that hasn't greatly changed in Swiftwater is Mr. Noakes, who grows especially beautiful flowers with especial care and makes them into wreaths, and enters Swiftwater churchyard by stealth, looking very stout beneath his coat, and comes out again presently, wet-eyed and very thin.

THE LORD PROTECTOR'S MASTER OF THE HORSE.

THERE are some curious narratives and glimpses of history hidden away among the files of Chancery Bills and Answers in the Record Office. Upon several such the writer came recently in the course of some researches as to the children of Elizabeth Claypole, the favourite daughter of Oliver Cromwell; and it is thought that the pictures afforded by them in their quaint detail and incidental allusions may not be without interest even to the general reader.

John Claypole, eldest son of John Claypole, of Norborough, or Northborough, in Northamptonshire, was married, at the age of twenty, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Oliver Cromwell. Residing at the court of his father-in-law during the Protectorate, he held the post of Master of the Horse, besides other offices of dignity, and sat in Cromwell's House of Lords. But in 1658 his wife and her father died, and, although he retained his offices during the short Protectorate of his brother-in-law, the downfall of Richard Cromwell and the restoration of the Monarchy naturally terminated his connection with Whitehall.

It is in the year after the Restoration that John Claypole's law troubles appear to begin. In the autumn of 1661 three actions were brought against him at the common law by Edwin Rich, John Elliot, and Ralph Silverton respectively. Edwin Rich sued him for £50 for money lent, John Elliot for £38. 13*s.* 5*d.* for goods, and Ralph Silverton for £56. 10*s.* 5*d.* for a parcel of fringe and silk. Alleging his inability to procure evidence to combat these claims, John Claypole presented a petition in each case to the Lord Chancellor, Clarendon. One Charles Rich, he said, was at the bottom of all the mischief. Charles Rich was Gentleman of the Horse under Claypole, and we find his name in the State papers in Oliver's time as "His Highness's Avenor," and in 1659 as "Keeper of State Coaches." Rich, laying out money in the course of his service, and taking up "divers comodityes and necessaryes," not satisfied by the

Cromwells, sought to make Claypole liable, and pretended that to satisfy some of these claims he had borrowed £50 from Edwin Rich, his brother, for Claypole's use and by his authority; the fact being, so the petitioner stated, that Edwin Rich was an entire stranger to Claypole, and that his brother had used his name simply to extort money, Charles having been reimbursed all moneys laid out by him in his service. As for Elliot and Silverton's claims, they arose, Claypole said, in the same way, being claims incurred in the service of the Cromwells, and for which he was in no way personally liable, and he charged Charles Rich in each case with combination and confederacy.

All the defendants filed answers to John Claypole's bills, but, in the meantime, they had each prosecuted their common law actions to trial and had each obtained a verdict. Oliver Cromwell's son-in-law pleading a discharge of debts by Oliver and Richard stood at a disadvantage. Edwin Rich asserts that Charles came to him as an urgent messenger from Claypole, and that, although he himself had no great acquaintance with Claypole, yet "conceiving him to be a man of vallue and worth, and the other defendant being this defendant's brother haveinge such imployment and trust under him the complainant, hee this defendant thought he might with safety lend the same."

Charles volunteers a little more information. The Duke de Crequy, Ambassador Extraordinary from France, gave fifty pistolls of gold for certain of Cromwell's coachmen, postilions, or footmen, who it may be supposed attended on him during his stay in the capital. This sum Claypole intercepted and detained during the remaining lifetime of Oliver and the Protectorate of his son; but after the change of Government in May 1659, being "eagerly called upon and pursued" by such coachmen, postilions, and footmen, and "in danger of being petisoned against att the then Counsell of State . . . and being then, as hee pretended, in some distresse for present money to stopp their clamor," he sent Charles specially to his brother, importuning him to make the loan and promising to give his bond for repayment.

Elliot, suing as executor of his father, asserts that his claim is for fruit supplied by his father, and "used and eaten in the complainant's own house." The goods were bought by Mrs. Katherine Gardner, widow, servant and housekeeper to Claypole, and would not have been delivered if she had not stated that Claypole would pay for them.

Silverton states that Charles Rich bought the fringe and silk for

which he sues expressly as servant and agent of Claypole, and that they were used for Claypole's own coach. Both he and Elliot add that Claypole is much mistaken if he thinks that they bring their actions to "draw a composition" from him, for they intend to make no composition, and to receive nothing less than the whole amount claimed together with their costs.

The line taken up by Charles Rich in his answers is wary enough. Claypole, he says, accuses him of having received moneys from the Cromwells for which he has not properly accounted. The Cromwells are no parties to these suits, and Claypole is not entitled to question him on the subject or to demand any account. As to the charge of prosecuting actions in the names of the other defendants, "he is advised that he ought not to be compelled to answer, for that if it be true the same tendeth to champerty and maintenance, and soe consequently punishable and examinable elsewhere and not in this honourable Court."

Whatever one may think of Rich, it is evident that the ex-Master of the Horse got the worst of it in all these actions.

Rather more than three years later we find Charles Rich again to the fore. John Claypole had filed a bill of complaint against him, calling him to account for moneys belonging to him which he stated were in his hands. Rich files his answer in April 1665, in which he states that no proper settlement had been come to between them since January 1656, but he sets out in a long schedule the various items which he had disbursed for Claypole since that date, for only part of which he had received satisfaction. Whether he was endeavouring to impose on Claypole or not we cannot say, but the items in the schedule itself are evidently genuine, and afford an interesting glimpse into the customs and expenditure of the time. There is just enough of domestic and family interest to whet the appetite and make one wish for more. Thus, we find £1. 4*s.* 6*d.* expended "ffor a black belt, spurrs, and whipp for Mr. Cromwell Claypoole," and further on he is provided with arrows, gloves, a velvet pouch and girdle, while his cousin, "Mr. Henry Ireton," Bridget Cromwell's boy, has the same things with the addition of a quiver. Hobby-horses are bought for Richard Cromwell's boy, "Mr. Olliver Cromwell," at a cost of 5*s.* One of the heaviest items is the upholstering of a coach for the Lady Protectress. The velvet for it, at 24*s.* a yard, cost £38; damask and "black surge" came to £15 more, while ninety ounces of fringe, tufted and plain, cost £10. 3*s.* Two black chariots with black trimmings were probably used in connection with the Protector's funeral. Pomanders cost £2, and a

quart of orangeflower water 5*s*. £1. 10*s*. was paid for mending an amber hour-glass, and 6*s*. for a plush box for it. A golden watch and a case for a gold clock cost £12. 15*s*. Black hats "for the page" cost £1. and 25*s*., and knit silk hose varied from 15*s*. to 23*s*. a pair. £1. 0*s*. 2*d*. is spent for "wyne and cakes and rosemary used at the buriall" of one James Sleighton, and 25*s*. "for the use of a velvett pall" at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on the same occasion. A young black gelding is bought for £15, and "a grey nagg" for £14. The schedule closes with a curious series of items for obtaining information as to the proper management of the stables. Books of account are procured relating to the stables in the late King's time. Three journeys to "debtford" and one into Leicestershire are undertaken for this purpose. When these books were received, one Mr. Thompson was paid £2 for transcribing some pages of them and binding them up in vellum with silk strings. Gratuities were also paid to several servants of Charles I. for information, 22*s*. in particular being "expended with and upon one of the late King's equerryes to gaine knowledge of the management of the affaires of the stables." It seems odd, to say the least of it, that items such as these should not have been discharged at the time. The total amount of the schedule is £1,116.

The next lawsuit in which we find John Claypole involved is of a curious nature. It was brought by Robert Phelps, an apothecary, for medicines supplied to the Lady Claypole in her last illness, and which nearly eleven years after her death remained unsatisfied. Claypole petitioned Sir Orlando Bridgman, Keeper of the Great Seal, against the claim, requesting a writ of subpœna to Phelps to appear and answer. Phelps, he said, was "sworn servant and apothecary to the household of Oliver Cromwell, then pretended or reputed Protector of the then reputed comonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, or then soe styled and obeyed," and it was his place to deliver all medicines required by the Protector's family, children, and servants, and bring in his bills to the office of the Green-cloth belonging to the household. This he did, and when Richard Cromwell was deposed he sent in what bills were then undischarged to the Parliament, and agreed to be bound by what they might order, making no claim against Claypole personally. Some years later, about 1663 or 1664, pretending that there was still £234. 14*s*. 2*d*. due to him, Phelps made application to Oliver's widow, who paid him several sums of money, and for further satisfaction gave him a diamond ring or other jewels worth £300 as a pledge or security for the balance, so that by these means he had received more than

the full amount of his claim. Soon after this, however, Mrs. Cromwell died,[1] and since then Phelps, knowing that the only witnesses Claypole could have brought to prove the contrary were either dead or beyond seas or in places unknown to him, began to allege that he was still unsatisfied, and that Claypole was liable for the amount, and finally brought an action against him on the case in the Common Pleas.

Phelps made answer in June 1669. He confessed it true that he supplied Cromwell and some of his family with physic and medicine and received payment from the office of the Green-cloth; but this was the exception rather than the rule, for many of the Protector's family were to pay for their own physic unless he (Phelps) had special order to the contrary. He had always looked on Claypole as his debtor in this particular case. It was true he did not solicit him for payment until some years after the Restoration, but this was because he did not know where to find him, "the complainant secreting himself for the most part, but about 1663, the defendant casually meeting the complainant in the street and discoursing with him touching the said debt, the complainant did acknowledge the defendant's great civility to him in that he had not sued or troubled him as others had done, promising that he, this defendant, should be no looser by his forbearance, and desiring longer patience." Later on, a little before Mrs. Cromwell's death, he saw Claypole at his own house, and on pressing him for a bond to secure the amount, and telling him that some of his friends feared Claypole might plead the Statute of Limitations, Claypole "did importune the defendant to stay till a suite he had depending was over and he would give him satisfaction, and that he should never deal so unworthily or unlike a gentleman, or words to that effect." He denied that he ever applied or looked to Mrs. Cromwell for payment, or that she ever gave him any ring or jewels. There were other moneys, however, owing to him by the families of both Oliver and Richard; and knowing this Mrs. Cromwell once gave him £100, but this was given freely "in consideration of his great losses by those familyes, not towards discharging the complainant's debt, as she declared." Not long before her death, too, she told Phelps "she hoped £200 lay ready for him and would be paid to him, and that she desired £100 of it should go towards payment of her former debt." As for the medicines, they were upon a reasonable valuation worth the money and more, and

[1] It will be observed that this corrects Carlyle, who places her death in October 1672, and confirms Noble, who says she survived her husband seven years, dying in November 1665.

"were all or most of them prescribed and directed by Dr. Bates, Dr. Goddard, and Dr. Slane, with the assistance and advice of several other learned physitians." We find these names in the accounts of Lady Claypole's different illnesses.

We are obliged to remain in doubt as to the result of these actions, but we shall not, I think, be far wrong in concluding that they went against Claypole, whose fortunes appear gradually to have declined. It is difficult, of course, with the data before us to pronounce judgment between the parties. On the one hand it was easy to allege that the Protectors had left claims unsatisfied, and to try and claim against Claypole's private estate debts which he had incurred in his official capacity. On the other hand there was a strong temptation to a man suddenly deprived of a high position and corresponding income to attempt to get rid of an inconvenient weight of personal debts by treating them as belonging not to himself, but to that household of which he and his wife had been conspicuous members. We must leave our readers to decide for themselves between John Claypole and his adversaries. It is in the character and details of the claims more than their actual result that the interest lies.

We have seen that the Chancery Bills and Answers at the Record Office furnish some curious glimpses of John Claypole, son-in-law and Master of the Horse to Oliver Cromwell, during the earlier years that followed the Restoration. The last of these glimpses is in 1669, and after this there are no more for nearly twenty years. We then, however, have a picture preserved for us which in its minute finish and homely detail reminds one of a Dutch cabinet painting. It is to this we would now briefly invite our readers' attention.

Thirty years have elapsed since the death of the Lady Elizabeth Claypole, and John Claypole is a man of sixty-three. He has married a second time, but has been separated for many years from his second wife, and the only surviving child of the marriage has left him and gone to reside with her mother. He has outlived all the children of his first and happiest marriage, and the manor of Norborough and his other ancestral lands in the Eastern counties have passed out of his hands. He occupies two chambers (one within another) in Essex Court, in the Middle Temple, and here he lies on his death-bed. It is the month of June, 1688, and all London has gone wild with excitement over the trial of the seven Bishops which is to come on within the next few days. But the tide of affairs, the eager current of life, has swept by him and left him stranded in

obscurity. His means have fallen lower and lower, and one by one he has even parted with the few remaining relics of his old prosperity. We can see how his chambers were furnished and how the furniture and his own wardrobe consisted of little but the bare necessaries of life. There are, indeed, one or two indications of the bent of his tastes—a quantity of books, pamphlets, and translations, some "philosophicall hieroglyphics," some scales and weights, an old surgeon's box with instruments, but of his old position and dignity there are few traces left. He had pledged his linen and pictures to "Oliver Cromwell, Esq., or some of his first wive's relasons" for £50 and £60 respectively, and a diamond ring for £15 or £16. He had also pledged or sold a "gilt silver cup" to the Hon. Henry Howard, a "christall chesse-board" to John Widenfield of "Moorefeilds," and a gold tooth-pick case to one William Chipp of Essex Buildings. So reduced was he that his brother Gravely allowed him £25 a year out of a salary which he had "relating to some mines about Bristoll, about which he was employed." We must not, however, be too hasty in blaming the unfortunate man for extravagance or improvident living. Debts left unsatisfied on the sudden change of his fortunes, and the actions with which we have seen him harassed, had probably much to do with it, while in 1678 he had been for some time in the Tower on a charge of treason which could not be substantiated.

It was on Friday night, the 23rd June, that Claypole was taken ill, but he was not thought to be in any danger until the Monday following. On the Tuesday morning an intimate friend of his, Mr. Wm. Cawley, of the Inner Temple, came to see him, and the sick man, calling him to his bedside, requested him to draw out a will for him.

Here are the items of it:—

"Imprimis. I give to my loveing wife Mrs. Blanch Claypoole ten shillings to buy her a ring. Item. I give to my daughter Mrs. Bridget Claypoole the like sum of ten shillings to buy her a ring. Item. I give and devise all my lands and tenements and all equity of redemption thereof unto my loveing friend, Mrs. Anne Ottey wife or widdow of Edmund Ottey and to her heirs for ever. And I hereby make ordaine and constitute the said Anne Ottey the sole executrix of this my last will and testament unto whome I give the rest and residue of my estate."

"My loveing friend Mrs. Anne Ottey" had been in attendance on John Claypole for the last eleven years. Recommended to him, in the first instance, to wait upon his young daughter, she had filled that post, receiving first £4, then £6 per annum, until

Bridget went to her mother in the country. She then, at his request, continued with him as his servant at the same wages, but these had for many years past fallen into arrear, and not only was this the case, but she had latterly been obliged to supply him with money, either of her own or borrowed from friends, to the amount of some £30, "to supply his necessary occasions." Claypole owned as much to his friend Cawley. Gratitude, he said, became every man, and inasmuch as Anne Ottey had often supplied him with money to buy him bread, which otherwise he had wanted, he desired to give what little he had left to her. Mr. Cawley drew up the will accordingly, and Claypole signed it the same morning before dinner-time. While it was being prepared in the inner room where the sick man lay, Anne Ottey was going to and fro between the rooms "as there was occasion for the getting such things as were necessary for him, and about other things relating to his sicknesse"; and one Averina Izard, a young friend of hers, was in the outward chamber, and came in and attested it. It was then left on the table, and after dinner, about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, Averina's father, Edmund Izard, an attorney living in Milford Lane, coming in to see Claypole, with whom he was acquainted, was asked by him to be a witness, and the document was thereupon brought to Claypole, who sealed and published it afresh in the presence of Izard, of one John Austin, of Water Lane, Blackfriars, and of Annie Knight, a laundress, belonging to the Temple, and Martha Travell, a relative of hers, whose abode was "in an alley or entry in the Strand neare the place where lately the Palsgrave Head Tavern was." When the document was thus completed, the sick man seemed to have his sense and memory perfectly, and talked as sensibly as usual. He had only just, however, made his will in time, for he died at three o'clock on the Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Blanch Claypole does not appear to have heard of his death at once, but as soon as she found out the nature of his testamentary dispositions, she presented her bill of complaint to the Chancellor, Lord Jeffreys. She accused Anne Ottey of being the cause of his separation from her, and of having induced him by subtlety to make his will in her own favour. When she married Claypole, he had stated that he was absolutely entitled to lands worth £1,000 and upwards, which he would settle on her and her children, and to personal estate worth £2,000, which he would leave to them, while she herself had £10,000 of which he had possessed himself. It is quite clear, however, that whatever there might have been, there was nothing worth speaking of for her or anybody else when Claypole

died. Anne Ottey buried him at her own cost, and had to sell some of the few things in his chambers to repay herself in part, while she induced Gravely Claypole to pay her a quarter's allowance in further reduction of her claim. The deeds which were in his possession show how Norborough had been incumbered. In 1676 he and "Cromwell Claypoole," the eldest son of his first marriage, had mortgaged it for £2,000. The mortgage soon grew to double this amount. Finally it had been sold to Lord Fitzwilliam, in whose family it still remains. On the completion of Lord Fitzwilliam's purchase, he had retained £400 of the purchase-money to answer any claim which Blanch might raise for her dower. This was the only tangible thing on which she could lay hold. She established her right, but did not live long to receive the benefit of it, dying at Walthamstow in October 1692.

Of Anne Ottey we have one more glimpse. She lodged in Izard's house after her employer's death. Gravely Claypole, coming up to town, sought an interview with her to learn the particulars of his brother's sickness and death, and saw in his room in the Temple books and papers lying all, or most of them, on the ground, which he understood belonged to the dead man. Besides the deeds relating to Norborough, there were leases of mines in Gloucestershire, the settlement made in March, 1645-6 on his marriage with Elizabeth Cromwell (there is something pathetic about finding this amongst his papers preserved for over forty years), and some bonds, by one of which, dated January 1656, Richard Claypoole, Esq., became bound unto "his loveing nephew, the Hon. John Claypoole, Esq., Master of the Horse to His Highness the Lord Protector," to secure payment of £25.

It is a striking contrast to the glitter of the earlier days, this obscure ending under conditions so mean and dependent. But we have neither space nor inclination to moralise on the trite theme of the uncertainty of human greatness. Our readers must draw a moral for themselves.

Anne Ottey saw to Claypole's funeral, and thenceforth is lost again in the obscurity from which the Chancery Records momentarily rescue her. Bridget, the daughter of John and Blanch, lived to womanhood, married Aubrey Price in 1697, and transmitted the Claypole blood to numerous descendants.

R. W. RAMSEY.

THE GOLF CLUB.

HOW we ever came to form our Literary Club at all would, perhaps, be hard to explain. Chance, I suppose, had as much to do with the matter as any personal effort on my part or the Essayist's. Even the Poet drifted in casually, and, as it were, unasked.

My friend Hopkins claims the title of founder, it is true; but beyond the fact of his acquaintance with myself, and some chance suggestion, possibly, that he may have thrown out in the course of conversation over a casual pipe, I can discover no ground for such an assumption. The fact was, there was an imperative necessity for some such association as ours, and the want was bound to be supplied. Our little town needed emancipation sorely, and we contrived between us the means of liberation. Before we settled there—the original members of the club—the mind of St. Mungo-by-the-Sea was unawakened. There was an absolute lack of mental activity in the place. We have, I think I may say without pride, instituted a revolution here which will have far-reaching consequences. We have gradually brought our fellow-citizens to perceive that there may be other reasons in the world for existence than the game of golf.

When Hopkins and myself came here first there was a club already in existence—a golfers' club, and it possessed a commodious club-house and a fine links. It was this club which ruled the town, and, practically, gave laws and employment to all its inhabitants. Everyone played, and the greater part were bound up heart and soul in the game. Even the Poet was an enthusiastic, though indifferent, performer. The Essayist, who had only preceded us in our visit by a week or so, was inveigled into the toils—I speak advisedly—of this extraordinary pastime for a round or two. As for Hopkins and myself, we tried it once, and it is in all probability owing to that attempt on our part that our Literary Club now exists and flourishes.

Unconsciously, indeed, we began that very evening the series of meetings which was destined to become regular, and ultimately to develop itself into an organised association. We formed a quartet

—from such humble seedlings spring sometimes the giant oaks of the literary forest—and we sat and talked, a smoking parliament. Chiefly, as was natural, we talked of golf.

"There is a remarkable current of opinion at the present moment," so remarked someone, the Essayist, as I think, "driving this curious game, relict of a past age, into popular favour. There is, too, a stream of literature——"

"The golf stream, possibly," I threw in, just to divert his attention, for he seemed to be inclined overmuch to soliloquy.

He smiled perfunctorily, and continued, "A stream of literature, good, bad, and indifferent—chiefly of the latter two classes—deluging our bookshelves and railway stalls, on this one subject alone. Surely no game has ever received hitherto so great an amount of notice from the press in such a short time. The game is rising into popularity on wings of paper; it soars aloft with ruddy pinions like any flamingo."

"Let it soar," said the Poet, who was waiting eagerly his opportunity to break in, "it is a noble game. I for one, bad though I am and always will be, perchance"—he spoke mournfully, but with a flush of hope upon his cheek—"though I never get round that course in less than a hundred and fifty strokes, and men say my swing is an awesome sight, yet, say I, play on, play on."

The Poet is an athletic youth of five and twenty summers. Except from a tenderness to his mother tongue, which makes him something studious of speech, and, above all, abhorrent of slang expressions, no one would suspect him of poetry at all. Yet he has published, at his own risk, and what is more, promises to do so, if I will, at mine.

"The game," I said, partly to humour him, "has certainly its good points. As a source of amusement to outsiders it is distinctly an acquisition. For a sane man, who delights now and then in contemplating cynically the follies of his fellow-creatures, I should say the game would offer considerable attractions. The attitudes are good. That expression of stern resolve, outcome of the 'dour' spirit recommended in one of the Poet's handbooks to the game, increases the comic aspect of the whole thing immensely. There is some fun to be gathered in watching a party driving off from the first teeing-ground, nervousness and anxiety struggling for the mastery with those precepts the attendant caddies are never tired of repeating. The putting-greens present a good exposition of varied styles, and a sand-bunker is no mean incentive to hilarity. But of all things in a golf-links for the casual outsider to sit by and moralise upon, of all places where I should choose to take my stand for an afternoon if I were at enmity

with the world and sick at heart with human life, give me, Poet mine, the burn."

Our burn is a respectable river. Here and there it is crossed by a trellis bridge, and barefoot boys, with fishing-nets in hand, hang by its banks and make a goodly income from recovered balls. On these bridges I have lounged away an hour or two before now, and marked the troops of golfers marching up, some confident and serene, some with ill-disguised anxiety. It is curious how they all tumble in—I mean, of course, the balls—not once only, for the most part, but often twice and three times. There is a kind of magnetism in the waters of that unhallowed stream. Men approach it in every possible fashion. A full drive from the first tee will carry into it (some few are fabled to have carried over in the heroic past), a short one will bring you within reasonable distance of its banks. The strong man resolute will drive into it with one mighty swipe, pick out and drop behind; the nervous palterer will play for a safe lie, dribble his ball a yard or two, and probably play into the dreaded obstacle with his third.

The Poet, I am sorry to say, is one of these palterers. Three several times he went in the other afternoon, whilst I sat upon the bridge and mocked—unobtrusively—his efforts. Three several times did he lift a sod of clean cut turf high over the river, whilst the ball rolled slowly in. It was a pitiable, but a comical sight.

"There is another thing," he said, turning the subject, as I introduced this last topic, and was referring gently to the singular accidents I had witnessed, "another thing even more laughable than these misfortunes which seem to afford you so much mirth. To appreciate properly the height to which exaggeration can be carried let me recommend you to visit the club-house in the evening after an important match. Indeed, I might say on any evening. The stories you will hear there will amuse and interest you. There are some lies told there which are as bad as anything I have ever heard in an anglers' tavern. I need say no more."

"I, too," murmured Hopkins softly, "have heard a good deal of bad lies in connection with this game of yours. Some golfers are always complaining of them, as if they were especially damaging to themselves personally, and even injured their chance of success in a match—a curious hallucination which I could never fathom. For a game that can barely support existence, as I should fancy, unless the players are both accurate and sensitively honest, it would seem, Poet, to be in something of a perilous condition."

"I would not mind these golfers so much," said I, "if they were not

so absurdly proud of this game of theirs. In the eyes of a confirmed golfer the outside world which refuses to worship his fetich is scarcely human. He has no respect for other and more manly exercises. I am told he even speaks of 'reformed cricketers.' What advantages has this game got to show over others that can justify such conceit? Healthful it may be, and promotes appetite, I doubt not. As an exercise for old men or dyspeptic epicures it may have a good excuse for existence, but whom did golf ever develop as men are developed by cricket, football, even by lawn-tennis?"

"Think, too," interjected the Essayist, "of the language it has brought into fashion. The slight gain to the English vocabulary is surely more than counterbalanced by the uncouth nature of these words that are creeping into every-day use around us. The terminology of our other national sports is becoming debased. Only the other day I was playing at billiards—a favourite pastime of mine—and was compelled to rebuke my opponent for suggesting that I was 'stimied,' or some such absurd expression, from the red ball."

"The language of golf," remarked Hopkins, in his usual meditative manner, "would certainly be coolly received in some circles. I am told that some of the terms made use of by eminent golfers during their daily rounds are calculated to scorch and scarify any hearer less seasoned than the attendant caddy."

The Poet had been busy scribbling on stray pieces of paper for some little while. Here he broke in rather hastily—

"No, no, Hopkins, that is really too inaccurate to pass uncontradicted. At St. Mungo it is notorious that swearing on the links is unknown. Curiously enough," he went on, blushing just a little as he mentioned the fact, "I was just now jotting down a few lines in which I have adverted to that very point, and I have remarked that there seems to be some beneficent influence in the air of this place, as it were, which entirely precludes anything of the kind, at any rate among our own natives." He then cleared his throat, and read as follows:—

THE ST. MUNGO GOLF SONG.

You tell me of your Southern links,
  Of Hoylake, Westward Ho!
Of Sandwich—where the Saxon thinks
  Good golfers all should go;
Pick out the best that you can find,
  Not one of those famed three
Comes near to equal, in my mind,
  St. Mungo-by-the-S

St. Andrews is a goodly green,
  North Berwick has some fame,
At Machrehanish we have seen
  Men play a decent game;
Carnoustie, Elie, Prestwick, Troon,
  Are fair, as you'll agree,
But not quite up to our "auld toon"
  St. Mungo-by-the-Sea.

The lies are good, the greens are grand,
  The hazards fine and fai;
Some whins, a burn or two and sand
  Form bunkers here and there.
So smooth the ground, so short the grass,
  The ball runs far and free;
Try, then, if apt to play the ass,
  St. Mungo-by-the-Sea.

To left the whins lie stiff and strong,
  To right the sad sea-shore;
Drive down the middle, straight and long,
  No need for cries of "Fore!"
No love-sick couples promenade
  Some ten yards from the tee;
No nursemaids, children, dogs, invade
  St. Mungo-by-the-Sea.

The caddies here are gentle lads,
  Not dour dogmatic men
Who grumble till you try their fads,
  And don't seem happy then;
They can be keen and yet polite,
  And modest in their fee;
Then visit, all who seek delight,
  St. Mungo-by-the-Sea.

On other greens the players swear,
  And men their luck revile;
Here, if they spend a stroke on air,
  Our golfers merely smile.
What though they top it with the cleek,
  Or foozle from the tee,
One word alone you'll hear them speak,
  ST. MUNGO—by-the-Sea.

The Poet was applauded—as in duty bound. We proceeded to discuss golfers' club-houses and their inmates.

The St. Mungo club-house is, I believe, considered a fine specimen of its class. Without being in the least pretentious it contains all that can make glad the heart of the "true golfer," as his admirers love to call him. There is a smoking room, also used as a reading and writing room, a lavatory, and two billiard rooms on the ground

floor. Above these are two or three spacious apartments consecrated to whist. It is not far short—the Poet declares—of a golfer's paradise.

"Billiards and whist," he said, "are the necessary complements of a golfer's life. Without them the evenings would hang heavy on our hands. We are, of course, especially fortunate in possessing two billiard rooms, one of which is reserved for single play, the other for——"

"Foursomes," put in Hopkins, sardonically.

The Poet smiled, and admitted that they were usually known by that name.

The Essayist was naturally indignant at such an instance of the crime he had just been inveighing against. This was worse, he said, than any corruption he had hitherto dreamed of. He hinted caustically that golfing did not seem to require any large amount of brain-power. Intelligence was even a positive disadvantage to the player, he urged, whose best qualification was a dull insensibility to pleasure or mortification. Exultation over a lucky stroke begot self-confidence and consequent failure; irritation over misfortune too often presaged a broken club—if nothing worse. Under such circumstances we could hardly expect brilliancy from the golfer, as a class; we were fortunate, he concluded, to obtain as much as common decency.

Hopkins asked the Poet what he thought of the frequenters of this magnificent Home for Incurables—so he was pleased to designate them. The Poet told us a good deal. We heard of the indefatigable secretary, the captain (who had won the last monthly medal with a record scratch score of eighty-one), and numberless other heroes who nightly aired themselves in the club rooms. Their conversation, he admitted, was not particularly intellectual, but what of that? *Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*—as the new-fledged M.P. delights to preface his volume of travels, published in the recess. He himself, he assured us, had received much benefit to a mind something overstrained by hard thinking from these uneventful evenings.

The evening closed with a quiet rubber, at the Poet's request, during which he narrated to us the story of the only game he ever played at the club-house. Players were scanty that evening, and he had been politely asked to "make a fourth." The politeness seemed, according to his account, to have stopped there. The old general with whom he played did not quite appreciate the niceties of our friend's method. It was in vain that the Poet (who is certainly not wanting in resource on an emergency) endeavoured to explain

his leads at the end of each game ; it was but too evident that his partner had formed a very low estimate of his abilities. An unlucky revoke at a critical moment towards the end of the rubber settled the matter, and a new player happening to come in, the Poet was fain to leave the board. I am afraid he had a poor time that evening.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

MORE LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.[1]

FEW men could recall, off-hand, who was the most beautiful woman he had ever met in his life, and when or where this meeting was. I can recall some such vision very distinctly, and under circumstances rather *bizarre*. Once hurrying from some of the "Badens," making for Strasburg, I arrived at the station just as the train was starting. I had only time to jump in, when I found myself in the presence of a sort of golden-haired divinity—a most brilliant being indeed. She had been at the window looking out for something, or somebody, and was now in sad agitation—disappointment or distress. I had time to note the masses of hair of the rare and wonderful "old gold" tint, with a fine, richly coloured Rubens face. Presently, growing tranquil, she unfolded to me that her husband had rushed back to the station to change a ticket, and had been left behind. The train was a fast one, and would not stop for an hour or more. Duly sympathising with this sad state of things, I did my best to console, and suggested topics of comfort—he might be in the train, after all: he had jumped into some last carriage, or, better still (this *sotto voce*), there would assuredly be a slow train following, by which he would come on. Having settled all these points to our satisfaction, we then got on other and more general topics: when, in the midst of an animated conversation, the train stopped. At the next moment the door was opened, and a hearty, genial, black-bearded man entered joyfully. He had, exactly as I had said, jumped into the last carriage. Before he explained this portion of the adventure, the golden-haired one told him what I had prophesied, so that an impression of respect for my sagacity was left on the pair. For the rest of the day we travelled on most pleasantly: he was a friendly, agreeable man, "something in the city," and we were altogether certainly an agreeable little party. As the day became excessively sultry, she most naturally took off her hat, and thus found an excuse to display her splendid treasures of golden locks, for the benefit of the stranger. They tumbled down in gorgeous magnificence; the husband looked on with a sort of pride. "She's not

[1] For the first "Leaves," see "Gentleman's Magazine" for January, 1892.

badly provided in that way," he said. By evening we had reached Strasburg. We put up at the same hotel, and dined together, during which time we became what are called "sworn friends." After dinner we walked about and looked at the town. The pair were now anxious that I should travel with them on the morrow, but alas! I had to get on to Paris that night. And so, about eleven o'clock, we made our adieus. There were the usual pie-crust promises, and assurances of meeting again. "I *must* come and see them in town." Cards were interchanged. The lady arranged or rearranged, for the last time, her golden locks. But "business is business," and at last I finally took my way to the station. I must conclude as I began—she was really the handsomest woman I have ever seen. But I never saw her again. . . .

One of the most charming and original spots in London is the riverside Terrace at the Tower. As we promenade it here, it is delightful to watch the river beside us, the passing steamers, the bustle, the general air and tone of "the Port." It is a curious feeling to sit and look down at the entrance channel below, at the arched "Traitors' Gate," while above rise the "Towers of Julius." It is only recently that this has been opened, or reopened, to the public.

The worthy beefeaters have been shorn of their scarlet glories and appear in a dark undress. A rare entertainment is it to go round with one of these—the honest rustics gaping with delight, and devouring his words of wisdom. I recall a touch of character here that "entertained me mightily." One of these burly veterans, who displayed a huge bushy beard, with many medals, was standing close by when a party of French passed—men and women—and made their way to the Terrace. He called them back in rough tones: at this time it was forbidden. One of the party, a young Frenchman, spoke English fairly, and, in a moment, I noticed them all grouped round the warrior, the young Frenchman speaking deferentially. The beefeater stood in the centre, erect and gruff. I next saw the young man take up the medals that lay on the capacious chest with a sort of delicate reverence, which he *exhibited* to the French-women, who showed admiration by various little cries of rapture. The beefeater only half liked it, but he was clearly flattered by the familiarity. He condescended to some short, blunt particulars as to his campaigns, gave the party also some directions as to what they were to see, then strode majestically away, followed by their admiring eyes. Suddenly he stopped and called out abruptly, "And, I say! If ye *likes, ye can walk along the Terrace yonder!*" The blunt, half-ashamed way in which this courtesy was bestowed was delightful.

The French went their way, clearly pleased with their little victory, and the spectator learned a valuable lesson from this trifling incident. *Manner* will do everything. Give a young fellow, on setting out in life, a good manner, and he will want neither meat, drink, nor clothes. "I like that lad," you hear some old person say; "he has such nice off-hand manners." The late Henry Doyle—"Dickey's" brother—got on in the world on the strength of his admirable manner. It is an astonishing, potent gift. So let us all pray for Manner. . . .

London is quite as well stored with "curios" as any foreign town, but they are little known. For years I have found delight in exploring and studying not only the material London, but its phases of life. I lament the disappearance of the old tavern life—a link with Johnson and his days. Of a winter's night how often have I sat in one of the mahogany "boxes" of the old "Cock" in Fleet Street, the kettle on the hob, watching the strange solitary characters that came in—old dry solicitors, barristers from the Temple. There were the pipes, and the screw of tobacco, and the excellent chop. After a time you began to feel like one of Dickens's characters. Not long since I took an agreeable lady on a voyage of discovery about London—it was a "personally conducted" affair—and a pleasant day it was. First we visited the Garrick Club, and its wonderful show of dramatic pictures. Here you require someone to do "showman," and pick out the best pictures. Next to the older inns, Clifford's, Staple, Barnard's, then to the beautiful Ely Chapel close by, thence to the old Roman Wall, next to Crosby Hall, thence on to the old "Brewers' Hall" in Addle Street, a truly astonishing place from its fine old oaken chambers, deserted kitchens, &c. I could lay out half a dozen mornings of this pattern, guaranteeing each to be full of entertainment; for instance, a morning among the old churches—All-Hallows, St. Bartholomew the Great, St. Mary Woolnoth, St. Giles Cripplegate, and many more. A curious hour or two could be spent in the *bizarre* Soane Museum. . . .

I find in my diary much about the late Cardinal, whom I knew intimately, and who was certainly one of the most interesting of men, with something of fascination about him. We had many a talk, chiefly at the club to which we both belonged.

We have so few picturesque figures on our public stage that we can but ill spare any of the list. They can be counted upon the fingers. These are the sympathetic and interesting, who have a charm in their bearing, voice, and utterances; we look after them in the street; they say a few words to us, which linger in our ears.

Such personages have the note of "distinction." And how few they are! Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Henry Irving, the late Cardinal, and it may be one or two more.

At the Athenæum Club our Cardinal was often seen—all associations, lay and clerical, were congenial to him. There was a faint reflex of the old Oxford life. He would arrive in his little brougham about five o'clock, step out jauntily, arrayed in his comfortable great-coat of a dressing-gown cut, with a hat of a special pattern, very broad of brim, but bent down "fore and aft." It had nothing of the professional "shovel," yet it suited the well-cut, ascetical, sad-toned face that it sheltered. He usually made his way to the library; but it was a slow progress, and he was sure to encounter many an acquaintance. He knew most political and official personages there, with whom he always had a smiling, half-confidential talk; and it was pleasant to note their deferential and cordial bearing towards him. But his chief acquaintance seemed to be among the bishops, deans, canons, and other dignitaries. With some—notably the Bishop of Gloucester—he was on affectionate terms. On a ballot-day he was sure to attend, and there were many who seized the opportunity of being presented to him. His manner was really irresistible on these occasions: there was the old musical tenderness in his voice, and, with his head a little on one side, he held your hand at a distance, with a curious grasp, stiff, yet cordial. When he was inclined for "a read," he would betake himself to the shelf of new books, and deliberately select what appeared to him most attractive. He would then retire with it to some well-sheltered corner, his hat well down on his forehead, his glasses "on," and so read till he was interrupted, or grew tired. He had many intimate conversations with all sorts and conditions of men: he liked a regular talk, on the cushioned bench, on the stairs. He was altogether a charming, engaging man, and really quite irresistible when he wished to have something done. It was here that I had many a pleasant chat with him, and even discussion. He was strongly opposed to theatrical amusements, considering them full of dangers. And on this point he would pursue the argument with great good-humour, but with firmness. At last he would say, "Well! we'll fix a day, and you'll come to my house, and we'll have it regularly out together."

Not long before his death they were painting the huge barrack in which he lived—a "shivery" place, an "institution" rather, with scarcely one comfortable room in it. A large number of men were engaged in the work, which they conducted after the fashion of the British workman—*i.e.* at their leisure. The owner complained;

the thing dawdled on for weeks, no progress was made; more men were then put on, who only got in each other's way. At last, quite *au bout*, the Cardinal descended one morning from his eyrie at the very top, and in his tender, quavering note, his arms outstretched, said, "Go away, all of you! *Go out!*" It was argued that the work was only half done. "No matter! Go, every one of you, and never come back again!" It was like a prophet, and they all shrank off and departed. . . .

It is rarely one's fortune to witness strange dramatic scenes which leave a deep life-long impression. One of the most extraordinary was an Irish funeral at Killarney, of the old pattern, which I witnessed many years ago. The party went from Dublin by railway, reaching the little town about nine o'clock of a winter's night. Here a procession was formed of a number of more or less undignified vehicles, which then were in fashion everywhere in Ireland, yclept "covered cars," almost the universal method of conveyance, of course excepting the familiar and ever-welcome "outside car." It was a square box upon wheels, the door of entrance at the back; and this, when the passengers wished to enter or get out, was "backed" on to the pavement with a vigorous jolt, much as a coal van is when delivering its burden. A train of these truly unpicturesque vehicles, duly formed in solemn procession, set out slowly through the lighted streets—all crowded with people, and suggesting a foreign town—for the Cathedral. A sort of savage music heralded us; a band of women, old and young, who were filling the air with their passionate wailings, and sobs, and shrieks, that subsided not even for a moment. It was not unmusical, and, as a performance, had some art, and never flagged. When the stately Cathedral was reached, the lights and shadows of the great porch and the gathered crowds presented an effective scene. Then the extraordinary orchestra was to be heard—some seven or eight wailers or "keeners," who now redoubled their efforts as the coffin was borne in. They were tossing their arms, beating their breasts, and tears—real tears—were streaming down their faces. The suggestion was as of something highly savage or Indian.

The coffin was left there for the night, and next morning the train again re-formed, the grotesque covered cars falling into line. The way was through the beautiful arbutus-lined lanes and roads, on to Old Muckross Abbey: among the exquisite ruins the defunct was to be laid. Again the "keeners" led the way; they were even more passionate in their exertions than on the preceding night. Such

intense sorrow could not be imagined; it might be fancied that the party had lost father, mother, all their relations at one fell swoop. Yet these were but professional "artists," highly paid and in great demand, and whom it was the correct thing to have at every respectable funeral. There was a droll scrap of bathos at the grave. As the clergyman was waiting to begin his function, prayer-book in hand, the din rose more and more obstreperous. Irritated by the interruption, the undertaker rushed forward, and, with something like violence, ordered the "keeners" to hold their peace. He seized one and shook her; instantly the wailing ceased as if by magic, the ladies becoming composed. . . .

As we walk about our London, and enjoy the scenes of life and character which are perpetually presenting themselves, there occasionally turns up some highly picturesque and pleasing combination. Indeed, the City at all seasons offers something that is unfamiliar, with striking things which, if seen in a foreign city, would appear novel, and be retained in the memory. On some dark November evening, for instance, after the day's labour, we wander down to the Embankment. How freshly blows the air from the river, which is lined with long rows of dotted lights, while the waters look black, and full, and menacing! We walk down to the landing-stage at Blackfriars, and stand under the vast bridge, whose giant arches loom out like monster buildings over our heads. A few shadowy, indistinguishable figures are waiting. Suddenly out of the darkness a red light and sounds of plashing are approaching; one of the little river steamers comes up; we go on board and are borne away up to Westminster. It seems the middle of the night! The city on both sides seems buried in slumber. A great barge drifts by. Far ahead, in the air, is the blazing dial of the Westminster Clock Tower. As we sit in the bows the air blows with a welcome freshness. The river seems vast and grand in its breadth. We stop occasionally at the landings, and take in one or two more shadowy figures. There is no talk or sound, but all seems a midnight silence. It is difficult to believe that we are in the familiar London. Even the shadows seem gigantic. This is a cheap and original sensation. . . .

Once, staying at a little town on the coast, we were invited to a theatrical performance given by a school under circumstances of some state and pretension. The great hall was filled by the parents, guardians, and townsfolk. The play was "The Merchant of Venice." There was much expectation, for we had heard something of Barnes, the leading boy, who was to play as Shylock. There were fine dresses, scenery, and a local orchestra in front. The principal and

head-masters looked on with pride. Barnes was very great in his part, and won tumultuous applause from his companions—Irving might look to his laurels. It was amusing, the genuineness of the performance, and the thorough confidence and complacency with which the Jew threw himself into his work. He was "made up" as a sort of Goorkha, dark and villanous to a degree; always kept himself in a stooped, crouching attitude, hissing and growling out his speeches with a fiendish emphasis which gave intense delight. The idea conveyed was that he was a sort of assassin. And then the slowness of it all! Every sentence took minutes. As for the others, they completely effaced themselves—overborne by Barnes. The leader of the local orchestra was delightful. He too felt that here was his opportunity, and he took all the airs of conductorship—white gloves, and vehement beating. When the Jew had been thoroughly unmasked, baffled, &c., there came unexpectedly a sort of grand "parade," the memory of which seems even now inexpressibly diverting. The whole corps, including the Doge, who descended from his rostrum for the purpose, began to defile round and round, to the music of a spirited quick march which had struck up, the last item being Barnes himself, who, as he passed in front, invariably paused to assume a crouching attitude of ferocity, flourishing his scales and knife at the audience, with a hideous bloodthirsty expression, then resuming his march somewhat reluctantly. This pantomime was always greeted with frantic delight and applause. The parade went on and on, being diversified by ingenious figures of a sinuous sort, crossings and recrossings; but it was always contrived, or rather *he* contrived it always, that the Jew, after some temporary obscuration, so as to make his presence missed, should reappear in his old place in the front and renew his effects—the crouching, the flourishing the knife, and scales—which never seemed to pall on the audience. These odd evolutions seemed likely to be interminable, for the local conductor was only too well pleased to go over and over again his local march, and the stage manager, carried away by his enthusiasm, could not bring himself to give the word for the curtain to descend. But it did fall at last, and to the last we had a glimpse of the irrepressible Jew, bent double and flourishing his knife at us. On no real stage have I seen anything more genuinely diverting. . . .

In a contemplative mood I have often recreated myself by wandering of an evening into one of our great terminuses—such as that at Charing Cross, the efficient Sir Edward Watkin's own domain—when the trains are setting off for the Continent. There is a strange, not undramatic, feeling, as one stands on the broad area under the huge

arching, and watches the ceaseless passing and repassing, the hurrying in and out, and endless variety of expression. Yet there is an odd tranquillity, too, that seems somehow associated with the placid influence of the huge bookseller's shop, which never ceases business, and sells something every second. Facing us are the barriers, the central one of which it is hardly fanciful to look on as the Gate of the World, through which men] and women are hurrying to the four corners of the earth. Beside it are smaller gates leading to suburban towns and districts : and on the right the traveller's momentary rest, the Custom House. The train has just arrived with its international freight, which is being placed on cabs that seem to drive up as if in "an endless belt" from the bowels of the regions below. But though we are told that "240 passengers have just arrived," they are disposed of with perfect ease, as it were in a corner of their own. And thus, in this strange mill, the work goes on day and night, with calm placid grinding, filling and discharging its "hoppers." A sort of railing is drawn across the area as the crowd increases, on which I lean and survey the curious panorama.

There is something melancholy in this never-ending passage of persons whom we have never seen before and shall never see again, passing out of sight we know not whither: their baggage trundled in and wheeled out, to be consigned to the mercies of the deft ticket-porter whose life is spent in pasting, and who seems particularly to relish "dabbing" his labels on the neatest and newest trunks. What a physiognomy, by the way, in baggage ; you can speculate with something like certainty as to the owners. This brown, much battered, but stout and well-braced portmanteau, with the neatly strapped "bundle," belongs surely to the careful, comfortable, travelled bachelor. And here he comes himself, a thoughtful man, of few words, duly impressing the porter, who shows more reserve than usual in his pasting, as though this were a person not to play tricks with. Next will roll by slowly a perilously piled-up load—vast nickel-bound chests below, graduated leathern and metal boxes above, which go swaying and tottering to the scale. The wealthy family—"the girls," papa and mamma, and the son—are all bound for the Continent. Round such the porters cluster like flies ; all assist in some way, "encumbering with help," and all are more or less welcome. Shillings are dispensed plentifully. Better still for them "the omnibus" folk—the American travellers with their load of huge brass-bound trunks, that have to be counted over again and again. Meanwhile the rows of trucks with their legs or arms in the air go on lengthening, drawn up in lines ; the owners drop in hurriedly, and glance nervously at the long line,

as though their property had been abstracted in the interval, but are reassured. As the hour is now drawing near, the formalities at the little pigeon-hole are hurried over; then the trucks are gradually trundled off gaily through the Gates of the World.

I wish I could describe the endless shifting varieties of face and figure that pass before me, large writ. Here are the fluttering and agitated family, uncertain of everything, suspicious of everything, and scarcely knowing whether they are "on head or heels": the shrill, feather-headed, parasol-poking ladies, in broad hats and skimpy dresses, who are "going abroad" to furnish ridicule to the French caricaturists. There is the worn, harassed paterfamilias, on whom lies a weight of care as he looks helplessly at his property and at his many children: the active busy curate going abroad to enjoy himself for the winter: the young quartet—two "nice" light girls in dust-coats, attended by their brothers or cousins: the youths in knickerbockers and with knapsacks, the girls with a small portmanteau; happiness and light-heartedness are written on *their* faces. The weighing and pasting is all part of the pleasure, despatched in a few moments, and they pass on through the World's Gate, never to be seen, by me at least, again. Here is an agitated group of flourishing gesticulating foreigners, two French women chattering and screaming like parrots. The Charon of the Gate is, I note, a cheery being, who snips at his tickets and points right or left. Beyond him all seems misty and indistinct.

As the hand of the big clock is nearly touching the hour, the travellers come hurrying up to their recumbent trunks, which are trundled off rapidly. For the last few seconds there is a complete lull, save perhaps a late lingering passenger, who comes rushing in headlong, and whom all hands join to help. He is hurried off ignominiously through the gate. Sometimes a solitary portmanteau is left in its glory—the object of many speculative glances from the porters; some helpless one has mistaken the hour, or has lingered too long a-dining, and is at this moment frantically careering along Piccadilly, *ventre à terre*, in a hansom cab. He comes not, and will not come in time; for it is the rarest thing in porterial experience to "save your train." Now the official ringer or starter of the place appears with his giant dinner-bell, and clangs out "Go!" Charon gleefully and hurriedly twists round his signal lamp to green; with a charitable thought for the interests of the overdue late comer, he gives one last glance round; then finally closes the Gates of the World. There is a sudden stillness, a far-off shriek, a sound of rumbling, and the load of travellers for France, India, Germany,

Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, are on their way. Precisely at this moment comes panting in the belated traveller. His blank face is a study; but he is condoled with, advised, instructed by the sympathising porters; and, at last, ruefully walks away behind his property to seek shelter somewhere for the night, and be in better time next morning. All this little ceremonial leaves somehow a melancholy impression, and I find myself thinking of the mournful "Vision of Mirza" in the "Spectator," when everyone is hurrying over the bridge and dropping through unseen holes. Yet it shows also what an entertainment is to be found in the common sights of everyday life. . . .

What little dramas the lover of character and studies of social life will see going on about him if he but keep his eyes open! I take this from my diary. "A curious little drama, or scene rather, the other night at a music-hall. Beside me sat a pair—he a showy-looking fellow, who was twirling his moustache and looking round him; she a pale, worn, anxious young woman, somewhat faded and older than he was. She was following the show with much interest and enjoyment. She had been taken out—so I gathered from a stray remark—for an evening's pleasure; but he was entirely indifferent. Presently he became restless, and whispering her, got up and went off. He was away over half an hour. I noted she began to be a little distracted from the piece. When he returned he again grew restless and set off, and did not return at all. It was rather painful to watch his companion and her growing uneasiness. The show before her began to lose all its interest. She was perpetually looking round. At last I went away, and passing by the garish "bar," saw our friend lounging gracefully over the counter, and pursuing an animated conversation with one of the ladies who dispense the drinks. How much that was past, present, and future lay behind this! . . .

One of our most popular physicians has a genial wit of his own. A year or so ago a relation of his died—a physician also—and at the first news some assumed that it was the favourite medico himself. Among these was H.R.H., who, meeting Dr. ——, congratulated him in his pleasant way on his being alive; adding, "So sure was I, or so afraid was I, that I was actually thinking of ordering a wreath." "I'm glad, sir, there was no occasion for it," was the happy reply; "but recollect, sir, *you are now committed to the wreath.*" There was equal good-humour, pleasantry, and *à propos* in this.

I asked him once what he thought of the popular, well-adver-

tised articles of woollen clothing, the invention of a German doctor. "Well," he said, "I assure you they are *quite as good* as any of the ordinary articles—use them, by all means." This would have pleased Charles Lamb. Once, on a walk to Hampstead on one "hot and secular day," I was repaid by seeing some odd *bizarre* names over shops. Here are a few. Albert Bones, Tozard, Thomas Soole, T. Pull, Skoyles, Stamp, Tabor, Snook, Clowser, Rev. Mr. Whish, Nettiver, B. Travel, Yell, W. Doggrell, Bathard. Some of these seem incredible. One or two, such as Tabor, Pull, Nettiver, would have been relished by Dickens. He would certainly have used Tabor. Somewhere here, too, I came on "The Sol's Arms."

An old bookseller in Holborn tells me that the late Mark Pattison was such an inveterate devourer of old Latin, that he would come in, purchase nearly a hundred volumes at a time of those little old vellum-bound books, published two centuries ago by the Elzevirs, Wetsteins, and others. These he would select indiscriminately, without regard to the subject. He read and noted them all. This same bookseller, who is a worthy man of the good old school, told me that at one time he had most of Lamb's volumes in his hands.

To another bookseller's shop, the proprietor of which is "a character," there one day drove up a brilliant cabriolet, with tiger, &c., out of which leapt a well-known Radical Peer. He came to ask about some rare books. The too familiar owner, who had not noticed the equipage, after some talk asked him, "Was he *sent* by Mr. ——?" Never shall I forget the haughty disgust and patrician air with which the Radical nobleman "put down the fellow," and made him know his place. No dealing was concluded. Nor equally shall I forget the consternation of my friend, a Radical also, when I told him of the quality of his visitor. An amusing scene truly.

The Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley were "seeing off" the lamented Gordon at the railway station, when he was starting on his last expedition. A person standing by heard the last solemn words interchanged, no doubt pregnant with responsibility! Not a bit of it. The Duke's parting speech was: "Well, you'll do all you can, you know!" Most characteristic. . . .

At this moment there is no really professional wit in London or England—that is, a person who may be counted on at intervals for some lively or brilliant thing. How delightful to meet the cheerful, merry man, who is ready on the instant to furnish a lively grotesque picture, or to give a laughable turn to his neighbour's speech!

What a diverting scene was that when a certain witty Irish priest was invited to a breakfast by Mr. G——, then in power, to meet a strange gathering of "thinkers," advanced and others, to whom, in his quiet but none the less effective style, he addressed his pleasant rallyings. Of a sudden the great man, with one of those curious turns to which he is partial, amid all the laughter became grave and preternaturally solemn. Lowering his voice into conspiracy tones, as though big with some coming revelation, he said mysteriously: "What will you say to this, Father H——, when I tell you that on my last visit to Italy I saw on the door of the church of S. Agnese, &c., a table of indulgences, and actually saw written up there a remission of one thousand years of punishment on payment of *one franc*?" Everyone bent forward to listen. True, there was no *à propos*; but here the divine was likely to be "cornered." With that *intensity* of tone which is characteristic of the eminent statesman, he went on, "Yes, Father H——, I saw it with my own eyes. A thousand years for a single franc! What do you say to *that*?" "What do I say?" said the *padre* gaily; "why, I say *it was dirt cheap! What more would you want for your money?*" The roar of laughter at this unexpected sally may be imagined. But the comic contrast was the face of the great man, who still continued solemn. For him it was too serious a thing for jesting. He would have liked to renew the subject, but that was impossible. Even his own Beeslys and the rest were highly tickled. . . .

The Londoner is a highly incurious person as regards the attractions of his own city; he does not believe in them. He fancies they do well enough for visitors and country folk. All amusement he believes to be compressed into the theatres, concerts, and picture shows. Yet there are a vast quantity of interesting things, which it only requires a little exertion to note or discover. These would increase our cheap pleasures. Let me name, for instance, that curious and interesting ceremony, the public supper of the Christ's Hospital boys—a sort of mediæval rite which takes place in the later days of Lent. The scene is most dramatic and original, and well worth seeing. But the Londoner wots not of it, or if he does, forgets it. Or, later again, that fine impressive scene, the Lenten oratorio, given at night in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is a strange, impressive, and very novel sight to see the great nave and aisles crowded to the doors, the rings of light encircling the dome, and running along the cornices and mouldings: while afar off are the white-robed orchestra and chorus, and down to the gates come floating the waves of sound, the full organ rolling out:

the trumpets and drums: and the majestic harmonies of Bach's "Passion Music," or the richer "Last Judgment" of Spohr. In that shape music comes very welcome; it is truly dramatic, and, indeed, for the mind that is not uncultured and likes to feed on pleasant thoughts, it is a welcome picture, fruitful in ideas and part of life's furniture. The picture lingers in the memory. We seem for a moment in some old-world place, or removed from the vulgar associations of London life. Anything in the City proper seems to me to have a primitive foreign flavour and tone.

The ordinary dull, plodding mind, whose owner eats and drinks and looks about him, who enjoys "what comes in his way," then dismisses it, has little idea of the value of such pleasures and how permanent they become. Many of them are almost epoch-making, as it is called; that is to say, they actually alter our feelings and impressions, and furnish speculations and entertainment for years, or even for life. This is often found in the case of a piece of music. What an event to hear for the first time Beethoven's Leonora overture: when it is performed it is like hearing a service! Such grand pieces should be listened to and waited for reverently, and only when performed under the finest conditions. . . .

For most persons, as they look backward, life seems monotonous enough, and offers only a sort of "jog-trot" repetition. This, however, is their own fault. Custom cannot stale the infinite variety of life, and if we do not dwell upon the past with pleasure and enjoyment, it is because we have forgotten, or taken little or no note of it at the time.

To illustrate this, I may recall a trifling, frivolous matter, which yet always comes back to me with an agreeable sense of enjoyment. Once, in the fine summer time, going up to London from Holyhead, we learned that, owing to a violent storm some days before, there might be a slight interruption in the journey. The line runs by the fair Welsh coast: and at one point, at what is called in the South of England "a chine"—that is, where the sea has worn away a sort of little valley between two headlands—the train came to a halt. Here it was that a sort of wood viaduct had been swept away, and men were working night and day to get a new one ready. The scene was a curious, bustling one: the unloading of the vans, the passengers "descending" and scattered about, the scene of wreck and confusion below, while on the roadside were gathered a motley crowd or collection of every kind of vehicle—waggonettes, cabs, carriages, gigs, carts—all waiting to take on the passengers. The luggage was to be left, and assurances were given that it would reach Town "in a day or so"—would be delivered at one's own house. Provoking and tantalising

was it to see the train waiting tranquilly at the other side of the chasm, not a hundred and fifty yards off, while to reach it there was a toilsome drive up the mountains before us and a corresponding descent, a journey of three or four miles. However, the day was lovely, the air balmy, and the hundred or so passengers in the highest spirits. Every instant, as a waggonette was loaded with its full complement, it set off amid peals of jocund laughter. It seemed a picnic, for everyone had fraternised, and there was a general air of adventure. The trunks scattered about on the grass suggested "an attack on the diligence" by brigands. How delightful was the Welsh mountain air, how balmy, how welcome the scent of the heath! How we cantered along in a protracted file, up and then down again, the wondering cottagers standing at their doors! This strange procession went on by night and midnight, as well as in the daytime, for a fortnight or so.

It was odd, too, arriving at the waiting train with its steam up, and which had to linger for all the passengers until the last solitary man came galloping up in a gig. All this caused a delay of about three hours, and was accountable for much more delay and uncertainty on the way to Town. There were long halts here, there, and everywhere. At last, at eleven, we came rolling into a huge illuminated station, Birmingham, whither our course had been diverted owing to the confusion of traffic. Here it was announced that we could not get on farther. But after a time the station-master "came along," announcing cheerfully, "All keep your seats, for I am going to send you on to London to-night, if it possibly can be done." There was a long delay; trains came in and passed out again, discharging vast crowds. We, the belated ones, waited patiently. At last, as the great illuminated clock showed that it was touching midnight, we set off. I have never forgotten that headlong race to London. How we swung, and rocked, and "roared" through the darkness, dashing by towns and stations, which went off like the "bang" or crack of a musket shot as we dashed past! Flying through Rugby, we drew not rein, and at last, at close on three o'clock, came rolling into Euston station. After such a ride I always find myself looking with interest at the brave, honest engine, that stands there, tired and steaming and dripping, like some faithful animal, and will now be led to its well-earned stable. . . .

A young servant girl, whose sister had just entered a convent, was giving me some details of the event. "But you know, sir," she said, "she will 'ave to get the abbot." This expression was used several times, so that I said at last, "But what is *he* to do?" "They

must all get the abbot, sir," she said with pity. It came out that she was talking of the *habit* or "'abit."

À propos of servants, there was an old retainer in a family of our acquaintance—one James—who used all the freedom that long service gave him. A gentleman asked to see the ladies. "They're out, sir." "When will they be in?" "God knows, and it's more than I can tell." "I want to see them particularly: where would I find them?" A droll twinkle came, and with a confidential air, as if he were telling a secret, he said, "Ye see, once they goes off in a throop this way, ye never knows where they'll sthrike out." . . .

Of all the modes of "vehicular motion," as our great Samuel put it, I have most fancy for the familiar 'bus. It always imparts a sort of dramatic tone. It furnishes that always entertaining piece—character. We see the worst and the best. It is revealed because the conditions are curiously favourable to self-assertion and independence. Sometimes there is a vile display of temper; some ill-conditioned, pampered man seizes the occasion to "assail" the much-tried conductor. "Stop!" he cries, and the vehicle relaxes its pace into that gentler half-motion verging on a stoppage and sufficient. But no. "Stop! Did ye hear? I shan't stir till you stop." And the bell has to be rung again, and the vehicle brought to a full, unmistakable halt, while this vindictive being takes his time, rising slowly, abusing the unhappy "cad" as he descends, goading him purposely with threats, complaint, &c. The other indemnifies himself good-humouredly with free, jocose comments addressed to the whole circle. I follow this man home, in my mind's eye merely. I see him apply this principle to his hapless wife and family, whom he forces to "stop" all the day long. Happily, good-nature and good-humour is found here in abundance: the friendly direction of the perplexed female as to the way she shall go, &c. What is most pleasing is the presence of persons utterly devoid of affectation, and who conciliate everybody. Someone has journeyed with the company but for a quarter of an hour, and we all feel kindly to him as he rises to go. There are also delightfully grotesque characters—among the women chiefly—such as you see in farces or burlesques; many of Mrs. Gamp's family with her forms of speech, or rather Mrs. Cluppins *redivíva*, the lady who tells the assembly about her little "kidney pertaties" which she was going to buy or had bought. The deck aloft, with its garden seats, has had its influence on the manners of the outdoor lady; it has helped her spirits: and the lively young girls mount the stairs with pleasant anticipations.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

AMPERZAND.

THROUGHOUT the whole wide universe of things every sign and mark has its meaning of to-day, and long history in the yesterdays of the past—every speck of dust whirled through the rushing air, every star travelling its measured but majestic course through limitless space, along uncounted æons of some greater or less fragment of eternity.

The minutest atom and the hugest planet alike furnish fruitful subjects of thought. We never reach the primal source of anything; we travel back through the ages, and find our quest leads us through many lands, through protean mutations, and we stop, foiled but reverent, at the antechamber of eternity.

Shading our vision, we look forward and calculate the circuits of many starry systems; our blood throbs warm as we trace in the chrysalids about us the "promise and potency" of widening lives, the expansion of infinitesimal germs into spreading forests, or a myriad denizens of air or water, or, perhaps, the bacilli whose life means death to us.

But all the careful forecasts, the mathematic measurings, throwing their tentacles into the abyss of the future, leave the explorer only at a threshold, and, again, the threshold is that of the eternal.

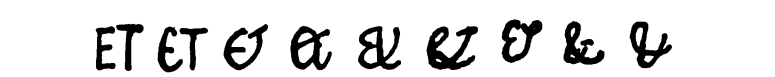
This may seem an over-serious prelude to a short account of what Canon Isaac Taylor calls a "typographical survival," the little, familiar, sign "&"; but in regarding everything around as matter of course, we are apt to overlook the significance of our daily usages, as though we knew the Alpha and Omega of them all. Much time, much labour, has been spent on the history of "the captain of the alphabet," as George Meredith calls the letter A. And who, thinking of it, can doubt that the research was full of interest, and not without excitement!

We vulgar moderns, when we praise a thing, call it, in the language of Lloyd's, A1; our forefathers, when they wished to distinguish and person or thing as of prime importance, would term it "apersie," or "apersey"—for the *word* 'a' was formerly spelt *a-per-se-a, i.e.* "a by

itself makes the word a," whence the letter itself was sometimes called *A-per-se-A*; so also *I-per-se*, *O-per-se*, *&-per-se*.

It is a matter of course that before the invention of printing the writers of MSS., however ready and skilful, were glad to use contractions and abbreviations—so much was this the case, that anyone looking for the first time at many early manuscripts, even were the letters in the clearest calligraphy, would fail to make anything of them by reason of the manifold curtailments (think of that word "curtailments") and curious abbreviations.

Most of the signs of abbreviation are "ligatures," defined by Canon Taylor as "conventional combinations of two or more letters," and he terms our Amperzand the simplest of all these ligatures. It represents the Latin word "et," *and*; which, occurring so frequently in Latin MSS., was usually written in some abbreviated form. So far back as the ninth century the ligature & was employed, not for the conjunction, but for the syllable "et" in such words as &ernam, &iam, c&era, and so on. Canon Taylor gives the successive forms thus :—



Hence for &, which became the usual sign for "et" in the twelfth century, we obtain for "et cetera," the abbreviated forms *et c&tera*, *&c&tera*, *&cet*, *&c&*, *&c̄*, and, finally, the form *&c.*, which we now use.

Having thus, with the guiding help of Canon Taylor, shown how our every-day ligature arose from "et" (for we must not hark back to trace how *e* and *t* were first begotten among the hieroglyphs and ideograms of Egypt or Phœnicia), let us examine the strange word "Amperzand," which is its name. Among the dame schools of the north country, and perhaps elsewhere, the children used formerly to be taught to finish their alphabet: "X, Y, Z," "and per se and go to bed."

Now, the lexicographers are agreed that "Amperzand" resolved into its constituent parts is "and-per-se=and," the old way of spelling and naming the character &, *i.e.* "& by itself=and," as we have seen in the case of A-per-se-A, and the rest. Our forbears clearly considered this useful character to be fit company for the alphabet, fairly entitled to bring up the rearguard, and, doubtless, many youngsters held Amperzand to be actually a letter of the alphabet, at the end of which it used to be printed.

Amperzand is also written "ampassy," "ampusand," "ampussy," and "ampus," and occurs every now and then in literature, though not an every-day word. Most people have read *Adam Bede* as a pleasure or a duty, and it may be remembered that Bartle Massey, the schoolmaster, in that much-belauded work, says that Amperzand was very like one of his scholars' eccentric pictures of the letter Z, which, as is said in another place, had only been put there to finish off the alphabet like, though "ampusand" would have done as well. In that grand work, the New English Dictionary, Dr. Murray gives quotations also from *Sam Slick* and *Punch.*

Punch's lines, which originally appeared on April 17, 1869, as showing all the virtues and beauties of Amperzand, are here reproduced :—

&

Of all the types in a printer's hand,
Commend me to the Amperzand,
For he's the gentleman (seems to me)
Of the typographical companie.
O my nice little Amperzand,
My graceful, swanlike Amperzand.
Nothing that Cadmus ever planned
Equals my elegant Amperzand !

He's never bothered, like A B C
In Index, Guide, and Directorie:
He's never stuck on a Peeler's coat,
Nor hung to show where the folks must vote.
No, my nice little Amperzand,
My plump and curly Amperzand,
When I've a pen in a listless hand,
I'm always making an Amperzand !

Many a letter your writers hate,
Ugly *q*, with his tail so straight,
x, that makes you cross as a bear,
And *z*, that helps you with zouns to swear.
But not my nice little Amperzand,
My easily dashed-off Amperzand :
Any odd shape folks understand
To mean my protean Amperzand !

Nothing for him that's starch or stiff,
Never he's used in scold or tiff ;
State epistles, so dull and grand,
Mustn't contain the shortened and.
No, my nice little Amperzand,
You are good for those who're jolly and bland ;
In days when letters were dried with sand
Old frumps wouldn't use my Amperzand !

But he is dear in old friendship's call,
Or when love is laughing through lady-scrawl!
"Come &c. dine, &c. have bachelor's fare."
"Come, &c. I'll keep you a round &c. square."
Yes, my nice little Amperzand
Never must into a word expand:
Gentle sign of affection stand,
My kind, familiar Amperzand.

"Letters Five do form his name:"
His, who millions doth teach and tame:
If I could not be in that Sacred Band,
I'd be the affable Amperzand.
Yes, my nice little Amperzand,
And when P.U.N.C.H. is driving his five-in-hand,
I'll have a velocipede, neatly planned
In the shape of a fly-away Amperzand.

Hanwell. SCANDULA EXOLUTA.

A recent use of the word may be found in Mr. Couch's grim, powerful, and pathetic story *Dead Man's Rock*, where the hero, Jasper Trenoweth, says that one of his mother's chief cares was to teach him his letters, which he learnt from big A to Ampusand in the old hornbook.

But the honours of Amperzand do not end here; the Americans have given this alphabetic waif a local habitation in their wide territories; not the mere location of a name on paper, but a veritable expanse of land and water. To quote a writer in *Harper* (July 1885):—

Ampersand is a mountain. It is a lake. It is a stream. The mountain stands in the heart of the Adirondack country, just near enough to the thoroughfare of travel for thousands of people to see it every year, and just far enough away from the beaten track to be unvisited, except by a very few of the wise ones who love to digress. Behind the mountain is the lake, which no lazy man has ever seen. Out of the lake flows the stream, winding down a long, untrodden forest valley, until at length it joins the Stony Creek waters, and empties into the Raquette River. Which of the three Ampersands has the prior claim to the name I cannot tell.

Philosophically speaking, the mountain ought to be regarded as the father of the family, because it was undoubtedly there before the others existed. And the lake was probably the next on the ground, because the stream is its child. But man is not strictly correct in his nomenclature; and I conjecture that the little river, the last-born of the three, was the first to be called Ampersand, and then gave its name to its parent and grandparent. It is such a crooked stream, so bent and curved and twisted upon itself, so fond of turning around unexpected corners, and sweeping away in great circles from its direct course, that its first explorers christened it after the eccentric supernumerary of the alphabet which appears in the old spelling book as &.

So in the geography as well as the philology of the future, our

"character" or "ligature" will have its permanent place. Singularly enough, in the number of *Harper* already quoted Mr. W. D. Howells, in his tale *An Indian Summer*, writes of a leading lawyer who, "as the newspaper said, had taken up his residence in Washington in his elegant mansion at the corner of *&* *Street* and Idaho Avenue." (What would our cousins do without the all-pervading word "elegant"?)

Whether or no there be an *&* *Street* in the city of Washington, there are in the ancient city of York the "Amperzand Printing Works," at 100 & 101 Micklegate, in the occupation of Ben Johnson & Co.

Thus we have traced something of the history of one little character, amidst the multitudinous forms by which men record their ideas, and communicate them to each other; a character at any rate about 1,000 years old. And who can say what phases it may pass through during the centuries to come! To-day we may hear Abigails and Blowsabels wind up their verbal frays with *ancettrer*, *ancettrer*, and in earlier times such a word might have been crystallised and admitted into a dictionary, and readers of old plays would have puzzled their heads and hunted up the etymologists to trace the history of the curious word "ancettrer."

We too, in concluding, must realise that all we know, or guess, or fancy, must ever end with a mighty ET CETERA.

JAMES HOOPER.

THE OLD ASTRONOMY.

IT is a frequent remark that we moderns of the nineteenth century live fast. The speed at which we travel increases every year, and an announcement, the other day, that one of our great railway companies had just constructed a locomotive engine, capable of whisking us through the air at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, scarcely evoked a note of admiration from men whose minds are sated with marvels. Like spoilt children, we take but little interest in our new toys. And then, we are in such a hurry that the present absorbs nearly all our attention. We have little spare time to reflect upon the past, little to bestow upon the future. Science, meanwhile, participates in the forward rush, and progresses with such strides, that it is only with difficulty that we can keep pace with it. Even the lightning speed of thought begins to flag in trying to follow some of the latest advances of astronomy. While some of us are pausing in the race to take breath, it may interest us to cast our eyes from the lofty heights to which we have attained, backward across the distant plains and tangled brakes, already growing dim in the gathering twilight. In the foreground, we can still discern the upward path, by which mankind has been travelling towards the point of vantage which we occupy, in their endeavour to reach the ever-receding goal of knowledge. The wild speculations and blunders of the old astronomers may raise a smile on the countenance of the amateur *fin de siècle*, who carries a telescope in his hand and a chronometer in his pocket; but it was the patient groping in the dark of the same men which enabled that smart individual to reach the standpoint which he now occupies: it was their indefatigable efforts and humble beginnings, which prepared a foundation for the mighty telescope recently erected in California, which conceived those divisions of the day and night by which Greenwich regulates our time, and which aroused the spirit of inquiry which led to the invention of that most marvellous of astronomical instruments, the spectroscope.

To the ancient Greek, Greece was alike the centre of the earth and the centre of the universe. Around him on every side lay the

lands of barbarians, stretching away in hill and dale, mountain and valley, until, on the far distant horizon, they were bounded by the mighty ocean stream which girdled the whole earth with its ever circling course. To the west, his imagination pictured the isles of the blest, where Cronus peacefully ruled over the spirits of departed heroes, and the fertile soil bore thrice a year fruits as sweet as honey. Pindar, in his Olympian Odes, has beautifully described this happy land, "Where o'er the isles of the blest the ocean breezes blow, and flowers gleam with gold, some on the earth, others on glistening trees, others the water feeds." The existence of these mythic realms of Cronus was doubtless suggested by the appearance of the western sky at sunset, when clouds low down on the horizon appear like islands on the verge of an illimitable and tranquil ocean.

On the further side of the deep-flowing ocean, beyond the setting sun, was a shore which was for ever shrouded in mist and darkness —the land of the Cimmerians, the gate of the lower regions—to which Odysseus sailed in his black ship when he wished to hold converse with the spirits of the dead. The ancient Greek further conceived the sky as being a solid firmament of brass or crystal, upon whose under surface sun, moon, and stars appeared to glide. At the world's end, beyond the wide stream of ocean, this upper hemisphere of heaven joined the lower hemisphere of Tartarus, which similarly covered the under surface of the habitable earth. Within the lower hemisphere was included a gloomy region, where no ray of sunshine ever penetrated—the prison-house of the Titans who attempted to scale the heaven, "as far beneath the earth as heaven is above it," says the Hesiodic Theogony; "for nine days and nights would a brazen anvil be falling from heaven, and come on the tenth to the earth; for nine days and nights again would it continue to fall, and come on the tenth to Tartarus." When Hephæstus, the smith-god, was kicked out of heaven into the volcanic isle of Lemnos, he too, it will be remembered, occupied nine days in falling to earth. "Around Tartarus," continues the Theogony, "a brazen fence has been forged, and about it threefold night is poured, while above it spring the roots of earth and barren sea."

The entire universe, therefore, consisted of a mighty sphere or egg, in the midst of which the plane earth was fixed like a platform. At dawn the sun was believed to emerge from the ocean-river which was supported by that platform; at night it again descended into its waters and was extinguished. The inhabitants of the coast of Spain could hear the waters hissing as the great luminary plunged into his evening bath; and beyond the Suiones was a sluggish sea, pre-

sumably part of the great ocean stream, where similar sounds could be heard at his rising. The light of the stars was in like manner extinguished when they dipped into the western waves. The poets figured the sun as a god, crowned with rays, who dashed at headlong speed across the sky, in a car drawn by four beautiful white horses, which breathed fire from their nostrils.

But how did the sun, which set in the west, get back to the east at dawn? He did not descend beneath the earth and shine amongst the dead, though he once threatened to do so. Hephæstus, the divine smith, had fashioned for him a huge golden bowl, in which he slept at night, as he floated down the ocean current, until he arrived once more in the far east.

The attention of primitive man was early arrested by the striking appearance of the constellations of the heaven, groups of stars whose forms suggested the rude outlines of the wild beasts that he was accustomed to hunt in the forest. Fancy painted in these outlines on the canvas of the sky, adding many details, and inventing many fables to account for the periodical appearance of these mysterious phenomena of the night.

The most conspicuous and familiar of all the constellations was that known as "The Great Bear." Something seemed to distinguish it from the other important groups of stars in the northern sky, for night after night it appeared to move in a circle around the pole of the heaven; at one season high overhead, at another low down in the sky, but, unlike so many other constellations, it never dipped below the horizon or disappeared entirely from view. And so the Greek navigators used to steer by the Great Bear, because it indicated very roughly the position of the pole. The Phœnicians, who were better seamen and more fully acquainted with the movements of the stars, discovered, at a very early period, that the true pole of the heavens was more nearly indicated by the constellation of "The Little Bear" (which includes our "Pole-star"), and directed the course of their swift ships by observing the latter group. It is, perhaps, necessary to explain what the Greeks meant by the Pole. The earth, of course, had no poles in those days, for it was a plane surface (so at least men believed). Their word πόλος meant a ball, and was applied originally to the whole vault of heaven, and, later on, to that part of it which appeared most distant from the earth. Hence it came to mean the *pivot* on which the celestial hemisphere appears to revolve. The Pole-star is so near this imaginary pivot that it describes only a very small circle in the twenty-four hours, and, to all intents and purposes, it is the one fixed point of the sky. Science has taught us

that this apparent revolution of the heaven is caused by the actual rotation of the earth upon its own axis, and that the pole, or absolutely motionless point of the sky, visible to the inhabitants of the northern hemisphere, must consequently be situated immediately over the North-pole of our earth, but so far as practical knowledge of the stars goes we have not improved very much upon the methods of the old Phœnician merchantmen. Only the clouds could hide from the pilot's eye these two Bears—

"Arctos oceani metuentes æquore tingi."

The Homeric poems, composed some nine centuries before Christ, show that several of the constellations were, even then, known to the Greeks by the names which they still continue to bear. Ulysses, in the "Odyssey," "skilfully steers his bark, and sleep falls not upon his eyes as he keeps them fixed upon the *Pleiades*, late-setting *Boötes*, and the *Bear* (also called the Waggon), which turns itself in the same place, and watches *Orion*, and alone has no share in ocean baths." And, in the "Iliad," old Priam compares Achilles, whom he sees advancing to slay his son Hector, to "a star which rises in summer, and whose resplendent rays shine among many stars in the dead of night. It men call the *Dog of Orion*. Very bright is that star, but it is a portent of ill, and brings excess of heat to miserable mortals."

Of the constellations mentioned in the above passages, Orion was pictured as a mighty hunter, of gigantic size and strength (the Nimrod of the Greeks). Accompanied by his dog Sirius, "the scorcher," most brilliant of all stars, he advances to give the Great Bear the *coup de grâce*, while that huge animal seems slowly to turn at bay near the pole. The Pleiads were daughters of Atlas, chased by Orion. Their name has been derived from πλεῖν, to sail, because so long as they appeared in the sky, navigation was considered safe. There was a curious tradition among the ancients, that there were once seven stars in this group. Only six are now visible to the naked eye. "Quæ septem dici sex tamen esse solebant," says Ovid. The legend founded upon this alleged disappearance of one of the component lights was that a daughter of Atlas married a mortal, and so her light was dimmed. Another cluster which is mentioned in the Homeric poems, the *Hyades*, or rainy stars, foretold wet weather. Later poets represent the Pleiads as a flock of pigeons, πελειάδες, and the Hyades, by a similar play upon the name, as a herd of piglings, ὑάδες, chased by the celestial hunter. Agricultural man saw in the constellation of the Great Bear the representation of a waggon or plough, and *Boötes* was the man in charge of its team of oxen.

One of the Hesiodic poems, "The Works and Days," composed, perhaps, a century and a half later than the Homeric, gives precept upon precept to farmer and mariner, and teaches them how to observe the seasons, at a period when almanacks are as yet unknown.

"When the Pleiads, daughters of Atlas, rise, begin your harvest; when they set, your ploughing. When, after the winter solstice, Zeus has fulfilled sixty days of winter, then it is that *Arcturus*, having left the sacred stream of Ocean, rises in the twilight brightly beaming, prune your vines. When *Sirius* parches head and knees, and the body is dried up by reason of heat, then sit in the shade and drink. When *Orion* and *Sirius* have reached mid-heaven, and rosy-fingered dawn beholds *Arcturus*, then gather and carry home your grape clusters. When, flying the impetuous might of *Orion*, the Pleiads sink into the misty deep, then rage blasts of wind, haul ashore your ship and cover her around with stones."

The mention of the solstice here and elsewhere in the poem implies careful astronomical observation. Arcturus, "the bear-keeper," is a bright star in the constellation Boötes.

The Greek year consisted of three seasons only. Prometheus enumerates them. "They had no sign," says he, "of winter, of flowery spring, or fruitful summer." In ancient Germany a similar division of the year prevailed, for Tacitus makes the caustic remark that, among the Germans, winter, spring, and summer have a meaning and a name, but to that people the name and blessings of autumn are alike unknown.

It is not likely, then, that our Saxon forefathers were acquainted with the last-named season, and our very term autumn is an echo of the Roman tongue. It was the moon, and not the sun, which first suggested to mankind the circle of the year as a measure of time. The sun exhibits no changes of appearance, and his light obliterates all the landmarks of the sky. A luminary which is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, might give rise to conceptions of perfection and eternity, but, beyond the alternations of day and night, it could suggest to men's minds no abstract measure of time. But with our humble satellite it is far otherwise. The regularly recurring phenomena of new moon and full moon are too marked to escape the attention of the most obtuse and unreflecting of savages. The motion of the sun may be compared to that of the minute-hand of a clock, sweeping on hour after hour without leaving much record of its comparatively vast journey; the progress of the moon, on the contrary, may be likened to that of the hour-hand, which registers the movements of its companion, and resolves them into twelve well-defined periods.

The interval between two new moons is called a lunation or synodic month, and twelve of such lunations were found to coincide very roughly with the period in which the sun returned to the goal in the sky from which he had started, and to correspond with the return of that most marked of natural phenomena, the budding of trees in spring.

But after making this important discovery the calendar-makers plunged into a slough of difficulties, from which they were long in emerging. They made the natural mistake of supposing that the year was a standard period of time, given by divine appointment to man, and that the sun and moon conspired in their operations, so as to form in effect the hands of a great natural and infallible clock, contrived and regulated by the gods themselves, for the purpose of preserving unimpaired the cycle of their own religious festivals.

But such, alas! is not the case. The tropical year, which is the period in which the sun appears to make a complete circuit of the heaven, or, to state the same thing in scientific language, the period within which the earth actually makes one complete revolution in its orbit round the sun, consists of 365 days. I am disregarding the fraction.

Now the lunation (or interval between new moon and new moon, or full moon and full moon) consists of 29½ days, so that twelve lunations make up a cycle of only 354 days. And so it came to pass that people who reckoned by the moon had finished their year 11 days before the sun had accomplished his full course, and the ever-accumulating difference between the solar year and twelve lunations gradually shifted the first day of the civil year backward, step by step, until, if left to itself, it had made the tour of the seasons. And so all was confusion, the Athenians beginning their year at the summer solstice, the Spartans at the autumnal equinox. The ingenuity of man was therefore exercised in solving the problem of how, by the insertion or addition of intercalary or supernumerary days, to keep lunar time abreast of solar time. The want of perfect scientific instruments prevented the ancients from exactly hitting off to a nicety the respective lengths of the solar and lunar year, and what addition must consequently be made to the latter in order to reconcile it with the former. And so the cooking of the calendar was spoilt, as much by the uncertainty as by the number of the cooks employed in the process. They sometimes added too much, sometimes too little, of the necessary ingredient.

The old Greeks, who reckoned by the moon, made use of a year of 360 days. Their calculation was founded upon the double error

that a lunation consists of exactly 30 days (whereas it contains only 29 days, 12 hours and 44 minutes), and that twelve lunations amounting to 360 days coincide with the solar year.

Hence we learn from Herodotus that the Cilicians paid a tribute of 360 white horses, being one horse for every day in the year. One of the things which most struck the same historian, during his visit to Egypt, was the native method of regulating the calendar. Their superior knowledge of astronomy had taught the people of that country to divide the civil year into 365 days, and so make it very nearly correspond with the natural circuit of the seasons, whereas the more cumbrous Greek method was to add biennially to their standard year of 360 days an intercalary "month," equivalent to the difference between solar and civil time.

That the solar year consisted of 365 complete days was a matter of common knowledge from a comparatively early period, but there is an insidious fraction involved in the calculation, which puzzled the early astronomers and has been the cause of endless trouble to the makers of calendars.

There was a tradition among the Romans that their mythical king, Romulus, had invented a year of ten months only, and that his successor, Numa, had added two more to make up twelve.

The origin of this story appears to be that a sequence of months bore numerical names: *Quintilis* (July), *Sextilis* (August), *September*, *October*, *November*, *December*, while the two last, January and February, were not numbered. Julius Cæsar reformed the Roman Calendar in the year 46 B.C. He shifted the commencement of the year back to January 1, and, acting upon the advice of an expert from the school of astronomy at Alexandria, he fixed the length of the civil year at 365¼ days. The fraction of 6 hours amounted at the expiration of four years to one complete day of 24 hours, and so he ordered that every fourth year the sixth day before the calends of March should be reckoned twice. Hence the origin of the name *Bissextile* for leap year. It might be supposed that Cæsar's astronomical reckoning, if not absolutely perfect, was yet sufficiently so for all the practical purposes of daily life. But no! His year of 365¼ days was longer than the natural solar year by 11 minutes and 14 seconds, and the result was that, in the year of grace 1582, the civil time had become so fast, that while the equinox, according to the calendar, fell on March 11, the equinox *de facto* did not fall until 10 days later, on the 21st of the same month. Pope Gregory XIII. therefore cut ten days off the year 1582, by reckoning October 5 in that year as the 15th day of the month. But there still remained

a risk of future error, for the discrepancy between the Julian and Gregorian calendars would continue to accumulate as of old. It was ascertained that this discrepancy of 11 minutes and 14 seconds would amount, in the course of four centuries, to three complete days, and, in order to eliminate those superfluous days, it was directed by the Pope that three out of every four years commencing a new century should not be leap year. Thus the year 1600 was leap year, but 1700 and 1800 were not, 1900 will not be, but the year 2000 will contain the extra day. Thus equilibrium is preserved, and the calendar is rendered for the future as nearly free from error as it is possible for the wit of man to make it. The Gregorian calendar, or new style, was not adopted by the English until the year 1752, when the discrepancy between it and the Julian calendar, or old style, had grown to eleven days; so we cut off that period from the year 1752, by reckoning September 3 as the 14th. The difference between the two calendars now amounts to twelve days, as will be seen on reference to the almanacks of Eastern Europe, where the old style still prevails.

My object, in thus digressing somewhat from my subject, has been to show that we are indebted to the old Greek astronomers of Alexandria for the compilation of the calendar which we are using at this moment. Its final correction in the sixteenth century was only one of small detail, and even that was accomplished before the invention of the telescope.

Thales of Miletus, one of the seven sages, was the first astronomer of any note among the Greeks. He lived about 640 B.C., and founded the Ionic school of philosophy. He traced the ecliptic, or pathway of the sun through the sky, and was cognisant of its oblique position with regard to the equator. He wrote a description of the equinox and solstice, but, as his writings are lost, we only know his doctrines from the accounts given by others.

The earth, according to his theory, was a flat plane, and floated upon a vast body of water. He knew that the moon's light was a reflection from the sun, that an eclipse of the moon was due to the interposition of the earth between that planet and the sun, and an eclipse of the sun to the intervention of the moon between the earth and the sun. He introduced to the Greek mariners the Little Bear of the Phœnicians, as a mark by which to steer their ships. An eclipse of the sun, which brought a battle to an abrupt termination, is said to have been predicted by him, perhaps after the event. But this learned recluse, and originator of the proverb "Know thyself," was not infallible, for it is related that one night, when he was led forth by an old dame to look at the stars, as was his wont, he fell

into a ditch, and when he began to bewail his unlucky fate, his conductress exclaimed, "Do you think, Thales, that you can possibly understand what is in the sky, when you can't even see what is down at your feet?"

Anaximander, a pupil of Thales, so far departed from the doctrines of his master as to conceive the earth as a cylindrical body, suspended in the exact centre of the universe. "For," said he, "since the earth is equidistant from the vault of heaven in every direction, there is no particular reason why it should move in one direction more than in another." To "the plain man," who prided himself on his common sense, this argument must have appeared unanswerable. Anaximander introduced the sun-dial into Greece. It consisted of an upright rod (γνώμων) set in the centre of a hollow hemisphere (πόλος), on the inner surface of which were marked twelve divisions, representing twelve hours of daylight. Herodotus attributes its invention to the Babylonians. The Greeks had been long acquainted with the gnomon, or pillar, which cast a shade on the ground, and showed by its shortest shadow the moment of noon when the sun had reached the meridian, while a comparison of all the meridian shadows during the year would indicate the time of the solstices. Aristophanes tells us that guests were invited when the shadow of the gnomon was of such and such a length. The sun-dial proper was probably coming into use at Rome about 220 B.C., for Plautus makes his hungry parasite say, "May the gods confound the man who first invented hours and put this sun-dial here, to cut my day to pieces. When I was a boy, my stomach was my sun-dial," &c.

In the fifth century before Christ, Anaximenes taught that the stars were fixed like nails in the solid hemisphere of heaven, and with it they circled around the earth, but could not pass underneath it, because, no doubt, he believed like his contemporary Xenophanes, that the foundations of the earth lie at an unfathomable depth beneath our feet. The sun, too, as he imagined, circled around the earth, but its light was hidden at night by a chain of lofty mountains in the northern regions. Parmenides, who lived about the same period, is reported by Diogenes Laertes to have been the first to teach that the earth was a sphere, fixed at the centre of the universe. Anaxagoras, who was born a generation later, started the sensational theory that the moon was inhabited, and as he moreover attributed eclipses and other celestial phenomena to purely natural causes, he was branded as an atheist and excluded from society, a fate which has since befallen many another professor of science. He died in banishment. In the same century lived Philolaus, a disciple of

Pythagoras, founder of a celebrated school of philosophy in Italy. The doctrine which he and other Pythagoreans taught was that sun, moon, stars, and earth alike revolve, in circular orbits, around an imaginary fixed point in the heavens, which they called "the central fire," a decided step, it will be observed, in the direction of our modern views. Cicero informs us that another astronomer of the same school, Nicetas by name, asserted that the earth rotated upon its own axis. Plato propounded the same theory in his work known as "Timæus," but some commentators explain that what Plato really meant to say was, that just as a ball of string is wound upon a stick, so the stationary earth is wrapped around the axis of the heavens. However that may be, Nicetas and Plato were the first to suggest, intentionally or unintentionally, to the Greek mind, the idea that the earth rotated like a spinning-top. Plato tells us the names by which the five planets visible to the naked eye were known to the Greeks: Lucifer, otherwise Hesperus, the morning and evening star (Venus); Stilbon, "the glittering" (Mercury); Pyroeis, the fiery planet (Mars); Phaellion (Jupiter); and Phænon, the slowest in its course (Saturn). It was the fashion at this period for astronomers to visit Egypt, and the novel theories which were put forward at this date were, no doubt, the result of their contact with the scientific people of that country.

We have now reached the fourth century before Christ, during which the celebrated Greek, Eudoxus, went to study astronomy in Egypt. So great was his enthusiasm that he shaved off his eyebrows, according to the priestly custom of the country, and consulted the bull Apis as to his future. The sacred beast licked his garments, and the priests said that it was an omen which portended an early death. He made the Greeks acquainted with the use of the sphere and the year of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days. He also calculated the respective periods occupied by the planets in their circular journeys, a branch of science which he had evidently acquired in Egypt, for the Greeks hitherto had not paid much attention to the motions of these wandering stars, and it is to Egypt that Seneca refers our knowledge on the subject.

The Egyptians invented, or borrowed from Babylon, a sequence of seven days, each of which was dedicated to one of the wandering bodies of the heaven. The first day was assigned to the planet Saturn, the second day to the sun, the third day to the moon, the fourth day to the planet Mars, the fifth to the planet Mercury, the sixth to the planet Jupiter, and the seventh to the planet Venus. This was the origin of the week as a measure of time. It was quite

unknown to the ancient Greeks, but the Romans eventually adopted the system, and substituted Latin names for those by which the planets were known in Egypt. The French still preserve the Roman nomenclature of the days of the week. *Dimanche*, or *Dies Dominicalis*, "the Lord's day," has supplanted the old term *dies solis*, or "sun-day," but the others still bear the Latin names of planets. The English and Germans, in adopting the same system, have in some cases substituted the names of those native deities whom they supposed to resemble the gods of ancient Rome. These names of the week-days are the result of the astronomical labours of the old Egyptians; but the process by which each day obtained its present name is so curious, that I venture to trouble the reader with a short account of it.

The priests of Egypt had rightly conjectured that Saturn was the most distant of the known planets, and next to it, in order of astronomical distance, they placed Jupiter, followed by Mars, the sun, Venus, Mercury, and the moon. But this, it will be observed, is not the order in which the days of the week are named, and the explanation is as follows. The Egyptians, like the Babylonians, divided the day and night into two periods of twelve hours each, as we still continue to do, and each hour of the twenty-four was dedicated to one of the planets, in the astronomical order indicated above. The first hour of the first day (Saturday) was accordingly dedicated to Saturn, and that planet was believed to preside, *par excellence*, over the whole of that day. The second hour of Saturday was dedicated to Jupiter, the third hour to Mars, and so on in the same astronomical order. Now, if we continue to deal out the hours as we would a pack of cards to each of the seven in turn, the sun will be found to obtain the first hour of the second day (Sunday), and consequently rules the whole of that day. The moon and the other four planets will each likewise in turn obtain the *first* hour of the several days which continue to bear their respective names, and over them they accordingly preside.

The greatest astronomer whom the fourth century B.C. produced was Aristotle. He has written two works, called respectively "Meteorology" and "The Heavens," in which we can trace the gradual evolution of astronomy from the crude conjectures of the early observers of the sky to something like a scientific system. He argues very reasonably that the earth must be spherical in form, for the shadow cast upon the moon at her eclipse is invariably circular, and since that shadow is projected by the earth, it necessarily follows that the earth is a sphere. Again, he draws the same inference from the variation in the altitude of a fixed star, according as the observer

shifts his position from a northern to a southern latitude, and *vice versâ*, until by going back sufficiently far from the original standpoint of observation, the star ceases to appear above the horizon at all. This illustration is, of course, the same in principle as that of the gradual disappearance from sight of the outward-bound ship in the offing. The constantly circular appearance of the moon during an eclipse of the sun convinced Aristotle that the former body is spherical too; and, if the moon is a sphere, are not the other heavenly bodies of similar form? The spherical stars then were, in his opinion, rigidly attached to the inner surface of the great revolving hollow globe of glass or crystal which forms the visible sky. Within that, again, revolved a number of other concentric hollow globes of transparent crystal, to each of which was affixed the sun, the moon, or one of the planets, for in no other conceivable manner could he possibly account for the complex movements of those roving bodies. He was aware that some of the planets are more distant than the sun, for that had been discovered by astronomers of Egypt and Babylon, and he himself had actually observed the planet Mars pass behind the moon's disc, so it, at least, was more distant from the earth than the moon.

The rapidity with which these great crystalline globes or spheres revolved, wheel within wheel, was so great, that the friction of the air caused the stellar bodies which were affixed to them to become incandescent and burst into flame. Aristotle's view that the Milky Way is of the same nature as that of meteors and comets, but more widely diffused, sounds quite "up to date." But the great philosopher, strangely enough, viewed with disapproval any doctrine that gave the earth any movement whatsoever, either of translation through space, or of rotation about an axis, and Euclid was of the same opinion.

About the middle of the third century, there lived at Alexandria a Greek named Aristarchus, who unhesitatingly asserted that it was the sun, and not the earth, which was at rest in the centre of the universe, and that the earth not only rotated on its axis, but (attached to its hollow sphere of glass) revolved around the sun. Aristarchus was evidently a man who lived before his proper time, for his opinions were rejected by the philosophers of the day, and lay dormant for eighteen centuries, until they were again propounded as a novel theory by Copernicus.

About this period, the city of Alexandria was becoming the focus of Greek learning. Founded by Alexander the Great about 330 B.C., it grew, under his successor Ptolemy, into a city of palaces, and the

centre of a vast population of Jews and Greeks. Its great museum comprised a library of many hundred thousands of volumes, which perished by fire when Julius Cæsar laid siege to the city. It also contained an observatory, furnished with the best mathematical instruments that science could devise, and a school of philosophy that produced such brilliant scholars as Euclid and Archimedes. The conquest of Babylon by Alexander the Great had made the Greeks acquainted with the scientific lore of a nation which had early become advanced in the knowledge of astronomy ; and since another ancient centre of the same learning was Egypt, whose accumulated stock of facts and observations had now become accessible, it is not surprising that the Greek study of the heavenly bodies took a new turn and began to assume a strictly scientific form.

It was not until a generation later than Aristarchus that people began to grow out of the ancient belief that the stars and planets were dependent on crystal globes for support and assistance in performing their daily course ; but in the second century B.C., Hipparchus taught that they moved freely in space, and resolved their movements into eccentric circles and epicycles, an idea first mooted by Apollonius of Perga. Hipparchus discovered the eccentricity of the ecliptic by observing that the sun took two days more to pass from the spring equinox to the summer solstice than it did to pass from the latter to the autumn equinox. He also discovered the precession of the equinoxes, the evection of the moon, the eccentricity of her orbit, and its inclination to the plane of the ecliptic.

The Greeks, as we have seen, divided their year into twelve lunations. Hence the division of the sun's path (or ecliptic, as astronomers call it) into twelve portions, represented by the signs of the zodiac. The ancient astronomer was wont to mark the sun down at a particular point on the horizon, and when daylight faded, he observed the constellation which occupied that portion of the sky. After a long course of such observations he ascertained that at one new moon the sun sets in the region occupied by the starry figure of the Lion, while at the following new moon it sinks out of sight in that quarter of the heaven in which the constellation of the Bull is most conspicuous. When twelve moons had waxed and waned the sun was once more seen to set in the Lion, and so the sun's annual path was gradually traced through a series of twelve great constellations, and was divided into twelve portions, each distinguished by a ζῴδιον, or "animal-figure" of stars.

The antiquity of the zodiac is shown by the fables which have grown around its signs. Even if the evidence of the Phœnician

Porphyry were wanting, we could hardly fail to refer the myth of the labours of Heracles to an astronomical source. They are nothing more than the contests of the Phœnician sun-god, Melkarth, with the monsters of the sky in his annual progress through the heaven, clothed in a Greek dress, transferred to a Greek hero, and localised in Greek territory. An analysis of the story shows that its originators and adapters were well acquainted with the motions of the more important groups of stars.

About a month after the summer solstice, which was regarded by some of the Greek states as the commencement of the year, the sun enters the zodiacal sign of Leo, and the first labour of Heracles was his contest with the Nemean Lion. One month later the sun passes to the sign Virgo, when the constellation Hydra sets, and Heracles was said to have slain the great water-snake of Lerna. In September, when the sun enters the sign Libra, the constellations of the Boar and the Centaur rise, the latter bearing in his arms a cask of autumn wine ; and so the story goes that Heracles, when on his way to kill a boar which ravaged Arcadia, paid a visit to a friendly centaur, who broached a cask of wine in his honour. Its fragrant aroma attracted other centaurs, and a battle ensued, in which the latter were slain by the hero's arrows, and his host amongst the number. Next month, when the sign Scorpio is occupied, the constellation of the Stag (comprised in the group of Cassiopeia) rises, and the fable continues that Heracles was sent in pursuit of the golden-horned hart that haunted Arcadian groves. November sees the sun in the sign Sagittarius, and then the birds of the sky, the vulture, eagle, and swan, seem to rise on their pinions, and the solar giant is figured as engaging in combat with the three carnivorous birds of the Stymphalian lake. The next to receive the sun is the sign Capricornus. Then the fiery stream, which flows from Aquarius, disappears from view, for has not Heracles diverted it to cleanse the farmyard of the King of Elis? When, in the middle of January, the sun reaches the sign of Aquarius, the constellation of the Bull crosses the meridian, and that is why the wandering hero is reported to have thrown the Cretan bull across his shoulders, and brought him alive to Mycenæ. The sign of Pisces is entered in the following month, and Pegasus, the divine horse, appearing in the sky, suggested the corresponding labour, which was to bring the wild mares of Thrace to Mycenæ. On the sun's entry into Aries, there rises the constellation Argo, the ship in which Heracles sailed in quest of the *ram's* golden fleece, when on his way to procure the girdle of the Amazon Queen. In April the sun is in Taurus, and the labour

imposed upon the mythical giant is to drive off the Bulls of Geryon from Spain. That locality is obviously suggested by the Phœnician legend, for it was near the Straits of Gibraltar, where stood the famous temple of Melkarth, and the pillars of Melkarth, or "pillars of Hercules," as they were afterwards called. The Dog-star rose when the sun entered the sign of Gemini, and the hero was known to have been successful in his task of dragging the dog Cerberus from the lower world. In June, the last month of the year, the sun entered the sign Cancer, and Heracles is seen to crush with his foot the head of the dragon which guards the golden fruits that glitter in the western sky, the apples of the Hesperides. The setting of the constellations of the Centaur and the River, at the conclusion of the solar cycle, gave rise to the curious myth of the death of Heracles, caused by his having arrayed himself in a robe dipped in the blood of a centaur, whom he had slain as it was crossing a river. The commencement of a new year is typified by the great hero's being raised to immortality.

The results of all the labours of all the old astronomers were digested by Claudius Ptolemy, a Greek of Alexandria, who lived in the second century of our own era. He finally decided that the spherical earth lies absolutely motionless in the exact centre of the hollow sphere of heaven, which whirls around us upon an axis of its own. His views are recorded in a work called "Syntaxis," or sometimes by its Arabic name "Almagest," and received the approval of the Christian and Mahomedan authorities alike. It was the standard work on astronomy during the middle ages, and was only superseded when the Prussian Copernicus published, in 1543, his celebrated work, which bore the suggestive title *De Revolutionibus.*

The telescope was not conceived in a day. One of its component parts, a lens of rock crystal, has been found amongst the débris of Assyrian civilisation of which the mounds of Nimroud are formed, though we are not entitled to infer that it was used for astronomical purposes. Roger Bacon had suggested the principle of the instrument in 1250. One was actually constructed by a Dutch spectacle-maker in 1608, a year before Galileo pointed his celebrated tube to heaven, and pryed into the secrets of the universe. Hero of Alexandria suggested the principle of the steam-engine when he constructed what he chose to call an *Æolopile*, two and a half centuries before the birth of Christ, while in England Captain Savery anticipated Watt, who is usually credited with the invention, by two centuries. In like manner, the profound discoveries of modern astronomical science were not sudden inspirations of genius. Newton was indebted to Copernicus

for having suggested the doctrine of gravitation, an idea of which appears to have dawned in Aristotle's mind. The Copernican theory itself was undoubtedly a revival of the views anciently held, as we have seen, by Aristarchus, and was identified by the Holy Inquisition with those which were inculcated, at a still earlier date, by astronomers of the Pythagorean school. Thus, doctrines hesitatingly advanced in a past generation have often been rejected with scorn or consigned to oblivion. Many centuries later the very same doctrines have been again revived, and enunciated with greater boldness or greater skill to a more enlightened generation, who has accepted them without doubt, and while bestowing the crown of merit upon their contemporary, as the originator of the theory, has overlooked the fact of how much he is indebted to hints which have been casually let fall by former labourers in the same field, to observations of phenomena which they had made without fully comprehending their import, to their shrewd guesses, which often brought them so near a great discovery that our only wonder is how they could possibly have missed it.

Considerations such as these tempt us every now and then to hark back and take up the trail afresh, amongst the quaint, and, for the most part, exploded theories of ancient Greek philosophy.

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

FAMOUS LEARS.

THE revival of "King Lear" at the Lyceum Theatre is an event of exceptional dramatic importance, not only on account of the personal interest which centres in Mr. Irving's appearance as the king, but also because it gives us an opportunity of seeing if modern culture is more appreciative than popular opinion has hitherto been with regard to this most tragic and Æschylean of the Shakespearean plays. For it can hardly be questioned that "Lear" has never taken hold of the admiring regard of playgoers as "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth" have done. Yet in all the greater elements of tragedy it has been held by competent judges to surpass any of these. Nothing outside the Greek drama is charged with such an intensity of pathos, so prolonged and agonising a moral convulsion, and so sublime a contempt for the accepted conventionalities of dramatic construction. Lear's mental overthrow is Titanic in its awful and stupendous impressiveness. Perhaps it is this very quality which has made the tragedy so unattractive, relatively speaking, to "the general." Even the noblest acting can scarcely grasp the full measure of emotions cast in such heroic mould. Charles Lamb, who had a fine critical faculty, maintained that "Lear" was unsuited to theatrical representation. "To see Lear acted," he wrote, "to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him. That is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear; they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon the stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual; the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano, they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind,

with all its vast riches. . . . . On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind bloweth where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind."

Hazlitt was pretty much of the same opinion, and it seems not unlikely that the inadequacy of the stage "Lear" prior to the days of Macready—an inadequacy that was partly due to scenic shortcomings and partly to impertinent alterations of the text—may have helped to crystallise a similar judgment in the popular mind. However that may be, "Lear" has never yet been regarded by managers as a money-making play; its appearances have been fitful and brief; and it remains to be seen if Mr. Irving, with his loyal reverence for the text and his lavish outlay on spectacular effects, will so reverse the prejudice of "the many-headed beast" as to secure for the Lyceum "Lear" one of those phenomenal runs for which the theatre is famous.

Lear is beyond question one of the most difficult characters to portray in the whole range of dramatic literature. This is one reason why fewer actors have distinguished themselves in the part than in Hamlet, Othello, Romeo, or Macbeth. It requires a wide grasp of varying and opposite emotions; a combination of great physical power with subtle intellectual *nuances*; a towering majesty of personal influence; a penetrating insight into the pathology of madness under peculiar conditions, and the necessary delicacy of touch to delineate the growth and progress of the disease. Lear stands out as the representative of a crushed and humbled absolutism. His authority is paramount, his will irresistible, his lightest word an overmastering command. In him the kingly office is an autocracy to which the most abject flattery and the most subservient submission appear but as part of the natural order of things. He brooks neither contradiction nor the faintest show of independence. His fiercely callous punishment of Cordelia for the simple offence of declining to compete with the hollow lip-service of her sisters, is but a manifestation of that egoism of authority which had grown out of the barbarous conception of primitive kingship. If this is not clearly apprehended by the actor, and indicated in the brief opening scenes, the shock to his outraged dignity which throws Lear into a fury of passion, and makes him pour forth like a torrent of molten lava the

maledictions of his volcanic rage, becomes not only unintelligible, but grotesque. Shakespeare dared a situation which has no counterpart out of Greek tragedy, but the instinct of his genius was true; and although very few actors are capable of rising to the necessities of this situation, yet, when they are, the impression they produce is overpowering in its vehement and thrilling intensity.

Nothing could be more instinct with dramatic propriety than the introduction of the rage of the physical world as a background for the stupendous upheaval going on in the king's mind. Every detail of the development of Lear's acute mania is vividly true to scientific experience. Yet, though the literary outlines are sharply distinct, and the symptoms would do credit to the delineation of an expert in mental disease, yet the actor has to fill in a hundred suggestive touches, gathered from close and personal study of the afflicted. The text alone depicts for the reader the growth and violence of Lear's malady, but on the stage the supplementary aid of acted indications is needed to give the picture the completeness and actuality of life. To do this without overdoing it, requires a consummate dexterity of touch—the instinctive grasp of a great actor. Macready had this, Edmund Kean had it, so probably had Garrick, so unquestionably has Henry Irving.

Notwithstanding the enormous difficulty of getting any man with the physical qualities and supreme command of emotions necessary for an even tolerable portrayal of Lear, there have been, unless records grossly falsify the facts, several notable exponents of the character. Before furnishing some particulars of the chief among these it may be worth while to point out that the first performance of the tragedy took place nearly 286 years ago. This appears from the title-page of the first quarto, which reads as follows:—"M. William Shakspeare: His True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humor of Tom of Bedlam. As it was played before the King's Maiestie at Whitehall vpon S. Stephen's night in Christmas Hollidayes. By his Maiestie's seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe on the Bancke-side. London Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere St. Austin's gate. 1608." Probably the play was written some time between 1604 and 1606. It was founded principally upon Holinshed's Chronicle, Harsnet's "Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures," and Sidney's "Arcadia" (for the episode of Gloster and his sons). Some use, but very little, may also have been made

of an old play called "The True Chronicle Historie of King Leir," Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and Higgins's "Mirror for Magistrates." Richard Burbage was probably the first representative of Lear, and his conception of the part, as of other principal characters in the Shakespearean drama, no doubt became traditional with his successors. We know from Flecknoe that his was a Protean nature, and that he so identified himself with the character he was playing, that he would continue to act his part even during the intervals while in the dressing-room; but no records have come down which enable us to make even a remote guess at his manner or his methods. The same may be said, so far as King Lear is concerned, of Betterton—the next actor of note whose name is identified with the Shakespearean drama. It is well known that he played a version of "Lear" at the Duke's Theatre in 1681, and afterwards both at Drury Lane and the Haymarket. "Yet," says Davies, in his "Dramatic Miscellany," "much has been said by Downes, by the *Tatler*, by Cibber, and others, of Betterton's uncommon powers of action and utterance in several of Shakespeare's principal parts, particularly Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, and Brutus, but no writer has taken notice of his exhibition of Lear, a part of equal consequence, and requiring as perfect skill in the player as any of them. I am almost tempted to believe that this tragedy, notwithstanding that Tate's alterations were approved, was not in such an equal degree of favour with the public as "Hamlet," "Othello," and many other of our poet's dramas. The *Spectators*, when they were first published, contained theatrical advertisements, but no "Lear" is, I believe, to be found amongst them. Had it been a favourite tragedy, Wilks, after the death of Betterton, would, in all probability, have seized Lear for his friend John Mills, and this would have served the double purpose of elevating his favourite and of depressing Booth, whose pretensions to the character were more just. It is in vain, therefore, to talk of Betterton's Lear, for we know nothing of it."

The version in which Betterton played, and which held the stage, with very little alteration, till the time of Macready, was the work of Nahum Tate, who shares with Brady the questionable honour of having turned the Psalms of David into verse which is only one remove from doggerel. Lamb caustically remarks that Tate put a hook in the nostrils of the leviathan (Lear), that the showmen of the scene might draw the mighty beast about more easily. Tate's sense of poetical justice was not satisfied with the deaths of Lear and Cordelia; he wanted the piece to end happily, so he gave Cordelia a lover in the person of Edgar, and made her forget her old father, and "not

only find time to listen to the lover, but to retire with him into a cave to dry her clothes before she proceeds any further." Mr. Tate, in his dedication, ingenuously remarks, "I found that the new modelling of this story would force me sometimes on the difficult task of making the chiefest persons speak something like their character, on matter whereof I had no ground in my author. I found the whole to answer your account of it : a heap of jewels unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder that I soon perceived I had found a treasure." One of the expedients resorted to by this ruthless adaptor to improve the regularity of the construction was to cut the Fool out of the play ! The touching picture of Lear bearing in the body of his dead daughter was expunged, since Cordelia was not put to death; and instead of the terrible climax of the old king's collapse after the expiring flicker of recovered sanity, we get a fatherly benediction on the happy pair, and a "tag" of the most approved transpontine fashion :

> *Gloster.* Now, gentle gods, give Gloster his discharge.
> *Lear.* No, Gloster, thou hast business yet for life.
> Thou, Kent, and I, retired to some close cell,
> Will quietly pass our short reserves of time
> In calm reflection on our sev'ral fortunes,
> Cheered with relation of the prosperous reign
> Of this celestial pair : [1] thus its remains
> Shall in its even course of thought be past,
> Enjoy the present hour, nor fear the last.
>
> [*Exeunt omnes.*

Barton Booth and James Quin essayed, with partial success, the character of Lear, but it was not until Garrick arrived on the scene that histrionic genius rose to the height of the great argument. It was in the season 1755–6, as narrated in Dr. Doran's "Annals of the English Stage," that Spranger Barry entered the lists, not for the first time, against Garrick, by acting Lear, with Miss Nossiter as Cordelia, which part Mrs. Cibber played to Garrick's king. "In this contest Garrick," we are told, "carried away the palm. Barry was dignified, pathetic, and impressive, but unequal, failing principally in the mad scenes, which appear to have been over-acted. It was precisely these where Garrick was most sublime, natural, and affecting. There was no rant, no violence, no grimacing. The feeble, miserable, but still royal old man was there ; slow of motion, vague of look, uncertain, forgetful of all things save of the cruelty of his daughters. It was said for Barry that he was 'every inch a king' ; for Garrick,

[1] Edgar and Cordelia.

that he was 'every inch King Lear.'" The wits who admired the latter, repeated the epigram:

> The town has found out diff'rent ways
> To praise the different Lears;
> To Barry they give loud huzzas!
> To Garrick—only tears.

Others quoted in retort the lines alluding to Garrick's jealousy:

> Critics attend! and judge the rival Lears;
> While each commands applause, and each your tears.
> Then own this truth—well he performs the part
> Who touches—even Garrick to the heart.

John Kemble acted Lear for the first time on the occasion of his sister's (the great Siddons) benefit in January 1788. The greatest admirers of Garrick confessed that Kemble's Lear was nearly equal to that of their idol; but Boaden records that he never played it so grandly and so touchingly as on that night.

During the latter part of the reign of George III., while his Majesty was suffering from mental affliction, "King Lear" was, from proper feelings of delicacy, never performed. It will be recollected that Thackeray, in his "Four Georges," seizes upon the parallel in a passage of exquisitely solemn feeling: "Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

> Vex not his ghost: oh! let him pass! He hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer."

After the king's death the taboo on "Lear" was withdrawn, and the tragedy was put in active rehearsal both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. The leading rôle was taken at the former by Junius Brutus Booth (the father of the assassin, Wilkes Booth, who slew President Lincoln), and Macready played Edmund and Charles Kemble Edgar. The performance, so far as Booth was concerned, was not a success, although his ranting style and passionate delivery gained the applause of the groundlings. When, a few weeks later, Edmund Kean performed Lear at the "Lane," with overshadowing supremacy, Booth retired promptly from the unequal contest. Kean had given enormous pains to the study of the character; on one occasion, it is said, he acted scene after scene before the pier-glass

from midnight to noonday ; and so anxious was he to impart truth and natural colouring to his performance, that in order to observe the details and manifestations of real insanity, he constantly visited St. Luke's and Bethlehem Hospitals ere he appeared in the old king. Opinions differ somewhat respecting Kean's Lear, but the balance of testimony is to the effect that he illuminated the points of the character with the flashes of highest genius. Tate's version at this time still held possession of the stage, and it is remarkable that such an impoverished edition could be made the vehicle of such thrilling emotions. "The character," says Mr. Hawkins in his admirable life of Kean, "was pervaded throughout by an equal, fervid, and unabated brilliancy ; the old man, the king, the agonised father, the scornful and humbled exile, and the madman whose wanderings of intellect are sublime, each received an individual and adequate interpretation. Bannister adjudged it superior to Garrick's ; an enthusiastic admirer of Kemble allowed that it surpassed the fine delineation given by his idol ; and a critic who, from a would-be independence of taste and spirit, had always been very careful of the amount of praise he awarded to the actor, said that he had no hesitation in declaring Mr. Kean's Lear to be a *chef d'œuvre* of acting, deserving every eulogium the critic has to bestow. . . . How sublimely eloquent was the whole performance in his praise! His warmest bursts of passion never removed him beyond the weakness of age ; his violence was that of the spirit, not of the frame ; it had words and looks of fire, but none of the tempestuous agitation which, had his skill been less consummate than it was, would have revealed strength of body and youth of mind. . . . The first symptoms of his distrust of Goneril were beautifully developed ; and when his suspicions became confirmed by her conduct, the actor showed that his reason began to tremble in the balance. The task now rose in its difficulty ; the actor's power increased in proportion, and his sublimity and grandeur augmented with each successive scene ; and who that once heard can ever forget the terrors of that terrific curse, where, in the wild storm of his conflicting passion, he threw himself on his knees, lifted up his arms like withered stumps, threw his head quite back, and in that position, as if severed from all that held him to society, breathed a heart-struck prayer, like the figure of a man obtruncated?"

The next *great* Lear was Macready. I recollect being taken when quite a little boy to see him play it at the Theatre Royal, King Street, Bristol, and although the details have long since become dim, the general impression has never been effaced by any succeeding representation. I have seen Charles Kean, Phelps, Dillon, Charles

Calvert, Edwin Booth, and Ernesto Rossi, but none of them was comparable with what I faintly remember Macready to have been. It is, however, to others that I appeal for more vivid impressions. Dr. Westland Marston writes in "Our Recent Actors": "His King Lear, as I saw it in his later days, when it had acquired a broader and more masculine outline than before, was, I think, his finest achievement in Shakespearean tragedy. To specify all the striking details of this great performance would need an entire essay. It may be said, in brief, that as the boundless arrogance of Lear was the sin by which he fell, so a revelation to the old man's heart—even through his disordered wits—of the common ties of our humanity was, with Macready, the great lesson of the play. In the storm scene, where Lear's madness is yet incipient, and in the still more terrible disclosure of the fourth act, Macready was on ground (that of psychology) where, if we except a few inspired characters of Edmund Kean, he seemed unapproachable. His dawning insanity gleamed out in his almost parental tenderness to the fool, as if he felt instinctively the bond between them. The recurrence to a fixed idea, in his obstinate and at last passionate asseveration that Edgar's 'unkind daughters' were the cause of his affliction, might, for its air of penetration and good faith, have been set down in the diagnosis of a physician. When complete aberration set in, the signs of it were astonishingly true and various. The keen, over-eager attention, the sudden diversion to new excitements, the light garrulousness, the unmeaning smile, or the abstracted silence, denoted by turns so many shifting moods of phantasy through which one torturing recollection, like a knell, heard in brief lulls of winds and waters, broke ever and anon. His gradual recognition of Cordelia, as the mists of delusion gradually lifted and dissolved, was a worthy climax to such a performance." Mr. John Coleman, who, as an actor himself, naturally looked with a trained eye at another actor, speaks of Macready's Lear as "not a transformation, but a transfiguration." Perhaps a more partial witness, but still a very competent one, is Lady Pollock, who says, "In his Lear it seemed difficult to surpass the intensity of passion with which he spoke a curse upon one daughter in the first act; yet this was as nothing to the succeeding passages, when Regan has taken Goneril by the hand. Lear was one of Macready's greatest performances, and was perhaps of all the most universally admired; its effect upon an audience was immense. It developed the insanity of the persecuted old king very gradually, it retained the peculiar character of age, representing the wanderings of infirm years, at that time of life when the passage from a healthy understanding to a disordered one is

hastened by any additional weakening of the physical powers. Lear's overwhelming passion in his worn-out frame produced this change. And who that has heard can ever forget the storm of sighs and tears which shook the audience when the old man woke from his dream of madness, to fall upon Cordelia's neck with the unrestrained emotion of his great age. To the horror of the first acts this appeal to a softer sympathy came as a relief which was an actual necessity."

Of the American actors who have undertaken to play Lear, Edwin Forrest was by all accounts the best, although Edwin Booth's performance would take a lot of beating, as I can testify. Forrest came in the fulness of time to be identified with the part by his own countrymen. In England he was never held in very high esteem, and this was put down by his supporters to the jealousy of the Macready clique. When Macready visited the States, the Forrest party got up such a hostile demonstration that the English actor had to escape by stealth, or he would probably have been torn to pieces. It is related of Forrest that when, towards the end of his career, he was acting at St. Louis, he was feeble in health, and his lameness was a source of anxiety to him. After a performance of Lear, a friend remarked to him: "I never saw you play Lear so well as you did last night"; whereupon the veteran almost indignantly replied: "Play Lear, sir! I do *not* play Lear! I play Hamlet, Richard, Shylock, Virginius, if you please; but, by ——! I *am* Lear!" Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough were two other American actors who won admiration in Lear. Edwin Booth's Lear is familiar to many English playgoers. It was not only powerful, but highly finished in detail; yet it struck me as being a work of art rather than the inspiration of genius—a carefully thought-out and elaborated study, instead of a seemingly spontaneous and perfectly natural outbreak of feeling.

Charles Dillon's Lear was picturesque, and had a good deal of rugged pathos and well-feigned vehemence. It lacked, however, the dignity of Calvert's performance, which, although his physique was inadequate to the strain he imposed upon it, and his outbursts of passion sometimes degenerated into a scream, fell very little short of the quality of greatness. He realised the mad scenes with wonderful *vraisemblance*, and in the concluding passages touched the very heart of his audience with the simple tenderness of his paternal sorrow. Calvert, at my suggestion, closed the play with the beautiful lines already quoted: "Vex not his ghost, &c." They formed a solemn and appropriate requiem to the tempest of wrath and the agonising mental tortures of the afflicted king. Ernesto Rossi's, too,

was a majestic and sympathetic rendering. Allowing for the difficulty of satisfying the Teutonic judgment with an Italian version, his Lear had many of the qualities of true greatness. Rossi's Lear, says a critic whom I am able to quote confirmingly, was a robust and masterful greybeard, proud, vain, and irascible, but deeply loving and intensely truthful—a kindly despot, capable of the careless cruelty that unrestricted and irresponsible power is apt to suggest to even generous natures. If a fault is to be found, it is that the conception suggested a king of the excitable Latin temperament, with a soft side "approaching to the feminine in its *naïf* and simple credulity, and in its womanly craving for affection"; whereas Lear is a British monarch, with all the rude and almost savage vigour of a semi-barbarous age, and of a people not given to over-much display of sentiment. If we can imagine an Italian Lear, Rossi's was perfection; even as it was, the actor very nearly broke down racial distinctions, and put his embodiment on the pedestal of that human nature which is common to all climes and peoples alike.

[In an early number of this magazine I hope to compare Mr. Irving's Lear with some of the more notable of those I have seen.]

H. J. JENNINGS.

SOME ITALIAN NOVELISTS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

MANY people still imagine they have exhausted Italian literature after wading through Dante and "I Promessi Sposi"—a course of conduct somewhat equivalent to the ignoring by foreigners of everything in English literature outside Shakspeare and Sir Walter Scott. Very few have any acquaintance with Italian writers of to-day; in fact, the majority of English readers may be safely said to be quite ignorant of contemporary Italian literature.

Italian is not studied so thoroughly or so universally as French and German, and the subjects treated by Italian novelists are, as a rule, exclusively Italian in interest and do not appeal to the world at large. If they did, we should have more Italian books translated into other languages. If Italy possessed a writer of such cosmopolitan interest, one who dealt with the problems of human life on such broad lines as Tolstoi, Ibsen, or Zola, for instance, such works would speedily find translators and readers. But she is at present occupied in forming and consolidating her own national and artistic individuality; her efforts are concentrated on herself, her books picture and reproduce herself—and thus, at first sight, the world's verdict of indifference seems justified.

Yet for those who seek no new message, no new school of thought in Italy, but who are interested in Italy herself, there are at present Italian writers of deep interest who well deserve to be known and studied outside their own country. Some of these seem to be laying the foundations of a school which may become strong with the best and purest Italian characteristics, one which shall be clear and realistic, and at the same time artistic and noble in aspiration. It is true that one class of modern Italian writers chooses realism without refinement, preferring to describe the real as manifested in corruption, after the manner of the French school, the violation of the Seventh Commandment being their theme. Some of these write brilliantly, but the best names are to be found in the first-mentioned class of authors, who strive to combine the old innate Italian love of beauty

with modern thought. Style is cultivated carefully—a book must be a work of art as well as a vehicle for thought. Fewer books are bought than in England, and there is no market for the loosely written shilling sensational weed which flourishes so well on British soil. The sensational in Italy is to be found in the *feuilletons* of newspapers, and is usually of the French criminal story type; in fact, most of the *feuilletons* are translations from French or English.

The four writers chosen for the subject of this paper may be roughly characterised as: Farina, the painter of domesticity; De Amicis, the elegant sentimentalist; Verga, the realist; and Fogazzaro, the idealist.

Salvatore Farina (a writer whose talent is appreciated both in France and Germany, many of his books being translated into both languages) distinctly set himself against the tendency to write solely about vice and unbridled passions, and devoted himself with great success to describing domestic life and affections. The popularity of his "Il mio Figlio" ("My Son"), which has been translated into French, relating the fortunes of a young married couple and their baby son—a bright story full of naïve humour—gives sufficient proof of Farina's skill in dealing with the common lot of humanity. Strong passions and dramatic situations are not his *forte*, but he is never dull for a moment, and the fine humour which is such a charming Italian characteristic never fails him. He has been styled the Italian Dickens, by reason of his humorous way of viewing the fads and foibles of humanity, and for his sympathy with them; but he has not the fertility of imagination or the genius of Dickens. On the other hand, he neither caricatures nor exaggerates, but paints real life simply and naturally with a good-natured quizzical irony which constitutes the charm of his style. One of his best books, "Pei bei occhi della Gloria" ("For the sake of Fame," or more literally in French, "Pour les beaux yeux de la Gloire") is the story of an old blind painter and his son. The life of these two is a graceful idyll, tender with their mutual love. Now and then the vanity of the old painter peeps out naïvely, and the tragic love affairs of the son touch a deeper note; but it is always a harmonious and finely-drawn study. One scene is especially clever, when another old painter, a whilom rival, comes to see the blind father: the mutual condescension of the two old men and their affable efforts to do polite justice to each other's merits without flattery and consequent loss of dignity—it is all so true and so humorously told!

"Don Chisciottino" (the "new Don Quixote"), one of Farina's atest books (published 1890), is equal to, and by some considered

superior to, his other works. It is the portrait of a good Quixotic gentleman, Uncle Leo, whose nature prompts him to help and advise everybody, especially his good-for-nothing nephew, a young officer in the army. Uncle Leo meets with the usual reward of Don Quixotes; he is deceived and fleeced continually, and makes enemies even of his friends by boring them with untimely admonitions and provoking pointings-out of where they are wrong. Finally, he does a sublime act, which the world would consider sublimely ridiculous, in marrying Anna, a girl whom his nephew has deluded into a mock marriage and then abandoned. The nephew leaves the scene after a heartless interview with his uncle and a woman whom he has betrayed: "not even glancing at the woman whom he had ruined, but keeping a sharp eye on the uncle, who was quite capable of giving him a kick to help him through the doorway, he fastened his sword in his belt and departed, majestic and unhurt."

Here is Don Quixote resolving to inculcate moral and reason, instead of distributing money in obedience to his foolish charitable impulses. He begins with the match-seller, and commences his moral discourse thus: "'Give me two boxes—or, well, give me three.' 'Choose for yourself,' said the poor fellow, lifting an eye beaming with satisfaction—one eye only, the left one, since it had pleased Almighty Providence, which had already deprived him of both legs, to require his right eye also (Heaven only knows for what purpose). Don Quixote, touched by this pitiful sight, choked his moral discourse into silence, took three boxes of matches and paid for ten, then went slowly on his way, regretting that he was not yet the perfect egoist he aimed at becoming, but nevertheless satisfied with himself because there seemed to be hope of becoming such with a little practice."

But Don Chisciottino is an incorrigible philanthropist, and never succeeds in being anything else. We are glad to feel, at last, that the good fellow is going to be rewarded for what he imagines is "selfishness" in marrying Anna.

Perhaps the most really popular Italian writer of the day is Edmondo de Amicis. Without having any great depth, his writings are graceful, refined and cultured, and he has the gift of touching certain emotions and sentiments easily. M. Rod, the French critic, declares him to be the really national writer of his country—other Italian authors may possess more talent, more brilliancy, more imagination and so forth, but "no one like De Amicis" (says M. Rod) "makes Italian fibre vibrate." He is also one of the authors with whom foreigners become most easily acquainted, his language being

easy and flowing, and his stories simple yet interesting. He writes compromises between the novel and the didactic work, which are successful experiments in this form of literature. In the early part of his career M. de Amicis was in the army, and his "Vita Militare," clever and artistic sketches of military life (novelettes they may be called), have had immense popularity, in spite of the idealised officers therein portrayed—amiable beings full of tender sentiment and gentle perfection, but such as are unhappily never met with in real life. The characteristic of M. de Amicis' earlier writings is in fact a certain tendency to view life through rose-coloured glasses, a form of sentimentalism which has earned him the sobriquet of "Il dolce Edmondo," but which is not so observable in his later writings. His fascinating books of travel have more solid and lasting claim to popularity than the above sketches; they are more than mere descriptions, they are brilliant pictures of foreign countries, which stand out before us in bright, rich colours. In these De Amicis shows himself artist, poet, novelist, in one. His descriptions of Spain, Constantinople, Holland, &c., are masterpieces in this style. Again, his essay on "Our Friends" ("Gli Amici") is another thoroughly delightful book, with its clever psychological analysis, its keen observation of human nature, its easy and graceful chat enlivened with that sly, gentle Italian humour which is by no means lacking in De Amicis. The various aspects of friendship have, surely, never been so exhaustively treated as in this charming book. The following, taken from the "Ups and Downs" (the variations in the daily thermometer of affection, so dependent on moods and humour), seems to me a really original thought, and decidedly a step in self-knowledge:

This morning, it seemed to me, I made a painful impression on my friend by an unkind look I gave him, and which he caught as he stood before the mirror in his dressing-room. In fact, this look of mine expressed anything but sympathy. How is it possible? Can there exist a sort of physical antipathy at the same time as moral sympathy? Certain it is that sometimes, even in a friend whom we love sincerely, we notice certain habitual gestures, certain trifling physical defects and dispositions, which we are not able to define, which are repugnant to us and annoy us, without our being able to explain why, and which attract our attention in spite of ourselves, like certain faces which we cannot endure, and yet are obliged irresistibly to look at. A physiologist would explain the matter by saying that certain features and certain physical habits are distasteful, because they correspond with certain moral defects which we dimly forbode. It may be so. I only know that this morning, whilst chatting pleasantly with my friend, a cutting word and an angry glance escaped me all at once, as I noticed a certain hateful, ugly curve in his right hip, which I noticed for the first time as he stood looking at himself in the mirror. Poor creatures that we are! Who knows how often I have attributed the harsh word of a friend to serious differences of opinion on

politics or to some old grudge—whereas in reality it had been provoked by the shape of my legs!

Lately De Amicis has been studying the school system in Italy, and has written many sketches of school life, both among teachers and pupils. His "Romanzo d'un Maestro" ("Romance of a Master"), published in 1890, is more realistic and truthful, consequently more impressive, than his earlier novels. This is perhaps scarcely to be called a novel; it gives a picture of various types of Italian school-masters and school-mistresses, and of their life, following the vicissitudes of one poor young master who is removed from one little village commune to another, until he is established at Turin. The career is certainly not a brilliant one in Italy; the stipend of the young *maestro* does not exceed £28 a year (the mistresses are often even more wretchedly paid than the masters), and the description of his struggles with the petty hostilities of the mayor and other village potentates is not reassuring.

Some of the types selected are amusing: a priest (also a village school-master) is presented as

A good fellow, so much so that his pupils treated him as a comrade, pulling his cassock when they wanted to attract his attention, ten or so of them all speaking at once. In order to check such abuses of confidence, he would make his pupils sit out in the courtyard amongst the stones and nettles, holding their books on their knees—some of them with egg-shells in place of ink-stands—whilst he instructed them from the little verandah, his provision of beef hanging close by upon the wall, and a pint of wine at his feet.

There is a touching episode which describes the master's visit to one of his scholars, dying from neglect and ill-treatment; this chapter is called "A Sad Day."

The master followed a little path across the fields and came to a cottage where were no signs of life. Entering the courtyard, he saw, sitting silently in the shade of a hay-cart, two boys and a girl, evidently brother and sister. Going on to the entrance-door, on which was pasted a printed hymn in praise of the Madonna, he knocked; the door opened, and he found himself before the peasant and his wife, both standing upright in the middle of the room with arms hanging down idly by their sides—two reserved, cold faces. He told them he was the master, and asked:

"How is the sick boy?"

The woman cast down her eyes. The man shook his head, and said indifferently, "He's going."

"You seem resigned," observed the master, looking at them.

"What can you expect?" said the woman with a sigh. "This makes the third the Lord has taken from us."

"Where is he?" asked the master.

The man pointed to a door at one side, and the wife went to push it open. The master entered, both following him. It was a roughly-plastered room, half

taken up with faggots of wood and agricultural implements. Entering, he stumbled over a huge hornet's nest, which seemed to have fallen from the beams. No bed was to be seen, but the peasants said it was behind the heap of wood in the corner. The master approached the miserable pallet and knelt down, resting his hand on the edge of the bed near the thin hand of the boy, which he could not bring himself to touch.

"Do you know me?" he asked.

At the sound of the strange voice the boy turned his weary eyes as if to seek the person who spoke, and their gaze rested vaguely beyond him, as if beyond a shadow. His lips moved, pronouncing painfully and scarcely audibly the word "master." And this word sent a thrill through the young man, as if he heard a sweet and solemn sound for the first time.

At the same moment he felt, shuddering, something moving on his breast: he looked—it was the boy's hand, which, moving slowly and unperceived upwards on the master's coat, had grasped it just below the collar and remained there. Then a sense of infinite pity overcame him, and he clasped the cold, damp little hand in his, no longer feeling repugnance to the touch. He tried to find words of comfort, but found none. It seemed cruel to say, "Courage, you will get well," and he could only think of asking:

"Are you in pain?"

The boy's eyelids moved slightly, as if to indicate that he was. His breath came fast.

Then the master remembered reproving the lad one day for unfinished work; he remembered his voice, his smile, a defect in his speech; but it all seemed to have been long ago. The dying boy kept his eyes fixed on the master's eyes as if to watch the tears sparkling there—the first tears, perhaps, that he had ever seen shed for him.

Giovanni Verga, the first Italian novelist of the day, is a writer of different calibre and quality, entirely different also in style from those above mentioned. He is more vigorous and more realistic, and his writings have much greater depth, containing not only descriptions of life, but being based on philosophic theories. He has been termed the Zola of Italy, and the term, though not strictly adequate, may give some idea of his breadth and aims. Decidedly Verga is the most original and powerful Italian writer at present. His types are chiefly drawn from Southern Italy and Sicily, where there is less culture and refinement, more of strong primitive human nature than in the north of Italy – the natures are more passionate and there is less self-control. The condition of men and things in the south is painted by Verga in strong but not exaggerated colours—he is realistic, true to real life. Several young writers follow in the footsteps of Verga (though not always with his genius), and Sicily is quite a fertile source of inspiration at present.

The most important novels of Verga form a series called "I Vinti" ("The Vanquished"), consisting of five books, each a story distinct in itself and independent of the rest, but all based upon the

same idea, or rather showing the same idea under various aspects. "The Vanquished," Verga himself explains in a preface to the first of this series, are those vanquished in the struggle for existence—the weak who are left behind in the march of progress—not the fittest who survive, but the unfit who succumb. "Vanquished ones," he says, "deposited on the shore by the current, which has destroyed and drowned them, each one bearing the imprint of his weakness, which might have been the glory of his strength. Each one, from the humblest to the highest, has had his share in the struggle for existence, for comfort, for ambition—from the humble fisherman to the *nouveau riche* and the intruder in higher classes—to the man of genius and strong will, who feels himself strong enough to rule his fellows—to the artist who imagines he is following his ideal, but who is following another form of ambition." Verga, then, describes those who fail in the grand struggle for advancement. In "I Malavoglia" we have the story of a fisherman's family, struggling against adverse fortune for the bare means of subsistence. In "Mastro don Gesualdo," a step further in the scale, material wants provided for, comes the ambition to rise in social position. In "Duchessa di Leyra" aristocratic vanity is displayed; in "L'Onorevole Scipioni" political ambition; and in "L'Uomo di Lusso" all these desires and ambitions are united in one man, who feels them, suffers from them, and is consumed by them. Such in brief is the conception of Verga's series, no less remarkable for artistic workmanship and brilliancy of imagination than for conception. Besides these works Verga has written some volumes of short stories describing scenes of life in southern Italy, each one a perfect and artistic sketch. One of these is the "Cavalleria Rusticana" ("Rustic Chivalry"), written as a story, then dramatised by the author, and now set to music by Mascagni, in the opera which has become famous during the last year. These "Novelle Rusticane" lose much of their charm when translated, and can perhaps only be fully appreciated by those who have lived in the south; but perhaps an amusing account of the naïve performances of the "Mistero" (a mystery or miracle play acted at Christmas by the peasants) may be appreciated by English readers.

The Mystery represented the Flight into Egypt, and the part of the Most Holy Virgin had been given to neighbour Nanni, who was short of stature and had shaved off his beard on purpose. As soon as he appeared carrying the Holy Child in his arms and saying to the thieves "This is my flesh and blood!" the spectators beat their breasts with stones, and all cried at once:

"Mercy on us, Holy Virgin!"

But Janu and Master Cola, who were the thieves, with false beards of lamb's wool, paid no attention, and tried to rob her of the Holy Child, to carry him to Herod. The sexton had known how to choose his thieves! Real hearts of stone they were. So much so, that Pinto, in his quarrels with neighbour Janu about the fig-tree in the yard, from that time forth applied as a term of reproach: "You are the thief of the Flight into Egypt."

Don Angelino, book in hand, took care to prompt Master Nunzio from behind the curtain.

"'Vain, O woman, is thy prayer; I feel no pity! I feel no pity!' . . . Your turn now, Master Janu."

For those two ruffians had actually forgotten their parts, such rascals were they! The Virgin Mary in vain prayed and entreated them to desist, until the crowd murmured:

"Neighbour Nanni is faint-hearted because he is dressed up as Virgin Mary. Otherwise he would soon run them through with his knife!"

But when St. Joseph appeared on the scene with his white cotton-wool beard, and went about seeking his wife in the thicket, which only reached his chest, the crowd could hardly keep still, for thieves, Madonna and St. Joseph could all have touched each other easily, if the mystery had not just consisted in this—that they were all to run after each other and never be caught. This was the point of the miracle, you see.

A direct contrast to Verga is the writer Antonio Fogazzaro, idealist *par excellence*, but sufficiently modern and sufficiently realistic in the treatment of his subjects to be read even by those who consider idealism out of date. His "Daniele Cortis," an exquisite story of love and self-sacrifice, shows the skill of the writer in his fine drawing of characters and situations, his artistic refinement of style. He does not draw a villain, it is true; but, as far as difficulty is concerned, it is more difficult to do what Fogazzaro does—give us pictures of high-souled, noble natures, and make them so human and interesting that we sympathise with them and feel them to be true and lovable.

"Il Mistero del Poeta" is exactly what its title indicates—the most delicate and ideal love-story that can be imagined. It is in truth an ideal love. So subtly tender are some of its sentiments and confessions that one feels almost indignant with the author for having exposed to public gaze the secrets of a loving, sensitive heart. (At least, it made this impression upon one who has been hardened by a long course of novel reading, in which love is treated of in all forms and expressions.) It is the story of an Italian poet's love for a woman under the spell of a deadly disease which may at any moment prove fatal. Improbable it may be, yet we feel it *might* have occurred somewhere, sometime—the characters are so real that we know them. Some of the scenes are in Germany, and the characters of two German brothers are described with such

appreciation of their inner good, generous nature, and their outer quaint peculiarities !

Fogazzaro, one of the last and most poetic idealists, does not treat ugly or repulsive subjects. He chooses what is best and noblest in human nature, and makes us feel not only that such characters existed, but that they always exist around us—we live with them and struggle with them in their generous aspirations, and feel better for it. In this idealism is justified.

MARY HARGRAVE.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

The Ethics of Dramatic Criticism.

A JOURNALIST of my acquaintance was good enough, lately, to favour me with his views as to the duties and the purposes of dramatic criticism. They were not exhilarating opinions, they were not ennobling opinions, but they were in one sense extremely instructive.

According to my counsellor, the one purpose of dramatic criticism was the obtaining of advertisements for the paper in which the criticisms appeared. The best way of obtaining such advertisements was by inspiring, or by seeking to inspire, a sense of fear in the minds of the various theatrical managers. Therefore the dramatic critic's duty was to slog away hard, and so become a power. The proper weapon of the critic, I was assured, was a bludgeon to be wielded apparently with exactly the sense of honour and scrupulousness that is exercised by the footpad upon a lonely road to his victim. It was the old lesson of "Your money or your life" writ anew. Twirl your cudgel, menace and bully till you get that sole object of your ambition, a stocked advertisement column. Pay no heed to any possible merits that there may be in play or in players, have no care for antiquated theories about art, only succeed in inspiring fear and all will be well.

Was there ever a more cynical, more ignoble view of the critical function? This is to make a critic into a bravo, this is to return at once to the brave days of Bludyer, this is to convert the pen of the writer into the knife of the assassin, or rather into the jemmy of the thief. One had hoped that the brutalities of Bludyerism were things of the past, that it was not merely the first duty of a critic to express his own opinion honestly and straightforwardly—for that was always the first duty of a critic whether he did it or no—but that it had come to be a recognised thing in civilised countries that such and nothing else was the first duty of a critic. The theories of my acquaintance undeceived me; they were expressed with a frankness which was their one redeeming feature, and in hearkening to them I

felt sick at heart, and indeed I might almost add sick at stomach. Surely to find such opinions advanced as the canons of criticism, as the maxims of the new literary morality, was enough to nauseate.

Happily, I do not believe that these are the canons, these the maxims that influence criticism of any serious kind in this country or in any country. No doubt there will always be, in every way of life, men who regard everything as subservient to the sordid instinct. But in the republic of letters I do not think that they form the majority. I would not affront those critics whom I have the honour of knowing personally, or whose writings I follow with attention, by assuming the possibility that they are animated by any other purpose than the sincere expression of their opinions. Those opinions may be right or wrong, they may express them blandly or brutally, they may be suave or they may be savage, but I am convinced that they are sincere, and that they are written with no mean speculation as to the possible length of advertisement which this stroke or that stab may wring from a publisher on the one hand or a manager on the other. But if criticism—or what had the effrontery to call itself criticism—came to be nothing better than the mask which conceals the features of the road-agent, then criticism would become one of the vilest of trades, compared to which petty larceny would be heroic, and the imposition of the begging-letter a gentlemanly occupation.

The Plays of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley.

If the theories that I have repeated held good generally there would be little difficulty in accounting for the dismal condition of the English stage. A venal criticism could scarcely be expected to stimulate a good stage. But whatever the causes—and I do not think that a venal criticism is one of the causes—the fact is patent enough to all who choose to pay any attention to the matter, that we have not of late or for long enough been overburdened with any superfluity of good plays in all our multitude of theatres.

All the more reason therefore to welcome with warmth the good plays when we get them. And in a volume which is published by Mr. David Nutt, in the Strand, we get no less than three of them. The plays which were written some time since by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. W. E. Henley in collaboration, have been the admiration of those who were privileged to read them in their privately printed form. One of them, "Beau Austin," was the delight of a wider circle when Mr. Beerbohm Tree essayed the

Adventure of the Monday Nights, and put it upon the stage of the Haymarket Theatre, now nearly two years ago. But while "Beau Austin" was the artistic triumph of its season, it was not played often enough to give all who admired it a full measure of satisfaction. That satisfaction they must look for and surely find in the volume that Mr. Nutt has issued.

The volume contains "Beau Austin," and more than "Beau Austin." It holds also "Deacon Brodie" and "Admiral Guinea." The version of "Robert Macaire," which it was well known that Mr. Henley and Mr. Stevenson had made, is not unfortunately included. Some question of American copyright is said to interfere. I do not quite know how the question of American copyright can be more dangerous to "Robert Macaire" than to "Deacon Brodie," or "Beau Austin," or to "Admiral Guinea." But it would be ungrateful to quarrel with Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley for what they have not given to us where they have given us so much.

For myself, I like "Deacon Brodie" the best of the three plays. It was the only one that was not already familiar to me. "Beau Austin" I had both read and seen acted; "Admiral Guinea" I had read, but "Deacon Brodie" was a stranger to me, and as a stranger I gave it welcome. It was played once some years ago for an afternoon performance at a London theatre, and, as I remember, it was not warmly received by its critics. I am not surprised; the time was not then ripe for such a play as "Deacon Brodie," even as several years later it was found that the time was not yet ripe for "Beau Austin" So much the worse for the time.

INCOGNITA.

WHAT has come to be called comic opera in this country does not in the majority of instances call for serious consideration. It is generally a French piece more or less imperfectly adapted to the conditions of the English stage and the insistences of English respectability. It has generally a greater or less quantity of other music by one or more persons impertinently interpolated into the original framework. Naturally, the result is a hybrid thing, never artistic and seldom pleasing—in any worthy sense of pleasure—although the amalgam may sometimes be diverting enough.

But of late years the joint work of two artists has created a school of comic opera and quickened the sensibility of the public taste. Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan have set a high example. Perhaps I was rash in saying that they had created a school, for they

had no followers of any importance, and the imitations of the books of the one and the music of the other have been usually disastrous. But their joint creations have served to show that contemporary England can produce good comic opera of its own, and is not or should not be obliged to accept in this form of dramatic art imperfect and necessarily incoherent adaptations of Parisian successes.

"Incognita," the new piece at the Lyric Theatre, is not a very good successor to "The Mountebanks." It has been tinkered at by too many hands, and the result has not made light work. Mr. Burnand can always make up an entertaining book, but he was too heavily handicapped by the conditions under which an unpresentable French piece was to be transmuted into a presentable English piece. The music, again, is not satisfactory; the work of a number of hands, it lacks artistic completeness and oneness of conception, and gives to the performance something of the air of a variety show. But "Incognita" has its good points. It is, on the whole, very well acted. It is beautifully put upon the stage. There is a very delightful dance by Miss St. Cyr in the last act, to see which it would be well worth while to sit out a far longer and far less entertaining piece.

Among the actors, Mr. Monkhouse takes the lead. His own strong natural sense of humour seems to have greatly improved since his success in "The Mountebanks." The guidance of Mr. Gilbert is always of excellent service to a conscientious and ambitious actor, and Mr. Monkhouse has learned much from his experience, so much that, though his part in "Incognita" is quite unworthy of his genuine ability, he still contrives to invest it with an unctuous whimsicality that is intensely diverting, and that suggests a blend of Friar John of the Funnells and Mr. Weller.

The acting of Miss Jenoure in "The Mountebanks" promised to lend a new artistic force to acted comedy. Naturally, it was highly interesting to see how far the young actress would fulfil her promise on her second appearance before a London audience. The part of the dancing-girl in Mr. Gilbert's play was so good a part, that there was at least the possibility that something of the applause which was given to its interpreter was due to the cleverness of the author's conception. It is pleasant, therefore, to be able to record that Miss Jenoure has more than fulfilled the promise of that first performance. The part she plays in "Incognita" is so poor a part that at first one is tempted to regret that Miss Jenoure's remarkable gift of comedy should be wasted upon it. But after all the work of an artist is never wasted, and Miss Jenoure, by making this poor part live, by

breathing into it a gracious breath of comedy and of poetic feeling, only gives a stronger proof of her dramatic ability. A clever actress might very well despair of so trifling a part and treating it in a trifling spirit might allow it to pass into undistinguishable mediocrity. Or again, a clever actress of another temper might endeavour by the sheer force of her cleverness to play the part at an exaggerated pitch, and so force attention to herself by an abuse of colour. Miss Jenoure makes neither of these mistakes. While she moves within the limits of her part she gives it a life and a character of its own, a life and a character that for bright humour and unaffected grace suggest an incarnation of some one of the daintiest and most delightful of the dream women of Marivaux.

While it is always a pleasure to praise, it is always a pain to find fault. I have already expressed elsewhere my opinion, which I here repeat, of the capabilities of the lady who takes the prima donna's part. I said that it is always a dangerous policy for the dealer in any kind of wares to praise his merchandise too highly before displaying it. Persistent rumour assured the public that the management of the Lyric Theatre had discovered the nonpareil and marvel of the age, the one fair woman, the pearl of actresses, the pink of all possible perfections. This kind of overpraise of the untested and the unknown is generally a fatal blunder; in this instance it has proved merely a very foolish blunder. The actress untrumpeted would have been very welcome for what she is—a pretty young woman from a country where pretty young women are fortunately very commonly endowed with a voice of a certain, or perhaps it would be truer to say of an uncertain, sweetness. But when expectation had been goaded to the point of preparing for a miracle made flesh, one who should prove the Avatar of all the Muses and all the Graces, disappointment was inevitable. And the disappointment was very great. It is not necessary nowadays to criticise the physical advantages or disadvantages of players with the frankness that Hazlitt employed in his day. So the singer's personal appearance may very well be suffered to pass without discussion. But for her other gifts the epithet "meagre" is the best found. Her singing voice is meagre in its quality, her power of acting is meagre, her power of dancing is more meagre still. Her performance never carries conviction with it; it is pleasing enough in its degree, but such pleasure as it affords is pleasure of a listless kind; it is not very interesting, but it may possibly improve. Much no doubt of the astonishing disappointment may be set down to the inevitable nervousness of a first night. The question is, how much?

"Peer Gynt."

BY far the most interesting dramatic event that has happened for long enough has been the appearance of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" in an English translation, made—and admirably made—by Mr. William Archer and his brother.[1] At last a dramatic masterpiece which holds something of the same relationship to modern Scandinavian literature that "Faust" does to German literature, is at the service of every lover of a great poetic play. I expressed, in another place, the wish that one might have the promise "though distant, yet, indeed, revealed," that there should be sooner or later a performance of "Peer Gynt" on an English stage. I feared that it was not likely, but the privilege of Pandora's is always ours, and in hope, at least, the thing is done. It is perfectly feasible, of course. Does not Germany often play the whole of "Faust"? But we are not Germany, and the thing would be, I fear, beyond the powers of the Independent Theatre just yet; for it would be an expensive business to stage it to the show. Is there, I asked, in that other place, in any corner of the world, a millionaire who is devoted to the study of Ibsen? There may be at this moment in some Nevada silver mine or Australasian sheep-run, some individual of enormous wealth, whose delight in life is in the reading of Ibsen's plays, and whose ambition is to pay some worthy tribute to the master. If such an one there were, I urged him to send me a large cheque, and I promised to give a performance of "Peer Gynt" that would mark an epoch in the history of the stage. But I added that I did not expect to get that cheque, or to mark that epoch.

The Drama as it is.

BUT if the printed drama is inspiriting enough, if the translated Ibsen and the original work of Henley and Stevenson cheer, the actual plays now being played on the London boards are the reverse of exhilarating. It is nearly half a century since Thomas Carlyle, struggling with his Brocken spectre of a Cromwell, turned for one moment his thoughts to the possibility of a Cromwell play by him, and then put the thought from him for ever, with the declaration that the drama was dead in England. Strindberg made the same assertion very lately. Indeed, in ranging over the list of plays now or lately being performed, there is little or nothing to lead one to a contrary opinion. At one theatre a race-horse is the hero of the piece, is, in fact, the piece, a thing which supports Swift's theory of

[1] London: Sonnenschein & Co.

the superiority of the horse to man. At another theatre a beautiful woman wore beautiful dresses in the worst play that has been seen upon our stage for many a long day. What is to be said of "A Lucky Dog," of the revival of "Our Boys," of "The Awakening"? What of—but the list is too long. Tedious it were to tell and harsh to hear. And in the midst of all this desolation there never was more fuss made about the stage and its plays and its players. Newspapers publish columns of confessions from our dramatic authors, telling the city and the world how they write their plays. Critics of reputation, leaders of the Old School and leaders of the New, in their feverish excitement about the condition of the drama, forget their suavity, and treat each other with a personality of address that recalls the warrings of the Schoolmen. Infinite talk there is "about it and about," infinite argument, exacerbating, it would seem, to the nerves of the disputants, and, as far as can be seen, nothing is coming of it. For the plays of Mr. Henley and Mr. Stevenson have not been born of the recent agitation. They were in existence before the existing strife began; they have nothing to do with the shrill strife and the heady wrangle now raging. The whole business is one to make the angels weep, who with our spleens would all themselves laugh mortal—if, indeed, it could by any stretch of imagination be supposed that angels could have any concern for the plays of this passing hour.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

ALFRED BARON TENNYSON, BORN AUGUST 5, 1809.
DIED OCTOBER 6, 1892.

A PEERAGE and a tomb in Westminster Abbey—such are the rewards Great Britain reserves for those she seeks most to honour. Common enough has been in the past each form of distinction. Until recent days, tombs in the Abbey were allotted to absolute obscurities; and the list of names of occupants supplied by Dean Stanley in his "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey," ranges from Chaucer, Jonson, Dryden, Handel, and Newton, to Mr. Thomas Smith and Nicholas Bagenall, an "infant of two months old, by his nurse unfortunately overlaid." Peerages meanwhile have not seldom been the well-known recompense of servility and venality. Where both honours—a peerage and a tomb in either Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's—have been awarded, national service has generally been rendered. Nine times out of ten the recipient of such distinctions has been a fighter. The soldier and the sailor still stand foremost in the world's pageant, and their brows are those ordinarily "lighted" by the coronet. Whose are the statues that are seen in our streets? To whom rise the tall columns which grace our squares and public places? To whom are given by a grateful country the palaces from which their descendants lightly part? In almost every case to warriors. If not to such, to successful misrulers and prosperous lawyers. Among these stood Lord Tennyson: a unique instance in this country of a man attaining the highest places for purely literary accomplishment, untainted with military or political service.

HIS CAREER.

A PROSAIC if brilliant recognition is that we have rendered. In France, where idea stands for far more than in England, a decoration is all that a country, as apart from a king, has been able to bestow. In Italy, in which life has been more picturesque, a wreath of bay leaves accorded during the lifetime of the writer has been

held to suffice. One can still see Tasso, after a lifetime of poverty, difficulty, struggle, and defeat, making his triumphal entry into Rome, for the purpose of receiving from the Pope the crown, "the ornament of emperors and poets." A distinction of that kind, real and, in a sense, adequate in Italy, would in England be regarded as ridiculous. A poet would accept no such decoration, nor would a Government dare to dream of offering it. Such honours and rewards as are in the power of the Government were ungrudgingly awarded, and it was only in the poet's own profession that any condemnation was heard of the pecuniary grant by which honours and titles were accompanied. The public did the rest. Tennyson might even have followed the example of Scribe, and, taking the pen for crest, have accompanied it with the motto *Inde fortuna et libertas.* He might, indeed, have followed further the example of his far less renowned and illustrious predecessor, and have written on the front of the house at Aldworth, with the alteration of *la poésie* for *le théâtre*, what Scribe put over a *châlet* in his domain of Séricourt :

> Le théâtre a payé cet asile champêtre :
> Vous qui passez, merci ; je vous le dois peut-être.

"The Passing of" Tennyson.

NATURE has joined with man in rendering homage to the departed poet, and has closed with a death he would have chosen a life such as he desired. It is not every one who takes the view of death ascribed to Ernest Renan, whose own departure prefaced by a few days only that of Tennyson. To Renan the most desirable death appeared to be a shot received in action ; and he is alleged even to have dreamed of accepting honours that might subject him to the chance of being the victim of popular violence. Granting even that the antagonist or the assassin is deft in the execution of his task, and that, instead of lingering in agony,

> Scorched with the death thirst, and writhing in vain,

the death is swift and sudden, it is too heroic for average humanity. On the other hand, Webster, in the "White Devil," makes one of his characters exclaim :

> How miserable a thing it is to die
> 'Mongst women howling.

Neither violent nor harrowing was the death of the ex-Laureate. His days had not quite come in length to those of

> The many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home ;

but full of years as of honours, with his family around him, he expired in the reposeful silence of his unlighted chamber. "Gloriously beautiful," Sir Andrew Clark said, was his departure. In words that will not soon be forgotten Sir Andrew continues, "In all my experience I have never witnessed anything more glorious. There were no artificial lights in the chamber, and all was in darkness save for the silvery light of the moon at its full. The soft beams of light fell upon the bed and played upon the features of the dying poet like a halo." To this, thinking of the worth of the man and the warmth of a nation's recognition, it is natural to apply the passage in "Samson Agonistes," too appropriate not to have been quoted before, in which Manoah speaks of the death of his son, with God "favouring and assisting to the end."

> No time for lamentation now.
> . . . . . .
> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
> Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

The Death of Poets.

IT is a favourite fancy that when the poet dies Nature mourns. The idea Sir Walter Scott has crystallised in well-known lines beginning—

> Call it not vain; they do not err who say
> That, when the poet dies,
> Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
> And celebrates his obsequies, &c.

Of Dante it is said that his future eminence was foretold in the fact that he was born on the moment of the 8th of May, 1265, when the sun was in the sign of Gemini, and that the year of his death (1321) was memorable for a total eclipse of the sun. If such dreams could merit attention it would be easy to believe that in the case of poets such as Marlowe, Chatterton, Keats, Shelley, Byron—who died by accident or disease, before their full strength had been shown and their whole message delivered to the world—Nature might be supposed to share the sorrows of man. Seeing, however, that death comes to all, and may not be avoided, there is no cause for lamentation when it arrives only in the plenitude of time. That the full moon shone with unsurpassable brightness on the night on which Tennyson expired many must have observed. In this case, then, Nature's homage seems

peaceful and appropriate, and the picture will not soon pass from the memory of the white face which

Gleam'd to the flying moon by fits.

Recognition awarded Tennyson.

CONCERNING Tennyson's exquisite art two opinions have not been, and cannot be, held. He furnishes, indeed, an instance unique in literature of a man of absolutely foremost mark, concerning whose place in the Temple of Fame no doubt is permissible, who yet in his lifetime won plenary recognition. A few crabbed old dogs of the old-fashioned school bayed at his brightness, and the "crusty, crusty, musty, fusty Christopher North even snapped at his heels." The elect, however, recognised his merits from the first, and in early life even he was idolised of the reading public generally. Admiration of him is mightiest in the mightiest, and the warmest tributes to the poet have been paid him by the greatest of his compeers. The utterance of Wordsworth, who, contrary to what might have been expected, recognised the worth of the man destined to be his successor; those of Carlyle, Longfellow, and others have been given to the world *in extenso*; that of Mr. Swinburne, who alone is worthy to wear the mantle of the Laureate, fallen from the august shoulders that wore it, is known to his friends. Not easily shall I forget hearing Mr. Swinburne recite as the most musical lines ever written, two lines from the "Lotos-Eaters":

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

The shorter lyrics meanwhile are unequalled since Shakespeare, Milton himself having nothing in the way so exquisite; only in a foreign language, less suited perhaps than our own to the purposes of poetry, can we find anything to equal them in finish and beauty—a few lyrics of Musset and Victor Hugo alone can challenge supremacy.

Tennyson's "Message."

THE one question that rises, then, is whether the message of Tennyson's poetry is equally worthy with the method employed by the poet. On this point alone two opinions are possible. A certain measure of truth underlies the assertion that in some of his best known poems Tennyson reflected his own age rather than the world at large, and that the "In Memoriam," in some respects his

crowning work, presents aspects of mental struggle which the world has since outlived. A man so creative and daring as Shakespeare—and, *longo intervallo*, Balzac—may take for his domain the whole range of human life. On natures less profoundly original, the times in which they are placed exercise a potent influence. If Tennyson is held to represent a period, the same may be said of Dante and of Milton. Men who in the matter of negation go what is practically the whole length—Rabelais, Voltaire, Goethe—get the credit or discredit of their thoroughness. Others, with Pascal and Tennyson, though held by the "unco guid" as heretics, are in fact the most devout of believers. Of what may be and is called agnosticism "In Memoriam" is the bible, of aggressive negation it contains nothing. The most serious defect in his literary equipment, as in that of Victor Hugo and Milton, is the absence of humour. His poems in dialect—"The Northern Farmer" and the like—are regarded by some as humour. What is so called is, however, observation of nature and insight into life.

Tennyson's Appearance.

NEVER, probably, was a face so seldom seen so familiar to the public. Photography is, of course, responsible for this. Tennyson, to use the customary phrase, "took well." Among men still living, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Irving alone probably would be as easily recognisable as was Tennyson. The costume he affected contributed to render him more conspicuous. His was a face that repaid perusal—beautiful in itself, revealing imagination, refinement, distinction, and pride. Carlyle's often-quoted description cannot be surpassed: "One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright-laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate, of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free and easy—smokes infinite tobaccos." With the exception of the "bright-laughing eye," which was known only to those more intimate than I had the privilege to be, the portrait is exact. I am disposed to add as complementary to it, however, the statement of Edward Fitzgerald, that his smile was rather grim. Some particulars of his excursions I had from his brother Septimus, who long ago died. Of these none is worth recalling except one statement that bears out Carlyle's description—"smokes infinite tobaccos." In company with friends, a long ramble in Italy had been arranged. When the party arrived at Florence, Tennyson found that his tobacco had given out. No tobacco fit to be smoked could be found in Italy, and the poet,

abandoning his tour, returned home. Whether this was an excuse to be rid of comradeship that proved less agreeable than had been anticipated, or a genuine excuse, I know not.

Who is to be Laureate?

IF the example previously set is followed, there will be a long period, during which the poetic "dovecots" will be "fluttered" with regard to the succession to the Laureateship. Tennyson is said to have hoped that the dignity, if such a term can be applied to a post held by men such as Nahum Tate and Lawrence Eusden, would expire with himself. This is, perhaps, the best solution of the question. Judged by the standard of poetic merit there is only one man worthy to step into the poetic shoes, and that is, of course, Mr. Swinburne. Mr. William Morris's entire career seems to disqualify him for any post or connection with royalty. Of the others who have been named, I can only say that any one of them who ascends the vacant chair will display a sad lack of humour. That a berth filled in succession by Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson should pass into the hands of ——— or ——— would be enough to produce a new "Dunciad." Matthew Arnold, had he lived, would probably have been the Laureate, and his appointment would have been generally approved. I have long had in view a candidate of whom I have not as yet read. The Laureateship is a Court function. It was offered to Rogers, the banker, who was little enough of a poet, before it was taken by Tennyson. Sir Theodore Martin, the biographer of the Prince Consort, is known to be a *persona grata* at Court. His poetic abilities, though he would not himself put them in the first rank, are higher than those of Rogers. Supposing the office not to be accepted by Mr. Swinburne and not to be abolished, I would, if I were a sporting prophet, advise my readers to "put their money on" Sir Theodore.

Anecdote of Tennyson.

ON one occasion the Laureate was in the rooms of an eminent astronomer, possessor of a fine telescope. Through this the Laureate was able to divide the Milky Way into the separate systems of which it is composed. In characteristic silence Tennyson gazed his fill, then, turning away, lighted his pipe and sat down, observing simply, "I don't think much of our English county families." I have told the story before, but the occasion seems to justify its repetition.

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THE MASK.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

I.

"WIGMAKERS have brought their art to such perfection that it is difficult to detect false hair from real. Why should not the same skill be shown in the manufacture of a mask? Our faces, in one sense, are nothing but masks. Why should not the imitation be as good as the reality? Why, for instance, should not this face of mine, as you see it, be nothing but a mask—a something which I can take off and on?"

She laid her two hands softly against her cheeks. There was a ring of laughter in her voice.

"Such a mask would not only be, in the highest sense, a work of art, but it would also be a thing of beauty—a joy for ever."

"You think that I am beautiful?"

I could not doubt it—with her velvet skin just tinted with the bloom of health, her little dimpled chin, her ripe red lips, her flashing teeth, her great, inscrutable dark eyes, her wealth of hair which gleamed in the sunlight. I told her so.

"So you think that I am beautiful? How odd—how very odd!"

I could not tell if she was in jest or earnest. Her lips were parted by a smile. But it did not seem to me that it was laughter which was in her eyes.

"And you have only seen me, for the first time, a few hours ago?"

"Such has been my ill-fortune."

She rose. She stood for a moment looking down at me.

"And you think there is nothing in my theory about—a mask?"

"On the contrary, I think there is a great deal in any theory you may advance."

A waiter brought me a card upon a salver.

"Gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

I glanced at the card. On it was printed, "George Davis, Scotland Yard." As I was looking at the piece of pasteboard she passed behind me.

"Perhaps I shall see you again, when we will continue our discussion about—a mask."

I rose and bowed. She went from the verandah down the steps into the garden. I turned to the waiter. "Who is that lady?"

"I don't know her name, sir. She came in last night. She has a private sitting-room at No. 22." He hesitated. Then he added, "I'm not sure, sir, but I think the lady's name is Jaynes—Mrs. Jaynes."

"Where is Mr. Davis? Show him into my room."

I went to my room and awaited him. Mr. Davis proved to be a short, spare man, with iron-grey whiskers and a quiet, unassuming manner.

"You had my telegram, Mr. Davis?"

"We did, sir."

"I believe you are not unacquainted with my name?"

"Know it very well, sir."

"The circumstances of my case are so peculiar, Mr. Davis, that, instead of going to the local police, I thought it better to at once place myself in communication with head-quarters." Mr. Davis bowed. "I came down yesterday afternoon by the express from Paddington. I was alone in a first-class carriage. At Swindon a young gentleman got in. He seemed to me to be about twenty-three or four years of age, and unmistakably a gentleman. We had some conversation together. At Bath he offered me a drink out of his flask. It was getting evening then. I have been hard at it for the last few weeks. I was tired. I suppose I fell asleep. In my sleep I dreamed."

"You dreamed?"

"I dreamed that I was being robbed." The detective smiled. "As you surmise, I woke up to find that my dream was real. But the curious part of the matter is that I am unable to tell you where my dream ended, and where my wakefulness began. I dreamed that something was leaning over me, rifling my person—some hideous, gasping thing which, in its eagerness, kept emitting short cries which

were of the nature of barks. Although I say I dreamed this, I am not at all sure I did not actually see it taking place. The purse was drawn from my trousers pocket; something was taken out of it. I distinctly heard the chink of money, and then the purse was returned to where it was before. My watch and chain were taken, the studs out of my shirt, the links from my wrist-bands. My pocket-book was treated as my purse had been—something was taken out of it, and the book returned. My keys were taken. My dressing-bag was taken from the rack, opened, and articles were taken out of it, though I could not see what articles they were. The bag was replaced on the rack, the keys in my pocket."

"Didn't you see the face of the person who did all this?"

"That was the curious part of it. I tried to, but I failed. It seemed to me that the face was hidden by a veil."

"The thing was simple enough. We shall have to look for your young gentleman friend."

"Wait till I have finished. The thing—I say the thing because, in my dream, I was strongly, nay, horribly under the impression that I was at the mercy of some sort of animal, some creature of the ape or monkey tribe."

"There, certainly, you dreamed."

"You think so? Still, wait a moment. The thing, whatever it was, when it had robbed me, opened my shirt at the breast, and, deliberately tearing my skin with what seemed to me to be its talons, put its mouth to the wound, and, gathering my flesh between its teeth, bit me to the bone. Here is sufficient evidence to prove that then, at least, I did not dream."

Unbuttoning my shirt I showed Mr. Davis the open cicatrice.

"The pain was so intense that it awoke me. I sprang to my feet. I saw the thing."

"You saw it?"

"I saw it. It was crouching at the other end of the carriage. The door was open. I saw it for an instant as it leaped into the night."

"At what rate do you suppose the train was travelling?"

"The carriage blinds were drawn. The train had just left Newton Abbot. The creature must have been biting me when the train was actually drawn up at the platform. It leaped out of the carriage as the train was restarting."

"And you say you saw the face?"

"I did. It was the face of a devil."

"Excuse me, Mr. Fountain, but you're not trying on me the plot of your next novel—just to see how it goes?"

"I wish I were, my lad, but I am not. It was the face of a devi —so hideous a face that the only detail I was able to grasp was that i had a pair of eyes which gleamed at me like burning coals."

"Where was the young gentleman?"

"He had disappeared."

"Precisely. And I suppose you did not only dream you hac been robbed?"

"I had been robbed of everything which was of the slightest value except eighteen shillings—exactly that sum had been left in my purse.'

"Now, perhaps you will give me the description of the young gentleman and his flask."

"I swear it was not he who robbed me."

"The possibility is that he was disguised. To my eye it seems unreasonable to suppose that he should have removed his disguise while engaged in the very act of robbing you. Anyhow, you give me his description, and I shouldn't be surprised if I was able to lay my finger on him on the spot."

I described him—the well-knit young man, with his merry eyes, his slight moustache, his graceful manners.

"If he was a thief, then I am no judge of character. There was something about him which, to my eyes, marked him as emphatically a gentleman."

The detective only smiled.

"The first thing I shall have to do will be to telegraph all over the country a list of the stolen property. Then I may possibly treat myself to a little private think. Your story is rather a curious one, Mr. Fountain; and then later in the day I may want to say a word or two to you again—I shall find you here?"

I said that he would. When he had gone I sat down and wrote a letter. When I had finished the letter I went along the corridor towards the front door of the hotel. As I was going I saw in front of me a figure—the figure of a man. He was standing still, and his back was turned my way. But something about him struck me with such a sudden force of recognition that, stopping short, I stared. I suppose I must, unconsciously, have uttered some sort of exclamation, because the instant I stopped short, with a quick movement he wheeled right round. We faced each other.

"You!" I exclaimed.

I hurried forward with a cry of recognition. He advanced, as I thought, to greet me. But he had only taken a step or two in my direction when he turned into a room upon his right, and, shutting the door behind him, disappeared.

'The man in the train!" I told myself.

If I had had any doubt upon the subject his sudden disappearance would have cleared my doubt away. If he was anxious to avoid a meeting with me all the more reason why I should seek an interview with him. I went to the door of the room which he had entered and, without the slightest hesitation, I turned the handle. The room was empty—there could be no doubt of that. It was an ordinary hotel sitting-room, own brother to the one which I occupied myself, and, as I saw at a glance, contained no article of furniture behind which a person could be concealed. But at the other side of the room was another door.

"My gentleman," I said, "has gone through that."

Crossing the room, again I turned the handle. This time without result—the door was locked. I rapped against the panels. Instantly someone addressed me from within.

"Who's that?"

The voice, to my surprise, and also somewhat to my discomfiture, was a woman's.

"Excuse me, but might I say one word to the gentleman who has just entered the room?"

"What's that? Who are you?"

"I'm the gentleman who came down with him in the train."

"What?"

The door opened. A woman appeared—the lady whom the waiter had said he believed was a Mrs. Jaynes, and who had advanced that curious theory about a mask being made to imitate the human face. She had a dressing jacket on, and her glorious hair was flowing loose over her shoulders. I was so surprised to see her that for a moment I was tongue-tied. The surprise seemed to be mutual, for, with a pretty air of bewilderment, stepping back into the room she partially closed the door.

"I thought it was the waiter. May I ask, sir, what it is you want?"

"I beg ten thousand pardons; but might I just have one word with your husband?"

"With whom, sir?"

"Your husband."

"My husband?"

Again throwing the door wide open she stood and stared at me.

"I refer, madam, to the gentleman whom I just saw enter the room."

"I don't kn if a jest."

Her lip curled, her eyes flashed—it was plain she was offended.

"I just saw, madam, in the corridor a gentleman with whom I travelled yesterday from London. I advanced to meet him. As I did so he turned into your sitting-room. When I followed him I found it empty, so I took it for granted he had come in here."

"You are mistaken, sir. I know no gentleman in the hotel. As for my husband, my husband has been dead three years."

I could not contradict her, yet it was certain I had seen the stranger turn into the outer room. I told her so.

"If any man entered my sitting-room—which was an unwarrantable liberty to take—he must be in it now. Except yourself no one has come near my bedroom. I have had the door locked, and, as you see, I have been dressing. Are you sure you have not been dreaming?"

If I had been dreaming I had been dreaming with my eyes wide open; and yet, if I had seen the man enter the room—and I could have sworn I had—where was he now? She offered, with scathing irony, to let me examine her own apartment. Indeed, she opened the door so wide that I could see all over it from where I stood. It was plain enough that, with the exception of herself, it had no occupant.

And yet, I asked myself, as I retreated with my tail a little between my legs, how could I have been mistaken? The only hypothesis I could hit upon was, that my thoughts had been so deeply engaged upon the matter that they had made me the victim of hallucination. Perhaps my nervous system had temporarily been disorganised by my misadventures of the day before. And yet—and this was the final conclusion to which I came upon the matter—if I had not seen my fellow-passenger standing in front of me, a creature of flesh and blood, I would never trust the evidence of my eyes again. The most ardent ghost-seer never saw a ghost in the middle of the day.

I went for a walk towards Babbicombe. My nerves might be a little out of order—though not to the extent of seeing things which were non-existent, and it was quite possible that fresh air and exercise might do them good. I lunched at Babbicombe, spending the afternoon, as the weather was so fine, upon the seashore, in company with my thoughts, a pipe, and a book. But as the day wore on a sea mist stole over the land, and as I returned Torquaywards it was already growing dusk. I went back by way of the sea-front. As I was passing Hesketh Crescent I stood for a moment looking out into the gloom which was gathering over the sea. As I

looked I heard, or I thought that I heard, a sound just behind me. As I heard it the blood seemed to run cold in my veins, and I had to clutch at the coping of the sea-wall to prevent my knees from giving way from under me. It was the sound which I had heard in my dream in the train, and which had seemed to come from the creature which was robbing me, the cry or bark of some wild beast. It came once, one short, quick, gasping bark, then all was still. I looked round, fearing to see I know not what. Nothing was in sight. Yet, although nothing could be seen, I felt that there was something there. But, as the silence continued, I began to laugh at myself beneath my breath. I had not supposed that I was such a coward to be frightened at less than a shadow! Moving away from the walk, I was about to resume my walk, when it came again, the choking, breathless bark—so close to me that I seemed to feel the warm breath upon my cheek. Looking swiftly round, I saw, almost touching mine, the face of the creature which I had seen, but only for an instant, in the train.

II.

"Are you ill?"

"I am a little tired."

"You look as though you had seen a ghost. I am sure you are not well."

I did not feel well. I felt as though I *had* seen a ghost, and something worse than a ghost! I had found my way back to the hotel—how I scarcely knew. The first person I met was Mrs. Jaynes. She was in the garden, which ran all round the building. My appearance seemed to occasion her anxiety.

"I am sure you are not well! Do sit down! Let me get you something to drink."

"Thanks. I think I will go to my own room. I have not been very well lately. A little upsets me."

She seemed reluctant to let me go. Her solicitude was flattering; though if there had been a little less of it I should have been equally content. She even offered me her arm. That I laughingly declined. I was not quite in such a piteous plight as to be in need of that. At last I escaped her. As I entered my sitting-room someone rose to greet me. It was Mr. Davis.

"Mr. Fountain, are you not well?"

My appearance seemed to strike him as it had struck the lady.

"I have had a shock. Will you ring the bell and order me some brandy?"

"A shock?" He looked at me curiously. "What sort of a shock?"

"I will tell you when you have ordered the brandy. I really am in need of something to revive me. I fancy my nervous system must be altogether out of order."

He rang the bell. I sank into an easy-chair, really grateful for the support which it afforded me. Although he sat still I was conscious that his eyes were on me all the time. When the waiter had brought the brandy Mr. Davis gave reins to his curiosity.

"I hope that nothing serious has happened."

"It depends upon what you call serious." I paused to allow the spirit to take effect. It did me good. "You remember what I told you about the strange sound which was uttered by the creature which robbed me in the train. I have heard that sound again."

"Indeed?" He observed me attentively. I had thought he would be sceptical—he was not. "Can you describe the sound?"

"It is difficult to describe, though when it is once heard it is impossible not to recognise it when it is heard again." I shuddered as I thought of it. "It is like the cry of some wild beast when in a state of frenzy—just a short, jerky, half-strangled yelp."

"May I ask what were the circumstances under which you heard it?"

"I was looking at the sea in front of Hesketh Crescent. I heard it close behind me, not once, but twice. And the second time I—I saw the face which I saw in the train."

I took another drink of brandy. I fancy that Mr. Davis saw how even the mere recollection affected me.

"Do you think that your assailant could by any possibility have been a woman?"

"A woman!"

"Was the face you saw anything like that?"

He produced from his pocket a pocket-book, and from the pocket-book a photograph. He handed it to me. I regarded it intently. It was not a good photograph, but it was a strange one. The more I looked at it the more it grew upon me that there was a likeness—a dim and fugitive likeness, but still a likeness to the face which had glared at me only half an hour before.

"But surely this is not a woman?"

"Tell me, first of all, if you trace in it any resemblance."

"I do, and I don't. In the portrait the face, as I know it, is grossly flattered, and yet in the portrait it is sufficiently hideous."

Mr. Davis stood up. He seemed a little excited.

"I believe I have hit it!"

"You have hit it?"

"The portrait which you hold in your hand is the portrait of a criminal lunatic who escaped last week from Broadmoor."

"A criminal lunatic!"

As I looked at the portrait I perceived that it *was* the face of a lunatic.

"The woman—for it is a woman—is a perfect devil, as artful as she is wicked. She was there during Her Majesty's pleasure for a murder which was attended with details of horrible cruelty. She was more than suspected of having had a hand in other crimes. Since that portrait was taken she deliberately burnt her face with a red-hot poker, disfiguring herself almost beyond recognition."

"There is another circumstance which I should mention, Mr. Davis. Do you know that this morning I saw the young gentleman too?"

The detective stared.

"What young gentleman?"

"The young fellow who got into the train at Swindon, and who offered me his flask."

"You saw him! Where?"

"Here, in the hotel."

"The devil you did! And you spoke to him?"

"I tried to."

"And he hooked it?"

"That is the odd part of the thing. You will say there is something odd about everything I tell you, and, I must confess, there is. When you left me this morning I wrote a letter; when I had written it I left the room. As I was going along the corridor I saw, in front of me, the young man who was with me in the train."

"You are sure it was he?"

"Certain! When first I saw him he had his back to me. I suppose he heard me coming. Anyhow, he turned, and we were face to face. The recognition, I believe, was mutual, because as I advanced——"

"He cut his lucky?"

"He turned into a room upon his right."

"Of course you followed him?"

"I did. I made no bones about it. I was not three seconds after him, but when I entered the room was empty."

"Empty!"

"It was an ordinary sitting-room like this, but on the other side

of it there was a door. I tried that door. It was locked. I rapped with my knuckles. A woman answered."

"A woman?"

"A woman! She not only answered, she came out."

"Was she anything like that portrait?"

I laughed. The idea of instituting any comparison between the horror in the portrait and that vision of health and loveliness was too ludicrous.

"She was a lady who is stopping in the hotel, with whom I already had had some conversation, and who is about as unlike that portrait as anything could possibly be—a Mrs. Jaynes."

"Jaynes? A Mrs. Jaynes?" The detective bit his finger-nails. He seemed to be turning something over in his mind. "And did you see the man?"

"That is where the oddness of the thing comes in. She declared that there was no man."

"What do you mean?"

"She declared that no one had been near her bedroom while she had been in it. That there was no one in it at that particular moment is beyond a doubt, because she opened the door to let me see. I am inclined to think, upon reflection, that, after all, the man may have been concealed in the outer room, that I overlooked him in my haste, and that he made good his escape while I was knocking at the lady's door."

"But if he had a finger in the pie that knocks the other theory upon the head." He nodded towards the portrait which I still was holding in my hand. "A man like that would scarcely have such a pal as Mary Brooker."

"I confess, Mr. Davis, that the whole affair is a mystery to me. I suppose that your theory is that the flask out of which I drunk was drugged?"

"I should say upon the face of it that there can't be two doubts about that." The detective stood reflecting. "I should like to have a look at this Mrs. Jaynes. I will have a look at her. I'll go down to the office here, and I think it's just possible that I may be treated to a peep at her room."

When he had gone I was haunted by the thought of that criminal lunatic, who was at least so far sane that she had been able to make good her escape from Broadmoor. It was only when Mr. Davis had left me that I discovered that he had left the portrait behind him. I looked at it. What a face it was!

"Think," I said to myself, "of being left at the mercy of such a woman as that!"

The words had scarcely left my lips, when, without any warning, the door of my room opened, and, just as I was taking it for granted that it was Mr. Davis come back for the portrait, in walked the young man with whom I had travelled in the train! He was dressed exactly as he had been yesterday, and wore the same indefinable but unmistakable something which denotes good breeding.

"Excuse me," he observed, as he stood with the handle of the door in one hand and his hat in the other, "but I believe you are the gentleman with whom I travelled yesterday from Swindon?" In my surprise I was for a moment tongue-tied. "I do not think I have made a mistake."

"No," I said, or rather stammered, "you have not made a mistake."

"It is only by a fortunate accident that I have just learnt that you are staying in the hotel. Pardon my intrusion, but when I changed carriages at Exeter I left behind me a cigar-case."

"A cigar-case?"

"Did you notice it? I thought perhaps it might have caught your eye. It was a present to me, and one I greatly valued. It matched this flask."

Coming a step or two towards me he held out a flask—the identical flask from which I had drunk! I stared alternately at him and at his flask.

"I was not aware that you changed carriages at Exeter."

"I wondered if you noticed it. I fancy you were asleep."

"A singular thing happened to me before I reached my journey's end—a singular and a disagreeable thing."

"How do you mean?"

"I was robbed."

"Robbed?"

"Did you notice anybody get into the carriage when you, as you say, got out?"

"Not that I am aware of. You know it was pretty dark. Why, good gracious! is it possible that after all it *wasn't* my imagination?"

"What wasn't your imagination?"

He came closer to me—so close that he touched my sleeve with his gloved hand.

"Do you know why I left the carriage when I did? I left it

because I was bothered by the thought that there was someone in it besides us two."

"Someone in it besides us two?"

"Someone underneath the seat. I was dozing off as you were doing. More than once I woke up under the impression that someone was twitching at my legs beneath the seat, pinching them—even pricking them."

"Did you not look to see if anyone was there?"

"You will laugh at me, but—I suppose I was silly—something restrained me. I preferred to make a bolt of it, and become the victim of my own imagination."

"You left me to become the victim of something besides your imagination, if what you say is correct."

All at once the stranger made a dart at the table. I suppose he had seen the portrait lying there, because, without any sort of ceremony, he picked it up and stared at it. As I observed him, commenting inwardly upon the fellow's coolness, I distinctly saw a shudder pass all over him. Possibly it was a shudder of aversion because, when he had stared his fill, he turned to me and asked—

"Who, may I ask, is this hideous-looking creature?"

"That is a criminal lunatic who has escaped from Broadmoor—one Mary Brooker."

"Mary Brooker! Mary Brooker! Mary Brooker's face will haunt me for many a day."

He laid the portrait down hesitatingly, as if it had for him some dreadful fascination which made him reluctant to let it go. Wholly at a loss what to say or do, whether to detain the man or to permit him to depart, I turned away and moved across the room. The instant I did so I heard behind me the sharp, frenzied yelp which I had heard in the train, and which I had heard again when I had been looking at the sea in front of Hesketh Crescent. I turned as on a pivot. The young man was staring at me.

"Did you hear that?" he said.

"Hear it! Of course I heard it."

"Good God!" He was shuddering so that it seemed to me that he could scarcely stand. "Do you know that it was that sound coming from underneath the seat in the carriage which made me make a bolt of it? I—I'm afraid you must excuse me. There—there's my card. I'm staying at the Royal. I will perhaps look you up again to-morrow."

Before I had recovered my presence of mind sufficiently to interfere he had moved to the door and was out of the room. As

he went out Mr. Davis entered ; they must have brushed each other as they passed.

"I forgot the portrait of that Brooker woman," Mr. Davis began.

"Why didn't you stop him?" I exclaimed.

"Stop whom?"

"Didn't you see him—the man who just went out?"

"Why should I stop him? Isn't he a friend of yours?"

"He's the man who travelled in the carriage with me from Swindon."

Davis was out of the room like a flash of lightning. When he returned he returned alone.

"Where is he?" I demanded.

"That's what I should like to know." Mr. Davis wiped his brow. "He must have travelled at the rate of about sixty miles an hour—he's nowhere to be seen. Whatever made you let him go?"

"He has left his card. I took it up. It was inscribed, 'George Etherege, Coliseum Club.' He says he is staying at the Royal Hotel. I don't believe he had anything to do with the robbery. He came to me in the most natural manner possible to inquire for a cigar-case which he left behind him in the carriage. He says that while I was sleeping he changed carriages at Exeter because he suspected that someone was underneath the seat."

"Did he, indeed?"

"He says that he did not look to see if anybody was actually there because—well, something restrained him."

"I should like to have a little conversation with that young gentleman."

"I believe he speaks the truth, for this reason. While he was talking there came the sound which I have described to you before."

"The sort of bark?"

"The sort of bark. There was nothing to show from whence it came. I declare to you that it seemed to me that it came out of space. I never saw a man so frightened as he was. As he stood trembling just where you are standing now he stammered out that it was because he had heard that sound come from underneath the seat in the carriage that he had decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and, instead of gratifying his curiosity, had chosen to retreat."

III.

Table d'hôte had commenced when I sat down. My right-hand neighbour was Mrs. Jaynes. She asked me if I still suffered any ill effects from my fatigue.

"I suppose," she said, when I assured her that all ill effects had passed away, "that you have not thought anything of what I spoke to you this morning—about my theory of the mask?"

I confessed that I had not.

"You should. It is a subject which is a crotchet of mine, and to which I have devoted many years—many curious years of my life."

"I own that, personally, I do not see exactly where the interest comes in."

"No? Do me a favour. Come to my sitting-room after dinner, and I will show you where the interest comes in."

"How do you mean?"

"Come and see."

She amused me. I went and saw. Dinner being finished, her proceedings when together we entered her apartment—that apartment which in the morning I thought I had seen entered by my fellow-passenger—took me a little by surprise.

"Now I am going to make you my confidant—you, an entire stranger, you, whom I never saw in my life before this morning. I am a judge of character, and in you I feel that I may place implicit confidence. I am going to show you all my secrets; I am going to induct you into the hidden mysteries; I am going to lay bare before you the mind of an inventor. But it doesn't follow because I have confidence in you that I have confidence in all the world besides, so, before we begin, if you please, I will lock the door."

As she was suiting the action to the word I ventured to remonstrate.

"But, my dear madam, don't you think——"

"I *think* nothing, I *know* that I don't wish to be taken unawares, and to have published what I have devoted the better portion of my life to keeping secret."

"But if these matters are of such a confidential nature I assure you——"

"My good sir, I lock the door."

She did. I was sorry that I had accepted so hastily her invitation, but I yielded. The door was locked. Going to the fire-place she leaned her arm upon the mantel-shelf.

"Did it ever occur to you," she asked, "what possibilities might be open to us if, for instance, Smith could temporarily become Jones?"

"I don't quite follow you," I said. I didn't.

"Suppose that you could at will become another person, and in

the character of that other person could move about unrecognised among your friends, what lessons you might learn!"

"I suspect," I murmured, "that they would for the most part be lessons of a decidedly unpleasant kind."

"Carry the idea a step further. Think of the possibilities of a dual existence. Think of living two distinct and separate lives. Think of doing as Robinson what you condemn as Brown. Think of doubling the parts and hiding within your own breast the secret of the double; think of leading a triple life; think of leading many lives in one—of being the old man and the young, the husband and the wife, the father and the son."

"Think, in other words, of the unattainable."

"*Not* unattainable!" Moving away from the mantel-shelf, she raised her hand above her head with a gesture which was all at once dramatic. "I have attained!"

"You have attained—to what?"

"To the multiple existence. It is the secret of the mask. I told myself some years ago that it ought to be possible to make a mask which should in every respect so closely resemble the human countenance that it would be difficult, if not impossible, even under the most trying conditions, to tell the false face from the real. I made experiments. I succeeded. I learnt the secret of the mask. Look at that."

She took a leather-case from her pocket. Abstracting its contents she handed them to me. I was holding in my hand what seemed to me to be a preparation of some sort of skin—gold-beaters' skin, it might have been. On one side it was curiously, and even delicately, painted. On the other side there were fastened to the skin some oddly shaped bosses or pads. The whole affair, I suppose, did not weigh half an ounce. While I was examining it Mrs. Jaynes stood looking down at me.

"You hold in your hand," she said, "the secret of the mask. Give it to me."

I gave it to her. With it in her hand she disappeared into the room beyond. Hardly had she vanished than the bedroom door reopened, and an old lady came out.

"My daughter begs you will excuse her." She was a quaint old lady, about sixty years of age, with silver hair, and the corkscrew ringlets of a bygone day. "My daughter is not very ceremonious, and is so wrapt up in what she calls her experiments that I sometimes tell her that she is wanting in consideration. While she is

making her preparations perhaps you will allow me to offer you cup of tea."

The old lady carried a canister in her hand, which, apparently contained tea. A tea-service was standing on a little side-table. kettle was singing on the hob. The old lady began to measure ou the tea into the teapot.

"We always carry our own tea with us. Neither my daughte nor I care for the tea which they give you in hotels."

I meekly acquiesced. To tell the truth I was a trifle bewildered I had had no idea that Mrs. Jaynes was accompanied by her mother Had not the old lady come out of the room immediately after th young one had gone into it I should have suspected a trick—that was being made the subject of experiment with the mysterious "mask." As it was, I was more than half-inclined to ask her if she was really what she seemed to be. But I decided—as it turned ou most unfortunately—to keep my own counsel and to watch the sequence of events. Pouring me out a cup of tea, the old lady seated herself on a low chair in front of the fire.

"My daughter thinks a great deal of her experiments. I hope you will not encourage her. She quite frightens me at times. She says such dreadful things."

I sipped my tea and smiled.

"I don't think there is much cause for fear."

"No cause for fear when she tells one that she might commit a murder; that a hundred thousand people might see her do it, and that not by any possibility could the crime be brought home to her!"

"Perhaps she exaggerates a little."

"Do you think that she can hear?"

The old lady glanced round in the direction of the bedroom door.

"You should know better than I. Perhaps it would be as well to say nothing which you would not like her to hear."

"But I must tell someone. It frightens me. She says it is a dream she had."

"I don't think, if I were you, I would pay much attention to a dream."

The old lady rose from her seat. I did not altogether like her manner. She came and stood in front of me, rubbing her hands nervously, one over the other. She certainly seemed considerably disturbed.

"She came down yesterday from London, and she says she dreamed that she tried one of her experiments—in the train."

"In the train!"

"And in order that her experiment might be thorough she robbed a man."

"She robbed a man!"

"And in her pocket I found this."

The old lady held out my watch and chain! It was unmistakable. The watch was a hunter. I could see that my crest and monogram were engraved upon the case. I stood up. The strangest part of the affair was that when I gained my feet it seemed as though something had happened to my legs—I could not move them. Probably something in my demeanour struck the old lady as strange. She smiled at me.

"What is the matter with you? Why do you look so funny?" she exclaimed.

"That is my watch and chain."

"Your watch and chain—yours! Then why don't you take them?"

She held them out to me in her extended palm. She was not six feet from where I stood, yet I could not reach them. My feet seemed glued to the floor.

"I—I cannot move. Something has happened to my legs."

"Perhaps it is the tea. I will go and tell my daughter."

Before I could say a word to stop her she was gone. I was fastened like a post to the ground. What had happened to me was more than I could say. It had all come in an instant. I felt as I had felt in the railway carriage the day before—as though I were in a dream. I looked around me. I saw the teacup on the little table at my side, I saw the flickering fire, I saw the shaded lamps; I was conscious of the presence of all these things, but I saw them as if I saw them in a dream. A sense of nausea was stealing over me—a sense of horror. I was afraid of I knew not what. I was unable to ward off or to control my fear.

I cannot say how long I stood there—certainly some minutes—helpless, struggling against the pressure which seemed to weigh upon my brain. Suddenly, without any sort of warning, the bedroom door opened, and there walked into the room the young man who before dinner had visited me in my own apartment, and who yesterday had travelled with me in the train. He came straight across the room, and, with the most perfect coolness, stood right in front of me. I could see that in his shirt-front were my studs. When he raised his hands I could see that in his wristbands were my links. I could see that he was wearing my watch and chain. He was actually holding my watch in his hand when he addressed me.

"I have only half a minute to spare, but I wanted to speak to you about—Mary Brooker. I saw her portrait in your room—you remember? She's what is called a criminal lunatic, and she's escaped from Broadmoor. Let me see, I think it was a week to-day—and just about this time—no, it's now a quarter to nine; it was just after nine." He slipped my watch into his waistcoat pocket. "She's still at large, you know. They're on the look-out for her all over England, but she's still at large. They say she's a lunatic. There are lunatics at Broadmoor, but she's not one. She's no more a lunatic than you or I!"

He touched me lightly on the chest. Such was my extreme disgust at being brought into physical contact with him that even before the slight pressure of his fingers my legs gave way from under me, and I sank back into my chair.

"You're not asleep?"

"No," I said, "I'm not asleep."

Even in my stupefied condition I was conscious of a desire to leap up and take him by the throat. Nothing of this, however, was portrayed upon my face. Or, at any rate, he showed no sign of being struck by it.

"She's a misunderstood genius, that's what Mary Brooker is. She has her tastes and people do not understand them. She likes to kill—to kill! One of these days she means to kill herself, but in the meantime she takes a pleasure in killing others."

Seating himself on a corner of the table at my side, allowing one foot to rest upon the ground, he swung the other in the air.

"She's a bit of an actress, too. She wanted to go upon the stage, but they said that she was mad. They were jealous, that's what it was. She's the finest actress in the world. Her acting would deceive the devil himself—they allowed that even at Broadmoor. But she only uses her powers for acting to gratify her taste—for killing. It was only the other day she bought this knife."

He took, apparently out of the bosom of his vest, a long, glittering, cruel-looking knife.

"It's sharp. Feel the point—and the edge."

He held it out towards me. I did not attempt to touch it. It is probable that I should not have succeeded even if I had attempted.

"You won't? Well, perhaps you're right. It's not much fun killing people with a knife. A knife's all very well to use for cutting them up afterwards, but she likes to do the actual killing with her own hands and nails. I shouldn't be surprised if, one of these days, she were to kill you. Perhaps to-night. It is a long time since she killed anyone, and she is hungry. Sorry I can't stay. But this day

week she escaped from Broadmoor as the clocks had finished striking nine, and it only wants ten minutes, you see."

He looked at my watch—even holding it out for me to see.

"Good night!"

With a careless nod he moved across the room, holding the glittering knife in his hand. When he reached the bedroom door he turned and smiled. Raising the knife, he waved it towards me in the air. Then he disappeared into the inner room.

I was again alone—possibly for a minute or more; but this time it seemed to me that my solitude continued only for a few fleeting seconds. Perhaps the time went faster because I felt, or thought I felt, that the pressure on my brain was giving way; that I only had to make an effort of sufficient force to be myself again and free. The power of making such an effort was temporarily absent, but something within seemed to tell me that at any moment it might return. The bedroom door—that door which, even as I look back, seems to have been really and truly a door in some unpleasant dream—reopened. Mrs. Jaynes came out. With rapid strides she swept across the room. She had something in her right hand which she threw upon the table.

"Well," she cried, "what do you think of the secret of the mask?"

"The secret of the mask?"

Although my limbs were powerless throughout it all, I retained to a certain extent the control of my own voice.

"See here, it is such a little thing." She picked up the two objects which she had thrown upon the table. One of them was the preparation of some sort of skin which she had shown to me before. "These are the masks. You would not think that they were perfect representations of the human face—that masterpiece of creative art—and yet they are. All the world would be deceived by them as you have been. This is an old woman's face, this is the face of a young man." As she held them up I could see, though still a little dimly, that the objects which she dangled before my eyes, as she said, were veritable masks. "So perfect are they, they might have been skinned from the fronts of living creatures. They are such little things, yet I have made them with what toil. They have been the work of years, these two, and just one other. You see nothing satisfied me but perfection. I have made hundreds to make these two. People could not make out what I was doing. They thought that I was making toys. I told them that I was. They smiled at me. They thought that it was a new phase of madness. If that be so, then in madness there is more cool, enduring, unconquerable resolution than in all your sanity. I meant to conquer, and I did. Failure did not dishearten me. I went straight on. I had a purpose to fulfil; I would have

fulfilled it even though I should have had first to die. Well, it is fulfilled."

Turning, she flung the masks into the fire. They were immediately in flames. She pointed to them as they burned.

"The labour of the years is soon consumed. But I should not have triumphed had I not been endowed with genius—the genius of the actor's art. I told myself that I would play certain parts—parts which would fit the masks—and that I would be the parts I played. Not only across the footlights, not only with a certain amount of space between my audience and me, not only for the passing hour, but, if I chose, for ever and for aye. So all through the years I rehearsed these parts when I was not engaged upon the masks. That, they thought, was madness in another phase. One of the parts," she came closer to me; her voice became shriller—"one of the parts was that of an old woman. Have you seen her? She is in the fire." She jerked her thumb in the direction of the fireplace. "Her part is played—she had to see that the tea was drunk. Another of the parts was that of a young gentleman. Think of my playing the man! Absurd. For there is that about a woman which is not to be disguised. She always reveals her sex when she puts on men's clothes. You noticed it, did you not—when, before dinner, he came to you; when you saw him in the corridor this morning; when yesterday he spent an hour with you in the train? I know you noticed it because of these."

She drew out of her pocket a handful of things. There were my links, my studs, my watch and chain, other properties of mine. Although the influence of the drug which had been administered to me in the tea was passing off, I felt, even more than ever, as though I were an actor in a dream.

"The third part which I chose to play was the part of—Mrs. Jaynes!"

Clasping her hands behind her back, she posed in front of me in an attitude which was essentially dramatic.

"Look at me well. Scan all my points. Appraise me. You said that I was beautiful. I saw that you admired my hair, which flows loose upon my shoulders"—she unloosed the fastenings of her hair so that it did flow loose upon her shoulders—"the bloom upon my cheeks, the dimple in my chin, my face in its entirety. It is the secret of the mask, my friend, the secret of the mask! You ask me why I have watched, and toiled, and schemed to make the secret mine." She stretched out her hand with an uncanny gesture. "Because I wished to gratify my taste for killing. Yesterday I might have killed you; to-night I will."

She did something to her head and dress. There was a rustle of drapery. It was like a conjurer's change. Mrs. Jaynes had gone, and instead there stood before me the creature with, as I had described it to Davis, the face of a devil—the face I had seen in the train. The transformation in its entirety was wonderful. Mrs. Jaynes was a fine, stately woman with a swelling bust and in the prime of life. This was a lank, scraggy creature, with short, grey hair—fifty if a day. The change extended even to the voice. Mrs. Jaynes had the soft, cultivated accents of a lady. This creature shrieked rather than spoke.

"I," she screamed, "am Mary Brooker. It is a week to-day since I won freedom. The bloodhounds are everywhere upon my track. They are drawing near. But they shall not have me till I have first of all had you."

She came closer, crouching forward, glaring at me with a maniac's eyes. From her lips there came that hideous cry, half gasp, half yelp, which had haunted me since the day before I had heard it in my stupor in the train.

"I scratched you yesterday. I bit you. I sucked your blood. Now I will suck it dry, for you are mine."

She reckoned without her host. I had only sipped the tea. I had not, as I had doubtless been intended to do, emptied the cup. I was again master of myself; I was only awaiting a favourable opportunity to close. I meant to fight for life.

She came nearer to me and nearer, uttering all the time that blood-curdling sound which was so like the frenzied cry of some maddened animal. When her extended hands were all but touching me I rose up and took her by the throat. She had evidently supposed that I was still under the influence of the drug because when I seized her she gave a shriek of astonished rage. I had taken her unawares. I had her over on her back. But I soon found that I had undertaken more than I could carry through. She had not only the face of a devil; she had the strength of one. She flung me off as easily as though I were a child. In her turn she had me down upon my back. Her fingers closed about my neck. I could not shake her off. She was strangling me. . . .

She would have strangled me—she nearly did. When, attracted by the creature's hideous cries, which were heard from without, they forced their way into the room, they found me lying unconscious, and, as they thought, dead, upon the floor. For days I hung between life and death. When life *did* come back again Mary Brooker was once more an inmate of Her Majesty's house of detention at Broadmoor.

LOUTH GRAMMAR SCHOOL.[1]

THE old Grammar School of Louth, Lincolnshire, some forty years ago, was, both in its external form and in its inner life, so capital a representative of what an old English grammar school often used to be, that some account of it ought to be placed on record for the benefit of posterity. The class to which it belonged, once most numerous, is rapidly decaying. Education has turned or is turning over a new leaf. The old school-houses are demolished. Their queer old furniture has been knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer, or destroyed. Their quaint customs have been abandoned. Of course, there are many persons that are well qualified, both by experience and literary skill, to be chroniclers of these old institutions. The image of one or other of them rises before the mind of many a grave Paterfamilias as he thinks of his early years. When he falls a-dreaming of that extraordinary period when he, now so staid and well-established a householder, was a noisy schoolboy, he finds himself in an old room of the style of Edward VI.'s time, and perhaps is aroused from his trance by the vividness with which he recollects certain peculiarities of the method that was, for the most part, adopted in such time-honoured buildings. Meanwhile, I will in some sort essay the chronicler's part. Let me relate fragments of the vision I see when I throw myself back in my chair, and bid Memory entertain me with the pictures of the old days which she has collected.

I need not describe my old school-room at any great length. It formed the second story of a fair-sized two-storied red brick building. The side walls were fringed with long, much-carved desks, intermitted, on the one hand, to make room for a huge old fire-place; on the other, for the usher's official seat. At the one end of the room

[1] The interest felt just now in everything associated with the late Poet-Laureate will, it is hoped, justify the reprinting of the following paper, written some twenty-four years ago, under the title of "An Old Grammar School." The school described was, in fact, Louth, as the new title declares; and of Louth school Tennyson was a member for some four years—from the beginning of 1817 to the end of 1820.—J. W. H.

arose a sort of daïs, in the middle of which stood the head-master's desk. Never, O Rhadamanthus, Minos, and Æacus, shall your tribunal be more terrible in my eyes than that desk! At the other end stood the desks of the second master, and of the writing-master. The centre of the room was, for the most part, an open plain of boards, except that here and there lay the boys' boxes, which, in the absence of forms, were occasionally used as seats when a lesson was being said; and in another place there stood a sort of movable scaffold, to which were attached certain maps. This simple and simply-garnished apartment was supplemented by a little room, popularly believed to contain a library, known to be the theatre of certain extremer punishments. Ah, that room! How often have I seen its door close on my dearest friends, who, after an interval which seemed ages, have returned to our wistful gaze, certainly sadder, if not wiser boys. I do not think we should have been surprised if they had not returned at all. I remember no farewells so touching as those we took of our fellows who were summoned to visit that appalling inner chamber. When I went to see the old school some three years ago, I could scarcely muster up courage even then to peep into it. This first floor, which I have briefly described, was reached by a pair of roofed stone steps. The roof was of great value on a wet day, when the scholars came early, or the masters late; we crouched, and crowded, and tumbled about beneath it. How we survived those frightful crushes—those of a London season are nothing to them!—why every wet day was not attended by the breaking of some innocent's bones, or indeed the utter extermination of all the smaller boys, are questions whose difficulty has only grown greater as I have grown older, whose solution will not, I fear, be ever attained by me. The ground floor of the building was occupied by certain almswomen. What a peaceful hermitage they must have found their quarters! Remembering all the graceful consideration for the feelings of their elders which characterises boys, I think I need hardly say their windows were not broken more than once a day. Ah! good dames! do ye forgive us where ye now are? The smash of your panes cannot now disquiet you. Add to the scene a large gravelled playground, spreading on two sides of the school-house, and the school premises are complete. They stood in a quiet old lane, facing a garden wall, whose unscaleable height provoked much indignation, for there were traditions of wonderful fruit-trees growing on the other side. The dragon that guarded the orchard of the Hesperides was never voted a greater abomination than that high fence.

Here for many a generation the boys of the town and the neigh-

bourhood had received the elements of "sound learning and r gious education." Here for many a generation they had groar over their "Accidence," had played the games of the period, h plagued and been plagued by their respective masters and otl natural enemies. This world whose geography I have sketched h never lacked a busy, eager population, which lived its life with d ardour and intensity, dreaming not much of things beyond frontiers. It could boast of a rich, eventful history, rich in stubb fights, in boisterous tricks, in direful feuds.

Never shall I forget the day of my own entrance into this vel ment, noisy world—if indeed the lad just preferred to the honour a jacket (what is a Cardinal's hat to a jacket?), climbing with trem lous feet up those old stone steps, is I. The test of a candidat right to admission in those days was simply his ability to read a pa sage of the Bible selected by the head-master. The horrors examinations were not well developed in those guileless time There was still some pity in human breasts for the young ar thoughtless. So, on entering that first great arena of my life, I w conducted into the room by one of the big boys. Oh! so big What has become, I wonder, of those sons of Anak who abounde at my old Grammar School? They were too tall for this world, eve then. Perhaps a considerate Providence removed them timely to son more spacious sphere, that their lofty heads might not be too cruel bumped and battered by our grovelling ceilings. One of the gian graciously led me up to the head-master's desk, and introduced me t the most awful presence of all my life. What seemed his head ha on a few grey hairs and a pair of spectacles, and a ruddy complexio So much I gathered in subsequent years, when my eyes ventured t regard him from a distance. More than this I never knew of his upp man. As to his nether parts, he consisted superficially of a pair low shoes, occasionally gaitered, white stockings—perhaps I should s hosen—dark inexpressibles, and what is called a tail coat. He nev appeared on the school premises, so far as I know, in any oth costume. In other respects he was, I believe, a portly man of sma stature. I can testify that his portliness was by no means of a natu to interfere with the activity of his movements. He was the ve spirit of activity. You could never say where he was not. He su rounded you. His voice was sharp and penetrating. His temp was, partly by nature, partly on principle, of a highly inflammab kind. He cultivated irascibility with great care for many years, an with such success that he could burst out into a storm of wrath, an sink down into a serene calm in a few minutes at any time. H rages were not so much tempests as squalls. For erudition he w

looked up to by his scholars as a prodigy such as seldom appeared. It was well known throughout the school that there was not a word in "Cæsar," or the "Delectus," or the "Analecta Græca Minora," that he did not know the meaning of, and probably not a question of any sort about anything that he could not dispose of "standing on one foot," if it were submitted to him. Society was much to blame for floundering perpetually about amongst unsolved problems, when there was such an authority to be consulted. He had enjoyed the inestimable blessing of three years and a half's residence at Cambridge at some far remote period, shortly after the Deluge, I think, when the subsidence of the waters once more uncovered the lofty summits of the Gogmagog Hills, and presently permitted men to go up again to the University. What degree he took was a much-vexed question, wrapt in the mist of ages. It was a favourite subject of discussion with the local antiquaries. I hope nobody thinks we boys cared a fig about the matter. We could have understood his conferring a degree on Cambridge or Oxford; but as to his receiving one from either of those institutions, we never dreamt, in our least reverent and worshipping moments, of any such excess of condescension. It was enough that he had once honoured Cambridge for a while by residing there. The presence was not unkindly, I remember, the morning it was my fortune to be introduced to him. He gave me some easy verses to read from one of the Gospels, was good enough to be satisfied with my reading of them, and then set me a lesson in the Latin Grammar—the old Eton Latin Grammar. After this manner began my life at the old school.

What a strange world to find oneself in! The boys varied in age from seven or eight up to an amount of years sufficient to make a freshman. The staple of the studies was Latin and Greek; or, rather, these languages were the only studies that could be said to be pursued. To be sure, other subjects were recognised. Once a week a collect was learnt by heart, or one of the pieces from "Enfield's Speaker." About as often a Frenchman appeared on the premises, and some few boys sat at his feet (*very* metaphorically). Then the writing-master had his hour. Ah! what a masterly penman was he! Another of his functions was, as I have since surmised, how not to teach us spelling. This duty he discharged with eminent success by the dexterous employment of a work called a Spelling-book. Lastly, this accomplished person was the representative of mathematical science in our school. The term mathematics, being interpreted, meant arithmetic in all its artful and inscrutable branches, as Tare and Tret, Position, Double Position, and, furthermore, the most primary rudiments of Algebra, should there arise any boy of

extraordinary genius. Except the time occupied by these studies—is there not an opening for a sum in Tare and Tret here?—all our school-hours were given up to Latin and Greek; and the school-hours averaged some five hours a day. This devotion to these languages was crowned with such complete success that the cleverest boys, by the time they were of age to proceed to the university, had *not unfrequently* read part of a play of the tragic poet Euripides. They could construe anything in the "Delectus"—that is, of course, anything that did not absolutely transcend a mortal's abilities. One or two fellows, *I know*, had gone right through the "Exempla Moralia!" One had read a bit of one of the speeches of the Attic orator, Demosthenes, before he left; but he died soon after. There are limits to a fellow's powers. The three years I spent at the school were passed in the perusal of that charming—but perhaps too exciting—work, the Latin "Accidence," of the Latin "Delectus," of Cæsar's "Commentaries" on his Gallic War, of "Eclogues" from Ovid, of a Greek grammar written in Latin, of the Greek "Delectus," and the "Analecta Græca Minora." I trust that when I was removed in my twelfth year to another school, I were my weight of learning like a flower. I do not remember being conscious that it felt heavy.

The dismissal customs of our school were curious. The headmaster could let us go at any moment he pleased by uttering the talismanic words *Abire licet*. This right he exercised with great discretion, always to our huge delight, especially if there were bears (inside Wombwell's vans), or anything of that sort in the town. The afternoon school could only be dismissed in the above way. The morning schools, supposing the dictator did not use his prerogative, were dismissed by a youth rushing into the middle of the school-room and shouting *Sonuit nona* and *Sonuit prima*, as the case might be. What uproar followed either cry! What an o'ervaulting of desks! What glad clamours! To perform that office of proclaiming the hour was everybody's ambition. As the moment drew near, you would humbly approach the writing-master, and petition to be allowed to go and "listen." Should the honour be vouchsafed, you bounded down the old steps and assumed a sort of hour-stalking attitude. The instant you saw the minute-hand of the church clock complete its twelve-spaced circuit, and heard the clapper begin to announce the glorious fact, then on the wind's wings you flew back and gave the signal of deliverance. One might live long without doing welcomer service for one's fellow-creatures than were these old heraldings.

Of course the saints were respected at our old school. Well known

to us were they then—at least their days. But in respect of them too the head-master was supreme. He could dis-niche, so to speak, whom he pleased. On each vigil, just before prayers were read—we prayed duly morning and evening—a respectful, a reverential deputation went up to him to remind him—as if he wanted reminding of anything!—of the imminent feast, and pray that we might keep holiday. What agonies of suspense have been endured on such occasions! The entire school would sit with its eyes fastened on the interview, pale and trembling! Sometimes it would see its deputies driven with ignominy from the imperial seat; at other times, and these the more frequent, it would become sensible that the presence was smiling, and all was well; and would, it may be feared, employ itself during the ensuing rites in devising the most splendid programmes for the spending of the morrow. Ah, delightful morrows! What games, what wanderings on the hills, what bathings in clear brooks, what noises of battling with "louts"—the local Philistines—did ye bring us!

But I must not attempt to describe all the vision that I see when I look back at those old days. There were other masters besides the head-master, who, in my eyes at least, belonged to a higher race than the human; there were boys, men of but nascent faculties, who were destined to win fame on the Cam or the Isis, in the senate-house or in the schools, if on no broader fields; there were adventures and accidents of a thrilling character. Is it possible to think of one's earliest *affaire du cœur* without emotion? Can one ever forget the fervent hope, the profound despair, of the love that made us twice a boy, the tender interchanges of vows and oranges, the sweetness and the light and the gloom of one's primal passion? It is long, O my friends, since Plancus—longer since his predecessor—was consul; but in our bosom live their ancient fires. Still, I will not let my pen revert to all these things. I push them from me. Quit me now, I pray you, O face of my primeval *fiancée*!—school-fellows in whose brave company I weathered the storms of that age, ye whom I fought and loved,—even thou, O Jones, choice friend of my early bosom, *sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum deducte*,—let your memories, howsoever dear, pass from me for the present. I would offer no offence to you, either to those that are now shades, and whose palpable hands I shall never clasp again; or to you whom I may yet again meet and embrace. But of another sort must my thoughts now be. I would fain recall our in-school life, and try to describe the kind of learning we received from the hands (literally, I think) of our instructors, and the manner in which it was administered to us.

And yet I tremble when I think of that in-school life. Joyful

were the hours that interrupted it; sweet were the names of the saints: blessed were the advents of Christmas and midsummer; but the school life cannot be recollected even now without spasms of terror.

The firm conviction of the masters of the old Grammar School was, that nothing could possibly be taught that was not emphasised with the cane. This was their one sovereign theory, and, ay me! their practice. Teaching and flogging were convertible terms. Such was the tradition of the place. The *genius loci* brandished a birch, I believe, in those days. I do not suppose that throughout the three centuries our school had been founded, any lad had passed through it without serving, in his day and generation, for—what slaves are called in the Latin comedies—a whipping-post. The very air seemed resonant with the shrieks of all the generations since our founder Edward's time. Of course, everybody knows this was the great idea of the elder teachers. I might quote the "Paston Letters" and Ascham, Fuller, and many another authority, to show how intimate the relation between the rod and instruction was generally supposed to be, and how little chances any protester against this alliance, as Ascham himself, had of securing a hearing. But I will abstain from airing what information I may have on the condition of our forefathers in this respect. I will only state what the condition of our old school was when we frequented it. I never remember seeing one of the guides and instructors of our youth without an implement of chastisement, or what might serve as one, in his hand. And when I remember the amazing adroitness with which each one of them could use his hands on occasion, for the same mind-developing purpose, I can only pronounce that implement highly superfluous. They were not cruel-hearted men; to make ears tingle, bones ache, life generally a burden and a misery, was no extreme pleasure to them. Small specimens of humanity leaping and dancing, and wringing their hands, and shrieking as if engaged in the worship of some Baal, who perchance slept and must needs be awakened, could scarcely have been agreeable objects of contemplation; but they knew not of any other method in which instruction might possibly be imparted. They sincerely believed that if the rod were spared, the child was spoiled. Certainly, they did not spare the rod. Two masters used, besides their hands, which they applied so deftly, and their walking-sticks, which were employed on an emergency—and emergencies were frequent—the ordinary cane; and, I think, must have made the fortunes of several vendors of that fatal article. Is there any purist in morals so superfine as to condemn us for destroying any cane that fell in our way? Well, let him condemn us. I dare say many of us would have had more abundant locks on our heads at

this present moment if we had not sacrificed so many hairs to a belief that the insertion of one in a cane judiciously nicked at the end, ensured that cane's splitting throughout its length when next it dealt any victim a violent blow. Other canes we hacked in "pieces sma';" others we burned with fire; but

> Non hydra secto corpore firmior
> Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem

than that cane-crop in our faces or on our backs. Still the falling blows resounded: still the victim's squeals re-echoed.

The great master of the art of flogging, as of all other arts, was the Archididascalus himself. It is impossible to convey to one who has not suffered from it any adequate notion of his proficiency in this didactic faculty. Ordinarily, or in the earlier passages of a lesson, he would content himself with boxing our ears, either with the hand or with a book, or would find his walking-stick, freely applied to any legs or arms that presented themselves, sufficient for his needs. Little attentions of this sort meant little with him. They were merely gentle hints that he was amongst us. A box on the ears was but synonymous with a pleasant pat on the shoulder from a teacher of a different kidney. Rapping on the knuckles with the ferrule of his stick was, in fact, his way of shaking hands. Besides, he wanted exercise—could we grudge it him? Perhaps we did so, but I mean, *ought* we to have done so? The school-room was his gymnasium. A little boy was a kind of dumb-bell for him; a big one was as good as a pair of clubs. And then, as I hinted before, all these painful actions seemed to him to give the proper emphasis to what he had to say. Many great teachers raise their hands in teaching to excite attention, to add force, to relieve their feelings; our old master did so too, but he took good care that the raised hand should fall on somebody. In this way, whatever advantage there may be in raising your hand is considerably enlarged. But I have spoken so far only of what may be called his caresses. To be sure, the small signs of kindly recognition that have been mentioned were at times overpowering; they reduced the recipient, albeit no tenderling, to much distress, and demanded all his powers of Spartan endurance. But these, I say, were but his gambols, his merry toyings, his playfulnesses. There were times when our ignorance, or stupidity, or some other deformity, excited him into a far different mood. Ah! those were terrible times. He would then unlock his desk, and produce from it his own peculiar cane—a knotted thing, reported to be loaded with lead at the end. There is a passage in the "Iliad" called by the scholiasts "the handing down of the sceptre" —a sort of pedigree of a sceptre that there is occasion to mention—

which I should parallel here, if only I could. Legends said the head-master's cane was of unknown age. Perhaps it cut off the Tree of Knowledge itself—who can say?—and familiar, to their cost, to the boyhood of the Patriarchal There can be no doubt that it had flogged many and mar generation—that it had elicited the youthful roarings of n a long century. I am convinced it had excited more terror ir time than any other conceivable thing. The biggest embryo mag of the county had trembled at sight of it; nascent poets had l subdued to an awful silence or an awfuller outcry by it; fu athletes, giants of mighty bone and bold emprise, had wept copio under its influence. When that cane was drawn forth from its re then all the earth grew dark; hope for a season bade the world well; our hearts became chill; we huddled closer together; we wild despairing glances at the ceiling; we felt that our hour come.

I shall never believe that the Reign of Terror, so called, in French Revolution deserved the name comparatively.

To show how completely we lay at the mercy of the head-ma I perhaps ought to state that we generally sat when "up" to upon one long form, opposite to which stood a chair, on which seated the particular boy who was "going on." Our master adop for himself the peripatetic, or, more strictly perhaps, the ana kata-patetic method; his beat was immediately in front of the f on which we sat, so that he could get at the entire class as he pa up and down. He very frequently availed himself of his opp tunities; and, with the masterly dexterity and quickness wh distinguished him, often succeeded in "touching up" each one o in the course of a single promenade. But most pitiable was position of the poor boy on the chair on the other side of master's line of walk. That chair was a sort of altar on which l sacrifices were offered. There the youth sat exposed on every to the blast of blows and boxes that might descend on him at moment, which were sure to descend upon him sooner or later hideous hurricane. What scenes of utter terror were enacted o near that chair! What moving appeals for help when the mas back was turned in the course of his ambulation! How frigh one's future seemed when he was seen returning and bearing d furiously upon one, like a very flying fiery scourge! Sometimes, w brains we had were, I suppose, perfectly addled by the horrors we v going through, and so doing their work worse and worse, the les would end in a general rout. The class would be seen flying in directions, hotly pursued every way by the ubiquitous rod, wh

seemed at these times to awake into a fiendish life of its own, and bite and lacerate spontaneously. Who can wonder if one does still exceedingly fear and tremble when one thinks of those days?

I do not think that anyone will now expect to hear that the oral teaching of our old school was of a sort that demanded or fostered any high degree of intelligence. The teaching was admirable of its sort; but it was certainly not of a sort that tended to awake or encourage any general intelligence. Learning by rote was the one great established principle of the place. This principle was carried out thoroughly and successfully. The Latin Grammar in use was the old Eton one composed by Lily, Colet, and Erasmus. (That familiar example—well familiar to the risen generations; unknown, I suppose, to the rising—"Interest magistratus tueri bonos, animadvertere in malos," refers to the punishment of Empson and Dudley, A.D. 1513. In that other, "Audito regem Doroberniam proficisci," allusion is made to King Henry VIII.'s setting out for Dover to meet Charles the Emperor, A.D. 1520.) How well we knew every word of that famous handbook! No man knows his own house, to use Juvenal's phrase, better than we did the various parts of that exhaustive and exhausting work. Those spirited poems called from their opening words the "Propria quae maribus" and the "As in Praesenti" were graven deep upon all our memories.[1] I feel convinced that "As in Praesenti" and "Propria quae maribus" will be found written on my heart, as Calais was to be on Queen Mary's. With every graceful play of fancy, with every cunning artifice of language, with every harmonious number to be observed in those two works we were only too familiar. Nothing could be more successful than the manner in which what we had to learn was impressed upon our memories. Not a word was neglected. But what was conspicuous by its absence was any attempt at an explanation of what we learned. Facts were, so to speak, deified. They were, it would seem, identified with principles. They formed the very walls of the universe, beyond which there was no passing. There were no more things in heaven and earth to be known or dreamt of. Certainly our learning began and ended with facts. Perhaps this was a somewhat dulling method, but it was an eminently simple one. The course to be pursued was plain. I think the impression left on many a mind that to want "to know, you know," was somewhat wicked. Any boy who should have ventured to ask any questions would have been regarded in much the same light as was Columbus some three-and-a-half centuries before, when he set forth across the Atlantic in the teeth of all the pre-

[1] So the *Aeneid* is sometimes designated "Arma Virum."

judices of his day. He would have been at once considered as a daring tempter of Providence, an unquiet, turbulent spirit, a lewd fellow of the baser sort. Ours was a dogmatic period. A certain code of laws, or rather series of rules, was delivered to us; and this was to be accepted in a respectful, unprotestant temper. These rules were the tradition of our elders; and to look for a reason for them were impertinent curiosity, to doubt them gross profanity. Wherefore we accepted them with the utmost admiration. I remember wondering how some words could conduct themselves with the wild irregularity which marked them, when the right thing to do was so well ascertained and laid down. Surely they must have known better. There was a certain collection of nouns styled Heteroclite, upon which I always looked as a band of banditti, of outlaws, of altogether unsafe characters. Then certain verbs, how could they in any way desire to vary from the orderly race of verbs? There seemed some taint in their blood; they were born profligates; they insisted on setting off into far countries. Perhaps, after all, our rules were but a set of conventional observations; our system but a sort of grammatical Grundyism; and a broader philosophy might have modified our opinion of those seeming scapegraces. As it was, we embraced and adhered to the said rules without a doubt of their satisfactoriness; and, whether we would or not, we acquired such a familiarity with them as men gain with few things in the course of their life.

Such was the spirit of our teaching. Such, perhaps, is still the spirit of much teaching in many places. Such, I dare say, was not invariably the spirit of the teaching in all our older schools. I but speak of things as they were in one old grammar school. In one respect, certainly, as I have said, viz., the practising thoroughly the theory of the place, such as it was the spirit there was excellent. Certainly, it is still provokingly difficult to forget what one learnt there.

And now will it seem inconsistent to say that this old grammar school is dear to my memory? Even the house of bondage may have its charms. One may find most pleasant companions amongst one's fellow-captives. There may be fair views from the windows that inspire forgetfulness of the grievances of the interior. The taskmasters may be not without amiable features. And, after all, what is a good thrashing now and then, if one's digestion is satisfactory? What are all the syntaxes of the globe, if only one sleeps well o' nights? Then, let us consider what excellent endurance our school taught us. What splendid training for martyrdom, or any other suffering, it provided! We should have smiled benevolently at the stake, deemed the rack absolute repose, after our hardening

experience. I incline to think that the Stoics and their families were mostly educated at some sort of old grammar school.

Forgive me, old masters mine! if I have spoken lightly of your labours. Severe I know well they were. Your arms must ofttimes have ached in their discharge. Ye rest from them now, I trow. Methinks I see your weary ghosts reposing in some fair birch-grove within the Elysian precincts. May no youthful phantoms flit near to disturb your serenity, to stir in you the thought of your ancient prowess, to mock you with their unsubstantiality! Peace be with you, O my masters! JOHN W. HALES.

P.S., 1892.—The Grammar School of Louth met first in St. Mary's Church, then in a building erected specially for its accommodation, which lasted till 1766. Then was built the schoolroom in which Tennyson and his brothers were educated for a time. A picture of it forms the frontispiece of Mr. Goulding's interesting volume entitled, "Louth Old Corporation Records." It stood the wear and tear of only just a hundred years, the present building being opened in 1869. The motto of the school is, "Qui parcit virgae, odit filium." On the school seal is represented a youth "horsed"—*i.e.* on a schoolfellow's back—actually receiving a very vigorous proof that he was not hated, but that the birch was ready to be lavishly expended for his good.

Possibly, as Mr. Goulding suggests, a link between the late Laureate and his old school is to be found in the word "balm-cricket" in "The Dirge:"

> The balm-cricket carols clear
> In the green that folds thy grave.

Written to on this word by Dr. Murray, one of the editors of that splendid work, "The English Historical Dictionary," now being so patriotically published by the University of Oxford, Tennyson replied that his authority for it was a note in Dalziel's "Analecta Graeca Majora." This note, on Theocr. Idyll. i. 148 (135 ed. Ahrens)—Τέττιγος ἐπεὶ τύγα φέρτερον ἄδεις—runs thus *apud* Dr. Murray: "Τέττιξ Cicada veterum . . . . Cicada orni Linn., Angl. the Balm Cricket." The "balm" is, in fact, as Dr. Murray points out, a mis-translation of the German "baum." Dalziel's volume was certainly in use at Louth.

As Tennyson was only a little over eleven years of age when he left the school, he must have been well on with his Greek, if Mr. Goulding's suggestion is accurate. Not many, if any, schoolboys nowadays, could read, or be expected to read, an Idyll of Theocritus in their twelfth year. But possibly "The Analecta" was one of the books he studied at home after he left the Grammar School and before he went up to Cambridge—between the end of 1820 and Michaelmas, 1828. He was certainly well on with his Latin, as he seems to have read some Catullus while at Louth; for in "Edwin Morris, or the Lake"—*if* this may be quoted as evidence, but perhaps it should not be—he writes:

> Shall not Love to me,
> As in the Latin song I learnt at school,
> Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right and left?

See Catullus, xlv. 8 and 9, and 17 and 18:

> Hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistra ut ante
> Dextra sternuit approbationem.

THE SWAN-SONGS OF THE POET

NOTHING was more remarkable in connection with the pı notices of the death of the late Laureate, than the unanin with which the critics seized upon his last published poem as appropriate expression of the thoughts and feelings which a mated the great singer in view of his approaching end. "Crossi the Bar" seems, indeed, written in view of Eternity; and what co more fitly express that Christian faith and hope, which it has be the Laureate's life-work to clothe with beautiful forms, than th lines?

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Last things are proverbially precious. They are often cherish merely on account of their associations, and invested with a char which bears no relation to their intrinsic value. But the last messag of the poets are surely worthy of being cherished, for the poets a seers as well as singers; and it is surely no mere fancy to suppo that, when approaching the close of their earthly career, and co sciously or unconsciously drawing near to the realities of Eternit they became the subjects of some special inspiration, so that in the last utterances they breathed forth in deathless strains the ver essence of their creed, of the spirit that had animated their live and of the message they had to give to the world.

Shelley's last great poem, "The Triumph of Life," written as h drifted in his boat near Casa Magni, over the blue waters of tha bay in which he was so soon to find a grave, was left unfinished, th fragment closing abruptly with these words: "Then what is Life I cried;" a sentence which has been well said to be of profoun significance when we remember that the questioner was about t seek its answer in the halls of death. The whole poem may b

taken as symbolical of Shelley's own short and troubled life—an unanswered question, an unsolved riddle of the Universe.

If we turn to Shelley's great contemporary, Byron, we find his last poem no less significant. It was written on the morning of January 22, 1824—his last birthday—at the fever-haunted Missolonghi, whither he had gone to take up the forlorn hope of liberty in Greece, with a presentiment that he would never return. The poem is too well known to need quotation; its most characteristic lines are these:

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain,
And power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

To quote the words of Moore: "Taking into consideration everything connected with these verses, the last tender aspirations of a loving spirit which they breathe, the self-devotion to a noble cause which they so nobly express, and that consciousness of a near grave gleaming sadly through the whole, there is perhaps no production within the range of mere human composition round which the circumstances and feelings in which it was written cast so touching an interest."

Not less remarkable in its way is the "swan-song" of a minor poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, written in November 1861, as he lay in his last illness at Florence, where he was so soon to find a grave beside the last resting-place of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Life was for him a struggle; his early faith was clouded by doubt; but his last words are full of faith in the victory of truth. The poem is so little known that we may be pardoned for quoting it in full.

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be in yon smoke concealed
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly;
But westward, look! the land is bright.

It is a sentiment very similar to this that Longfellow has expression to in his last poem, "The Bells of San Blas," writt March 15, 1882. The bells are supposed to be saying in the the poet—"the dreamer of dreams:"

Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was filled;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build.

Oh, bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the past again;
The past is deaf to your prayer.
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

After Longfellow one naturally thinks of his countryman Wh the Quaker Poet, who so lately entered into rest. His last publ poem was the touching tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes on hi birthday, August 29 of this year. Written by one venerable to another, the last survivors of America's great literary men, verses are very notable, and surely breathe a spirit worthy o who was even then standing so near to the opening gates of Ete

Life is indeed no holiday: therein
Are want, and woe, and sin,
Death and its nameless fears; and over all
Our pitying tears must fall.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed or late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
And live because He lives.

Last of all we come to one who was the contemporary of Laureate, and the only name that was worthy to be put beside h the heroic-souled Robert Browning. "Never say of me that I dead," were his own words to a friend before he breathed his la

Venice. The epilogue to "Asolando," which forms his last published message to the world, breathes the same spirit. Did ever verses more vividly express the consciousness of a great mission, or more fitly embody a sublime faith in the continuance of the soul's existence?

> One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise again; are baffled, to fight better,
> Sleep, to wake!
>
> No! At noonday, in the bustle of man's worktime,
> Greet the unseen with a cheer;
> Bid him forward, breast and back, as either should be,
> Strive and thrive, cry "Speed; fight on; fare ever
> There, as here."

It reads as if the poet had written his own epitaph.

ALEX SMALL.

AN ISLAND HOSTELRY.

IT was five o'clock in an afternoon of last May when I lai from a fishing-boat at the little Marina of Procida, an islan diminutive dimensions, lying near the northern confines of the of Naples, within an hour's sail of Misenum. At once I looked a me in quest of the "unpretending inn near the landing place which Baedeker speaks, but I found it not. Then I began a co of anxious inquiries, first of a *guardia municipale*, then of a post then a fisherman, another fisherman, a cobbler, a small boy, an old woman; the last of whom promptly asked me for a *baiocc* telling me, as the others had done, that she knew naught of any vain thing as a hostelry. When I say she gave me this informa I must qualify the statement by the remark that, during the thousand minutes of my sojourn in the island, the whole of communications with the inhabitants were carried on by pantom The mellifluous tongue of *Alta Italia* I soon found to be as us as Chinese. What it was the people talked I knew then no than I know now. I am not taking more than my share of travel license when I affirm that such an excellent and expressive It word as "albergo" was powerless to secure the faintest sign of re nition on their part. Such fiscal terms as *baiocco* they comprehe readily, as I found out to my cost before I had left them; but in respects, I to them and they to me were as sealed books or Rosetta stone. The postman (in spectacles) was cheerfully u monstrative; the *guardia municipale*, with civil officialism, had honour to acknowledge the receipt of my communication, and made an end; the fisherman took a prolonged pull at his pipe, gave me a three-volume look of blankest ignorance; the s maker, awl in hand, gave me nothing; the old woman called daughter and mumbled something that sounded so like "pol that I passed on, not caring to stain my vagrant path with bl while as for the small boy, he took a bewildered survey of horizon, scratched himself, and turned away, then ran after me held out his hand for tribute.

By this time I was footsore and ravenous, for I had been tramping all day among the departed horrors of the Avernian region, and had eaten nothing but cherries. So I resolved to walk up through the town and turn into the first traveller's trap I could find. I might as well have searched for a Naiad in Regent's Park. On and on I walked up the one steep paved street, renewing my questionings of every likely-looking Procidan to no purpose, with the feeling of humiliation burning itself into my very soul, that one who had been nurtured on the pages of Ollendorff, and knew enough Italian to bend a Neapolitan cabman to his will by the lightest (or heaviest) word, should be now actually wandering empty and alone in search of the commonest necessities of life among a population of 14,000 isolated souls, who knew no tongue but their own. With a ruffled spirit I came, after half-an-hour's walk, upon a noisy troop of big lads playing skittles in a narrow lane, who, in dumb show, begged me to retrace my steps, seeing that the track I was in led nowhither. But, like the ass of Balaam, though with less profit, I asserted my own will, and was promptly, and I am constrained to say properly, humbled by finding myself before long in a tortuous maze of vines and lemon groves. There was nothing for it but to turn back and run the gauntlet of that tittering troop again, and finally to find myself once more down at the Marina, as far as ever from the "unpretending inn." I began to think that there was, on the contrary, a good deal of pretence about it, and I was just inwardly debating whether I should buy a *rotola* of beans and try to believe it was *table d'hôte*, and then after a smoke settle down for the night in a fishing-boat, when my eye fell upon a minute board on a corner house with a hand pointing up the street, and the words, "Albergo e ristorante, Piazza dei Martiri 36." New life coursed through my veins; all thoughts of beans and boats, and such miserable makeshifts vanished in the glow of that magical inscription in good honest Italian; and with as light and airy a tread as I could get out of a pair of blistered feet, I mounted the street with the speed of "black Auster," in quest of the *osteria*.

In due time I reached the piazza, and, sure enough, a few yards beyond, up almost under the wall of the old castle, there stood out clean and clear in the twilight the signboard of the vine-covered "Albergo dei fiori." I have observed that in Italy the outward attractiveness of an inn not seldom stands in inverse ratio to that of the interior. It is otherwise with the edifices dedicated to the purposes of spiritual refreshment. You pass through the portal of some hideous whitewashed church into a building ablaze with gilt and

paint and marbles; but the inns are but too often whited sepulchres, fair to look upon but full of all uncleanness. Happy the wayfarer if he chance upon one, as I did now, that is not a den of thieves. The *padrone* was all over the place after the supply of my wants in less than no time; and, after assuring me that the fat of the land was at my disposal, ushered me into a tiny lean-to, which merits a word of passing description. In that moment of beatitude I grasped but one fact. There stood a bed before my enraptured gaze, in a chamber which was in shape precisely like a slice or wedge of plum-cake cut from the centre to the circumference; a resemblance still more strikingly marked by the singular colouring of the walls, which, white at the top, were covered for two-thirds of their height by a painted spotted dado, exactly like currant dough. At the thin end of the wedge, the only access to which lay through a hole in the floor, stood a bedstead, and at the broad end a balconied window opened on to a wealth of vines. The dressing-table, which drew a precarious support from the stair-rail, was a relic of Chalcidian occupation, the looking-glass later, possibly Angevin, and, as a suggestion for a washing-basin, I had an extensively cracked Saracen jampot.

Downstairs the culinary arrangements were equally abreast of the times. In half-an-hour I was dining off *bric-à-brac*—my bill next morning called it a *pranzo assorto*—on the verandah, in the presence of an admiring crowd, who found amusement in watching my struggles with dried tunny roe, fennel and eggs, a small and bitter fish (species unknown), some exotic *provolone* (buffalo milk cheese), and other curios. Strange to say, vegetables were conspicuous by their absence, notwithstanding the fact that this once barren rock (Statius called it "aspera et inculta") is now the kitchen garden of Naples, and reeks from end to end with green stuff. I have seen Guernsey tomatoes and Fiji bananas piled in heaps of many tons; but never have I seen such vast profusion of miscellaneous fruits of the earth as in Procida. The long street is one huge Covent Garden, only more so; nine out of every ten yards are aglow, at least in springtide, with masses of potatoes, beans (from the tiny *cicere* which gave a nickname to Cicero, to the broadest of broads), peas, tomatoes, *molignani*, *peperoni*, cucumbers, mallows, loquats, cherries, strawberries, oranges, lemons, onions, and, needless to add, garlic galore.

Rising from table, with an appetite that a railway Bath bun alone could have staunched, I sought once more the slice of currant cake, where I found the bed in course of arrangement at the hands of my *fille de chambre*, in the guise of a featureless old patriarch with a gimlet eye, and nothing particular on but a mosaic pair of pants

that must have dated from more than one fall. To him succeeded the *padrone*, who, after laying a glass of *caffè nero* at my feet, and enquiring whether I wished to hire the room as well as the bed for the night, disappeared through the trap door, and to my horror, on reaching the bottom of the steps, turned the key in the lock and made me a prisoner. My first impulse was to scream, which I mastered; then I precipitated myself down the stairs and rattled the door till the island trembled; but all to no purpose. The folk were used to earth tremors, and my quarters were far away from the rest of the house. So I went back like a naughty whipped child to my vine-clad balcony, which dominated a leguminous and uninhabited expanse, and fell a-wondering why I was deprived of the power to go abroad. It could not be that mine host of the "Flowers" feared lest I should strip his room and flee in the dead of night. I could have as little use for my booty as the thief who stole the Great Seal of England from Lord Thurlow had for his. Should I make myself ridiculous by crying aloud, and rousing the barbarians around me to a sense of my wrongs? I might spare myself the trouble, for no human voice could make itself heard amid the deafening dinning clang of the multitudinous bells from tower and steeple, which were now proclaiming the *venti-quattro* at the close of day. I am inclined to think that Procida is the best belled place on earth; from my window I counted fourteen churches peeping out among the vineyards, each church with about fourteen bells, and each bell, I should say, with fourteen clappers.

After a while I grew calm and went to bed, or rather to board, for I soon found out that the exertions of my chamber-man had not exceeded the spreading of the thinnest and prickliest of sheets upon the top of some unusually knotty timber. Sleep was out of the question for a nervous middle-aged gentleman confined forcibly to his quarters within sight of Casamicciola, the scene of the biggest earthquake of modern times. If mother earth should grow restless during the night, I should probably form an exception to the survival of the fittest. I knew the best thing to do in such a case would be to rush and stand under the shelter of a doorway, a pretty sure means of escape if you can only do it in time. But I had no doorway; and so I lay and pictured myself a couple of æons hence under a glass case in a museum labelled, "Human Remains from Procida, supposed not native." Even if my mind had been at rest, the clocks alone would have kept my staring eyeballs fixed in inane despair upon the spotted walls of my cell; for the night hours and half hours and quarters and half-quarters were clanged forth with the

most abandoned inaccuracy, no two clocks being within five minu of each other; the result was an uninterrupted stream of cacophc in which none but a Poe could have found delight. I simply lay a quaked in torture; but since even quakers must sleep, after mu tossing and a little bye-play with the mosquitoes, I slumbered till t first streak of dawn.

Just as the nearest clock, apparently under my pillow, had do striking nineteen, I heard stealthy footsteps below, and resolvi instantly to sell my life for something more than a song, was settli my plan of defence, when I was (figuratively) disarmed by t appearance of my *padrone* accompanied by a *guardia municipa* in whose presence I felt resistance would be useless. I tried appear unconcerned as he asked me for my *carta di viaggio*, a handed me a large book in which, as I gathered, he requested n to inscribe my name and last place of residence. Determined th the world should have an opportunity of identifying me, if it was be that I must die, I inscribed my name in large roundhand " Robinson Crusoe, of the Villa Jovis, Capri;" whereupon the twa overwhelmed me with pantomimic thanks, and handing me back n passport (which they had carefully perused upside down) departe and once more locked the door. Then I rose and buried my no in the jampot and shook the dewdrops from my mane, and essaye to go forth. But my guardians had not only locked the door, b locked it *from the outside*, which was adding insult to injury, an escape seemed impossible. I waited placidly for a few minute and then, as I wanted to tramp across the island before the sun w high, I swore a solemn oath to be free. I tried to think of th daring feats of historical gaol-breakers, but, as is usual at suc supreme moments, I could not remember one. I had a vague ide that a nail from one's boot, or a hairpin, or a pickle-fork would d the trick, but of these I was destitute. Then suddenly I recollecte the fact that I was an Englishman, and the possessor of a toothl brush! In three minutes I was on the other side of that door, thanl to a certain masterly manipulation of that toothbrush's handle, whic I am not prepared lightly to divulge. Enough! I was free an sound in limb, and would show these miscreant islanders a clean pair of heels than they were accustomed to. With a studied look upbraiding I sought the *padrone*, but he was nowhere to be found only in his place his handsome wife, who, a little staggered at fir by my re-appearance, affably consented to accept coin current f the cake and the "pranzo assorto." Then I gave two *soldi* to th gimlet-eyed one, and before I had gone fifty paces down the stre

ran into the arms of the *padrone*, with the key of my dungeon sticking shamelessly out of his waistcoat pocket. It was no time for bandying words, and so after a hasty "addio," and "buon viaggio," I left him with "the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day," and we parted, never, so far as I am concerned, to meet again. I do not think I shall ever go to Procida again, at any rate for the night.

ALAN WALTERS.

CHOLERA: THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR, SOMETIME, NEVER.

THE cholera visitation of 1892 has created a literature of its own. Correspondents, special and otherwise, have kept English newspapers well supplied with statistics and facts sufficiently startling; and occasionally with fictions not less so. Theories by the score have been ventilated, and remedies of all kinds have been advertised.

People who live in English ports where the dread visitor was daily expected, and who remember '54 and '66, have naturally been anxious, and perhaps in some cases unduly alarmed; while those who were, or thought they were, out of reach of infection, spoke and wrote of "the scare" (as they called it) in a light-hearted way, due rather to ignorance than to courage. Medical research and experience have supplied the public with much interesting and valuable information as to the cholera *bacillus*; but where the disease has once got a firm footing, and the surrounding circumstances are favourable to its development, it is admitted that medical men can do little to arrest its progress or to prevent a large proportion of cases proving fatal. The familiar copybook maxim "Prevention is better than cure" may be trite, but it expresses, nevertheless, "the whole duty" of the Local Government Board and of all Sanitary Authorities throughout the kingdom in dealing with the cholera question. The author of this paper has no pet theory to advocate; but as a member of the Authority directly responsible for the safety of an important port in daily communication during the past autumn with cholera-smitten districts he claims to have verified his facts, and is able to approach this subject in a purely practical and utilitarian spirit. That it is the duty as well as the wish of all good citizens to resist the invasion of so deadly an enemy as cholera needs no argument; and, experience being the best of teachers, the reader is referred to the port of Southampton to learn what this doctrine of prevention really means when conscientiously and indefatigably

carried into daily and hourly practice. Owing to the great development of its railway and dock interests, Southampton has been so much in evidence of late that it is scarcely necessary to remind readers of this magazine that it is the point of departure for the S.W.R. Company's steamers to Havre, St. Malo, Cherbourg, and Honfleur, for several foreign lines of steamers touching at German ports, and for the Union Company's large vessels which call at Antwerp and Hamburg, and that thus a regular passenger traffic is maintained with the Continent, apart from the large number of vessels trading between Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Havre, and other important places and the port of Southampton, which has been termed, not inappropriately, the front door of England.

This being the state of affairs in the summer of 1892 as to communication with the Continent *viâ* Southampton, let us glance for a moment at the condition of Hamburg. With a hopelessly bad water supply (the Elbe being virtually a sewer), it is no wonder that the few cases of cholera with which the epidemic commenced, and which, unhappily, an attempt was made to conceal, rapidly increased until the city became, as is well known, a deadly plague-spot in Europe, and lost in a few weeks over 9,000 of its inhabitants. The victims were naturally, for the most part, of the poorer class, earning their living in connection with the shipping. That a large and wealthy community like Hamburg should permit its working population to remain so overcrowded and badly housed, and drinking water drawn from an infected source, is a lasting disgrace which carried with it its own punishment.

In 1885 the *one-roomed* houses in Hamburg which were inhabited by more than six persons numbered 6,811. In the "German Medical Weekly" Dr. Eugen Fraenkel has been writing lately about the sanitary condition of Hamburg, and demands as a first condition of any improvement "the removal of the plague-stricken, overcrowded dens in certain streets of the Alt and Neustadt." Havre, too, had cases of cholera some weeks before it was regarded (at least in England) as an infected port, and the communication with Southampton being frequent, the risk of infection from Havre was no less imminent than from Hamburg. In view of this alarming condition of affairs the Local Government Board gave clear and preremptory directions to the Port Authorities at Southampton and other places in communication with the infected countries. Happily for Southampton, the Medical Officer for that borough is an able and energetic man, and the appointment of Port Medical Officer becoming vacant he at once undertook the double duty with the help of a qualified

medical man as assistant. The "Detailed Report on the Precautions adopted by the Southampton Port Sanitary Authority against the importation of Cholera for the month ending September 30, 1892," prepared by the Medical Officer alluded to, is a deeply interesting and instructive document, but too long, of course, to be quoted *in extenso*. A table giving a list of the vessels boarded and inspected by the doctor, with the number of persons examined, states the former to be 176, and the latter 8,018, exclusive of vessels arriving from non-infected ports. Nor was it possible for the inspection to be of the same character in all cases. The boats of the L. & S.-W.R. Co. required different treatment from the vessels belonging to the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American Companies; while with respect to vessels bringing cargoes from Hamburg special precautions had to be taken, and in one case hay, which had probably been lying on the infected quays at Hamburg, was not allowed to be landed at all. With regard to the drinking water supplied to ships at Southampton, the Medical Officer succeeded in persuading the purveyors to get it from sources of known purity, and not from the Test or other doubtful supplies.

The following *résumé* of the chief precautions taken at Southampton since August 30 is almost entirely in the Medical Officer's own words, and forms so practical and valuable a guide to Port Sanitary Authorities that no apology is needed for its insertion here.

The Staff was augmented by the addition of an Assistant Medical Officer at a salary of five guineas per week, and an Assistant Port Sanitary Inspector at 35*s.* per week, these appointments being temporary.

Notices have been sent to masters of vessels setting forth regulations of the Local Government Board with regard to aliens in an unwholesome condition, tank and bilge water, rags, and other cholera precautions. To *Pilots*, instructing them as to the appointment of a quarantine station below the West India buoy, and cautioning them as to the due observations and regulations thereto.

To the *Shipping Community* generally, giving all necessary precautions against the spread of cholera by food, drink, and uncleanliness, &c.; as to the method of immediate notification of the event of any suspicious illness and the treatment to be adopted. To the *Public* generally, urging on them the necessity of increased care in observing all sanitary and hygienic precautions which have, in terms not calculated to create a panic, been freely put in circulation.

A temporary corrugated-iron *Hospital* of two wards, each to accommodate six patients, with nurse's rooms, kitchen, &c., has been fixed on the Southampton Common, and is in a state ready to receive patients within an hour's notice. All the necessary requirements for the destruction of excreta are in a state far advanced towards completion. *The Administrative* arrangements could be completed at the shortest notice.

The s.s. *Morglay*, lying in the Southampton Water, has been fitted up with every requirement for a *Floating Hospital*, and the nursing staff is already in attendance.

Immediate accommodation for patients is prepared, and on a short notice the accommodation could be increased very considerably.

An Ambulance is ready for the speedy removal of cases, should they be notified, in the town; while a *Steam Launch* is ready for conveying cases occurring on ships to the Floating Hospital. A *separate Steam Launch* is at hand day and night for the sole use of the Medical Officer.

A Station has been agreed upon, and at this point the Medical Officer awaits the arrival of all ships coming from foreign infected or suspicious ports, where they are boarded.

Ships coming from foreign non-infected ports are boarded, and, the Medical Officer being satisfied of the general health of the passengers and crew, are allowed to proceed after a trivial delay.

Ships coming from *foreign suspicious* ports are thoroughly overhauled. The passengers and crew are mustered and examined, and the captain, steward, and stewardess interrogated as to the occurrence of diarrhœa or any suspicious illness (most vessels carry no surgeon). These precautions are applied in regard to ports which, though not declared infected, are to our local knowledge suspicious, owing to facilities for passengers from infected areas coming through them to Southampton.

Vessels from infected ports arrive in large numbers, owing to the great amount of *daily* traffic through Southampton from the Continent. The sea voyage being of such short duration, the most rigorous examination is made. All precautions are taken with regard to the water, &c., on board, and in the event of its having been taken from infected ports, or in the event of any suspicion whatever, *both bilge water and tank water have been disinfected and pumped overboard* before the vessel has been allowed to enter the docks.

The crew and passengers have been individually examined and interrogated, in addition to the stewards, stewardesses, and masters being questioned.

A certificate is filled up and signed by the master as to freedom from all illness on board, and notes taken as to cargo, water supply, number of aliens, steerage, and third-class passengers, number of crew and state of health, notes of bills of health, and when and where dated.

In cases where no suspicion exists as to illness on board the names and destinations of all the passengers have been prepared, but up to the present have not been communicated to the medical officers of their districts except in the event of grave suspicion. In the event of any suspicion being aroused, all the regulations of the Local Government Board are being observed in a thorough way.

Isolation of individuals (no cases as yet have been removed to hospital), and thorough disinfection of both ships and cargo where advisable (especially those from Hamburg), have been insisted on before the ships have been allowed to enter harbour. Cargoes from infected ports are most carefully watched, and in some instances portions of cargoes which have been considered dangerous have, by a special resolution and sanction of the Sanitary Committee, been prohibited.

Two extra nurses were engaged to attend at the Floating Hospital.

No doubt similar precautions were adopted in other ports liable to infection. In Southampton, at any rate, the result fully justified the incessant care and the considerable expense (£1,000 or so) incurred, *for not a single case of cholera* occurred either in the town or, so far as the Medical Officer knows, among any of the passengers

who had been certified as free of infection. Had a case occurred, the preparations for isolation were complete.

For the present the danger may be regarded as over, but with the return of spring experience has taught us to expect a return of the epidemic in the places where it has already wrought such havoc; and if this should unhappily prove to be the case it is evident that the precautions already described must be once more adopted and at the same expense. That this heavy though necessary outlay presses hardly on the ratepayers of the port and borough which happens to occupy the prominent position of being "the front door" to England on the south can be readily imagined, and if left unassisted in sanitary defences of this nature it is easy to foresee great discontent, with an inevitable slackening of energy and a tightening of the purse-strings. The result would be disastrous, and the ill effects would extend far beyond the limits of the port and borough. Her Majesty's Government can scarcely refuse to recognise its obligations in a case like this, and the protection of the nation from the invasion of a Continental epidemic which has proved so terrible a scourge is surely no less a matter of Imperial policy than the invasion of our shores by a foreign navy. It is a matter on which the country must make its voice heard with no uncertain sound, so that there can be no excuse for official vacillation.

Another question closely connected with the cholera epidemics, and demanding attention, is that of the immigration of foreign pauper aliens. With a relaxation of the strict rules enforced during the cholera visitation the danger will return in full force, and the crowding together of these foreigners, with their dirty habits and horror of soap and water, in our large towns, especially in London, increases the risk of cholera, and most certainly intensifies the attack when it comes. According to the monthly Parliamentary return the total number of aliens who arrived during September 1892 from the Continent at ports in the United Kingdom was 4,444, as compared with 14,790 in September 1891. But in the nine months ending September 30, 1892, the total number was 114,191, as against 112,419 in the corresponding period of 1891. A better argument in favour of rigorous sanitary inspection cannot be desired. Without giving further details the writer trusts that he has proved his case in support of preventive measures, and that his readers are satisfied beyond doubt that a proper system of sanitary precautions, worked by capable medical officers who are neither hampered by want of means nor thwarted by conflicting authority, *can* successfully prevent the importation of cholera from foreign countries.

FRANCIS H. CANDY.

THE LITERARY SUBURB OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

ALL the suburbs of London are interesting. Their very names are names to conjure with. No sooner are they mentioned than to the imaginative the past instinctively becomes present, and that which is distant is brought near. Each cell where memory has slept opens its portals and yields unconsciously its dead. The mists that have obscured the vista of the past are dissipated, and a century may be lived over again in the space of an hour. Especially is this the case with regard to that extensive suburb of our great capital to which the name of Twickenhamshire has been not inappropriately applied. A locality more interesting, more closely associated with the scenes and events of past ages, more replete with memories of celebrities, of peculiarities, and of eventful incidents, it would be absolutely impossible to name. A closely printed volume would not suffice to contain its chronicles. To register the historical and antiquarian information of the spot would be no easy task. It was, we believe, the late Professor Freeman who advised professed students to direct their attention to the history of the places in which they live. His words did not fall on stony ground. Each year sees the publication of excellent topographical histories on every place, except Twickenham, which is one of the most interesting in England, both by reason of its antiquity and of its associations with celebrated men. Such a work, if undertaken in the right spirit, could not possibly fail to be a valuable acquisition to topographical literature. Picturesquely situated on the north or Middlesex bank of the River Thames, about midway between Teddington and Isleworth, Twickenham owes a very large measure of the renown which it has possessed for the last three centuries to the natural beauties and advantages by which it is surrounded. Were the space at our disposal not so limited as it is, we might easily write a long article on the more remote history of the parish, but we are concerned only with its less remote history, with the age in which it achieved its

literary reputation, that noteworthy era in which it became the central home of English letters, the abode of poets, philosophers, painters, stern warriors, and pretty women.

Twickenham in the eighteenth century. How different a place it must have been from what it is now! Most assuredly it was. No railway connected the locality with the smoke-begrimed city of London. No steamboats plied between it and London Bridge. The roads were execrable beyond description, and rendered perilous to all who travelled by coach or carriage, or on foot, by gangs of foot-pads or highwaymen. The last train, that base destroyer of the harmony of family parties and festive reunions, was not. The average London citizen spoke of going to Twickenham as he now speaks of going to the Lake district. Goldsmith, had he cared to do so, might have depicted with his satirical pen the fuss and bother which frequently marked the visit of the London citizen to the renowned literary suburb. At the commencement of the eighteenth century the daily journals announced that there was a slough or morass, not far from the entrance to the Manor House at Twickenham, into which a gentleman plunged, and he would not have been found on the following morning had not his cocked hat been seen sticking over the head that lay concealed under the mud. This incident, trifling as it is, will serve to indicate the character of the locality.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century the love of natural scenery and the passion for rural seclusion had induced numbers of wealthy persons to take villas for their residence in and around Twickenham, near the riverside, where, as James Thomson sang in his once popular poem of the "Seasons"—

> The silver Thames first rural grows,
> Far winding up to where the Muses haunt
> In Twitnam's bowers.

Among the most celebrated haunts of the Muses was a very conspicuous mansion situated near the riverside between Richmond Bridge and Orleans House. This was Marble Hall, now known as Marble Hill. It was erected for Henrietta Howard, who afterwards became Countess of Suffolk, the mistress of George II. The Lady Howard was a diligent and accomplished woman, of literary tastes, and gave every encouragement to the chief wits and authors of her time who appreciated her friendship. Pope declared that Lady Howard concentrated within herself every virtue of her sex, and as a proof of the esteem in which he held her, personally superintended

the laying-out of her gardens. Jonathan Swift, the lord of irony, that master spell, who loved liquor not wisely but too well, stocked her ladyship's cellar, and, in return for this service, was constituted the honorary butler. Gay (whose "Beggar's Opera," it is traditionally believed, was written at Twickenham), came hither many a time and oft; and in a letter to him dated July 1723, the Countess begs him not to mention the plan of her house which he had discovered in her room, because it was necessary to keep the affair secret, probably because the King had given between ten and twelve thousand pounds towards its erection. In 1727 Swift described Marble Hall as having exhausted the occupant's purse, and as still unfinished:

> My house was only built for show,
> My lady's pocket's empty now;
> And now she will not have a shilling
> To raise the stairs or build the ceiling.
> 'Tis come to what I always thought,
> My dame is scarcely worth a groat.

Occupying a fine situation in Twickenham meadows, not very far from Richmond Bridge, there still stands a house which in the second half of the eighteenth century was the abode of a celebrated literary character, named Richard Owen Cambridge. We strongly suspect that ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, even of well-read persons, would, on being questioned respecting their knowledge of Richard Cambridge's writings, elevate their eyebrows and shake their heads. Yet in the day and generation in which he lived Cambridge was a man of some repute. He was a barrister by profession, but relinquished that vocation in order to court the Muses, and published a mock-heroic poem entitled "The Scribleriad," in six books, which was designed to expose false taste and false science, a twofold design which, we fear, was not accomplished. Cambridge contributed general essays to that sprightly periodical, "The World," and fully realised the poetical delineation of Thomson, as he resided in the society of a select few who were never lacking in what the poet termed—

> An elegant sufficiency, content,
> Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
> Ease and alternate labour.

Toward the close of his life Cambridge became acquainted with Boswell, who addressed him as "Fortunate Senex," and through him with Dr. Johnson and the members of the Johnsonian circle. In his entertaining biography of the Sage of Fleet Street, Boswell mentions that on April 11, 1775, he accompanied Johnson in Sir

Joshua Reynolds's carriage to Twickenham, to dine with Cambridge. On the road the hero-worshipper tells us that he was amazed to hear "the great lexicographer, the stately moralist, the masterly critic," speak of himself as "a good-natured fellow, as if he had been Sam Johnson, a mere pleasant companion." Horace Walpole says of Cambridge that he was accustomed "to tell you three stories to make you understand a fourth;" but despite that, he contrived to retain the friendship of such eminent men as Earl Bathurst, Lord Hardwicke, Lord North, David Garrick, Bishop Porteus, Lord Hyde, and Admiral Boscawen, and descended to the grave in a grey old age in 1802.

Among the neighbours of Richard Cambridge was George Hardinge, who resided in the closing decades of the last century in a small house known as "Ragman's Castle." Hardinge was a justice of the peace, and enjoyed a remarkable number of literary friendships, chief of which was Burke's, to whom he addressed a series of letters on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. He was the author of numerous works, popular enough in their day, but now unheeded or forgotten.

It is not, however, to be forgotten that the literary fame of Twickenham culminates in the person of Alexander Pope, a man who filled a conspicuous position in the history of the Georgian era, and the melody and harmony of whose numbers will never fail to charm British ears, and whose wit and philosophy will never cease to stir the pulses of British hearts. Pope came to reside at Twickenham in 1717, shortly after the death of his father. Taking a long lease of a house and five acres of ground at Twickenham, he quickly buckled himself to the task of improvement. If Miss Hawkins is to be believed, as many as eleven dwellings were sacrificed to form a villa for the poet. The house consisted of "a small body, with a small hall paved with stone, and two small parlours on each side, the upper story being disposed on the same plan." The grounds were laid out on the most approved principles of landscape gardening, and were adorned by a grotto. According to Martha Blount, the sum of one thousand pounds was expended upon the formation and ornamentation of this grotto; and Searle, who was Pope's gardener, says that the total cost of the horticultural embellishments and improvements of the domain could not have been less than five thousand pounds. In one of Pope's letters to his friend Edward Blount, there is a long description of the grotto, and of the satisfaction and pleasure which he took in it. In the epistle bearing the date of June 2, 1725, he used these words: "I have put the last hand to my works of this

kind in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto. From the river Thames you see thro' my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto it becomes, on the instant, from a luminous room, a camera-obscura; on the walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats are forming a moving picture in their invisible radiations; and when you have a mind to light it up it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells, interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place."[1]

The fondness which Pope entertained for his Twickenham villa —"my Tusculum" he styled it—is very noticeable in his published correspondence. Writing to his friend Digby in May 1720, he said: "No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is in the summer season. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of showers; our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintances brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them."[2] Nor did he fail to immortalise his abode in his verse. It was on his grotto that he composed the following lines:

> Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
> Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave,
> Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
> And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
> Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow
> And latent metals innocently glow:
> Approach, Great Nature studiously behold!
> And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
> Approach; but awful! lo! the Ægerian grot
> Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
> Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
> And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
> Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
> Who dare to love their country and be poor.

It was at Twickenham that Pope spent the most noteworthy

[1] *Pope's Works*, ed. Elwin, vi. 383. [2] *Ibid.* ix. 72.

portion of his literary career. It was there that he published his translation of the "Odyssey," and received the visits of Dr. Spence, Professor of History in the University of Oxford, as well as those of Swift and Gay. It was there that he wrote the "Dunciad," the "Epistle on the Use of Riches," the "Essay on Man," and his "Moral Epistles." It was there also that one of the severest trials of his life befell him in the loss of his mother, on June 7, 1732, in the ninety-fourth year of her age. Fourteen years later his own existence, which he himself had described as one continued death, terminated easily and imperceptibly. His body was buried, as he had directed, in Twickenham Church, in a vault near the east end, and was borne to the tomb by six of the poorest men in the parish, to each of whom he bequeathed a suit of coarse grey cloth as mourning. Pope's villa continued to exist intact until it came into the occupation of the Baroness Howe, the widow of the son of the celebrated admiral, who, like a Vandal, wantonly razed it to the ground some sixty years ago.

That eccentric specimen of the feminine gender who was so great an enigma to her contemporaries, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was a near neighbour of Alexander Pope in the early part of the eighteenth century, at Saville House. Pope had always felt a warm admiration for her talents, and had corresponded with her during her residence abroad in Turkey. He had been the recipient of those admirable letters descriptive of Turkey, and the manners and customs of its people, and he maintained his friendship with her long after she had become a public celebrity owing to her having introduced inoculation into England as a preventive against small-pox. On returning to England in 1718 Pope induced Lady Mary to take up her abode at the suburb of Twickenham. Much to his joy she consented to do so, and, by the assistance of Sir Godfrey Kneller, he secured for her habitation Saville House, which stood on the left-hand side of the road leading to Twickenham Common, and may still be recognised by two finely carved stone vases on each side of the gateway. Pope set no bounds to the court which he paid to his distinguished neighbour. At his request she sat to Kneller for her portrait, and with his own pen he spoke of

> The equal lustre of her heavenly mind,
> Where every grace with virtue's joined.

At another time he addressed to her an ode, and when the poet Gay congratulated him on the completion of his house and garden, he replied poetically, saying that "joy only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes," a compliment which her ladyship ought to have

relished, if she did not. But suddenly a change came over the spirit of the poet's dream. How, in what circumstances, this change was effected we cannot say, but it is certain that a warm affection was supplanted by an undying hatred. The last letter which this bright particular star received from her poetical admirer was dated September 15, 1721. Various reasons have been assigned for their quarrel, which is one of the most famous in literary history. Pope declared that it was the direct consequence of his refusal to employ his pen in satirising certain persons who were in Lady Mary's black books. Lady Mary, on the other hand, stoutly declared that it arose in consequence of Pope's jealousy at the intimacy which existed between her and the Duke of Wharton. A third report says that Lady Mary burst into laughter at the passionate confession of love with which the poet favoured her on one occasion, and in so doing made him her implacable enemy. A fourth says that the quarre originated in the return of a pair of unwashed sheets which had been borrowed by one of the parties, it is uncertain which. But whatever may have been the real cause of their coming to loggerheads—and at this distance of time it is surely of little or no importance—this much is certain, that after the year 1721 Lady Mary earned the undying opprobrium of "the wicked wasp of Twickenham," who employed his satirical pen, which was something in that age greatly to be dreaded, in lampooning and maligning her for the delectation of all who bore no love towards her ladyship. It is, however, only fair to add that Lady Mary paid back her adversary in his own coin with compound interest, particularly in her "Epistle to the Imitator of Horace," a satire which was couched in the bitterest terms. Lady Mary continued to reside at Twickenham until 1739, when she left it never to return.

Some time before Lady Mary Wortley Montagu bade adieu to Twickenham, a great novelist came to reside in the parish. We need hardly say that we refer to her second cousin, Henry Fielding, the Dickens of the eighteenth century. Fielding and his second wife, Mary Macdaniel, occupied a quaint, old-fashioned wooden house which stood in Back Lane. Tradition long asserted that it was in this house that Fielding wrote the novel by which he is best known, "The Life and Adventures of Tom Jones;" nor has this tradition been proved fictitious. Fielding resided at Twickenham until 1748, exchanging its seclusion for the unhealthy atmosphere of Bow Street Police Court.

Contemporary with Fielding at Twickenham lived Paul Whitehead, the poet, who occupied a house on Twickenham Heath

Whitehead having attached himself to the Prince of Wales's party at Leicester House, in the time of George II., became a violent patriot, and the Heir-Apparent's champion and bard. When his patron Lord Despencer came into power, he received from that nobleman a lucrative place, and became a member of that notorious society which was known as the "Hell-fire Club." He wrote several poems of which even the titles are now hardly remembered. Among these were "The State Dancer," "The Gymnasiad, or Boxing Match," and an "Epistle to Dr. Thompson," which were collected into a volume after his death in December 1774.

Whitehead was an intimate friend of another Twickenham resident who enjoyed much celebrity in the literary world of the second half of the eighteenth century, Sir John Hawkins. His residence was the house called Twickenham House, situated near the railway bridge, on the south side of the old village. Sir John was the head of the Commission of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, and chairman of the Quarter Sessions, and when the Earl of Rochefort presented him to George III. for knighthood he described him as "the best magistrate in the kingdom." Hawkins's great recreation, like that of Paley, was angling, for the indulgence of which Twickenham afforded abundant facilities. Besides editing "The Complete Angler" of Isaac Walton, Sir John Hawkins composed a "History of Music," in five quarto volumes, and a "Life of Dr. Johnson," which was superseded by Boswell's work. For undertaking to write a biography of Johnson, Hawkins had many qualifications. He had known Johnson very early in life, had been a member of the club which Johnson had founded in Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, and had been an original member of the far-famed Literary Club of later institution. By assiduous attention upon Johnson, according to Boswell, he obtained the office of one of his executors. There exists even yet in the gardens of Twickenham House a circular concert room, with a dome in the roof, which was specially built by Hawkins for the meetings of the Literary Club. Hawkins survived the Sage of Fleet Street only five years, dying in January 1789. He lies in Westminster Abbey.

The literary fame of Sir John Hawkins was perpetuated by his daughter, Letitia Matilda, who resided until the time of her death in a large house at the end of Sion Row, Twickenham. This lady, who idolised Dr. Johnson, published a large number of novels which have long been consigned to a well-deserved oblivion. Fortunately for the student of a bygone age she compiled three volumes of anecdotes which possess considerable interest and afford much

interesting information respecting Twickenham and its residents in the Georgian era.

We have purposely postponed until now all mention of the greatest of the literary characters who shed the light of their countenance upon Twickenham in the eighteenth century, Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, the prince of letter-writers. Walpole did not come to reside at Twickenham until George II. had been seated on the throne twenty years. In 1747 he took the lease of a cottage which stood on a piece of ground known as Strawberry Hill Shot. Writing to his friend Marshal Conway, on June 8, 1747, he said: "You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with phillagree hedges:

> A small Euphrates through the place is roll'd,
> And little fishes wave their wing in gold.

Two delightful roads that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; barges as solemn as barons of the exchequer move under my window. Richmond Hill and Ham walks bound my prospects; but, thank God, the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight." Walpole had not been a tenant of this cottage long before he conceived the idea of enlarging it. At that time architects had abandoned the Gothic style, and the Gothic style Walpole loved with all his heart and with all his soul. Fearing that Gothic would perhaps be limited only to prints, he determined to revive it, and to prove, if he were able, how it might be adapted to domestic buildings and their embellishment. Between 1773 and 1776 a Gothic structure arose which was designated Strawberry Hill, the fame of which it is not too much to say has gone out into the uttermost parts of the earth. Divers opinions of it were formed among Walpole's contemporaries. By some it was loudly extolled, by others as loudly decried. Indifferent alike to the praise and blame of his critics, Walpole from his fortieth year onwards devoted himself to the internal decoration of the abode which he had set up. "In his villa," says a great writer, "every apartment is a museum; every piece of furniture is a curiosity; there is something strange in the form of the shovel; there is a long story belonging to the bell-rope. We wander among a profusion of varieties of trifling intrinsic value, but so quaint in fashion, or connected

with such remarkable names and events, that they may well detain our attention for a moment. A moment is enough. Some new relic, some new unique, some carved work, some new enamel is forthcoming in an instant. One cabinet of trinkets is no sooner closed than another is opened." We might fill pages with a bare enumeration of the distinguished visitors, English and foreign, who journeyed to Strawberry Hill for the purpose of seeing Walpole and of inspecting his treasures. The galleries were thronged daily by droves of polished, dignified fine ladies and gentlemen be-powdered, be-sworded, be-fanned, and be-gilded—one mass of velvet and satin patches and fine lace—whose elegant conversation and deportment ranged over an infinite variety of topics. The compositions upon which Horace Walpole's literary fame rests were begun, continued, and ended at Strawberry Hill. Within its sombre walls he wrote that strange story, "The Castle of Otranto," and his gruesome tragedy of "The Mysterious Mother." "The Castle of Otranto" still finds readers, thanks to the energy of practical booksellers; but "The Mysterious Mother" is forgotten. Walpole, in writing to the Rev. William Cole, his sympathetic friend and brother antiquary, told him how he came to write "The Mysterious Mother:" "I waked one morning," he says, "in the beginning of last June from a dream, of which all I could recover was that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine), and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down and began to write without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drank my tea, about six o'clock, till half-an-hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella in the middle of a paragraph." Cole derived much pleasure and entertainment from Walpole's story in common with many other readers, though young ladies of the type of Miss Lydia Languish and Miss Sukey Saunter must have been terribly disappointed when they discovered that the new book from the circulating library was not a tale of amorous intrigue, and that the "Castle of Otranto" was not a seraglio. It has been said, and we think said truly, that the effect which "The Castle of Otranto" produced upon idle literature was precisely analogous to that which Strawberry Hill produced upon the pleasure houses of the day. It founded a new school of romance,

of which Mrs. Anne Radcliffe and William Godwin were the most celebrated exponents. It was at Strawberry Hill that Walpole wrote the papers which were published in the *World* newspaper and the "Lives of Painters and Engravers," which in our opinion is the best of his works. There too he wrote his "Memoirs," valueless by reason of their one-sided political character and the insufferable love of scandal which is conspicuous on almost every page. There too he penned those incomparable letters which would have secured for him an imperishable fame, if he had written nothing else. Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Fielding is not more decidedly the first of novelists, Boswell is not more decidedly the first of biographers, than Horace Walpole is the first of English letter-writers. There were letter-writers before his time, there have been letter-writers since his time, but Walpole none of them could pretend to rival. "He loved letter-writing," says one of the greatest of our Essayists, "and had evidently studied it as an art. It was, in truth, the very kind of writing for such a man, very ambitious to rank among wits, yet nervously afraid that, while obtaining the reputation of a wit, he might lose caste as a gentleman." His correspondence, which is an inexhaustible storehouse of illustrations respecting the social life of England in the eighteenth century, bears upon it all the charm and all the grace of that of Madame de Sévigné. Indeed, it would seem as if he had been made out of the clay from which Dame Nature meant some French madame should be fashioned. Burke styled him, and not without justice, "an elegant trifler." Strawberry Hill narrowed his mind. Within its walls nothing could be found which with propriety could be termed great, yet it was fully stocked with quaint knowledge and endowed with a power of communicating that knowledge to others with superior polish and zest. His conversational powers were varied and attractive, and obtained even the praise of Dr. Johnson, a man whom he detested from the bottom of his heart.

Among the chief attractions of Strawberry Hill was the famous private printing press, which Walpole set up in the year 1757. "Elzevir, Aldus, and Stephens," said he, writing to his friend John Chub in the month of July, "are the freshest in my memory." "I am turned printer," he wrote subsequently, "and have converted a little cottage here into a printing office. My abbey is a perfect college or academy. I keep a painter in the house, and a printer—not to mention Mr. Bentley, who is an academy himself." The first work which emanated from this press was the Pindaric odes, the "Bard" and "The Progress of Poesy" of his friend Thomas Gray,

which were printed for Robert Dodsley, the celebrated booksell Pall Mall. Gray's "Odes" were followed by the curious narr of a German tourist named Paul Hentzner who visited Englar 1598. A further list of the Strawberry Hill publications is furni by Mr. Austin Dobson in his valuable monograph on Ho Walpole. His "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors" printed in 1758, and was soon followed by Lord Whitwo "Account of Russia as it was in the year 1710;" "The Mist or the Happy Resentment, a Comedy," by the learned, ingen and witty Lord Cornbury; "Fugitive Pieces," dedicated to shal Conway, in 1759; "Anecdotes of Painting" in 1762; " Autobiography of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury" in 1 "The Mysterious Mother," a tragedy, in 1769; "Miscellan Antiquities," and "The Memoirs of Count Grammont," and va minor effusions, including the "Essay on Modern Gardening," "Bishop Bonner's Ghost," between that date and 1789. That press of Strawberry Hill aroused public curiosity in no small de may well be supposed, and Walpole was ever ready to displa mysteries to such as were desirous of seeing them. On one occa Lady Rochford and Lady Townshend, the mother of the emi statesman of the same name, and the sister of Sir John Bland, taken after dinner into the printing room, in order that they n see the printer, William Robinson, engaged in his task. To he small astonishment, Lady Townshend while there was presented the following lines of verse which had been set up in type:

THE PRESS SPEAKS:
From me wits and poets their glory obtain;
Without me their wit and their verses were vain.
Stop, Townshend, and let me but print what you say;
You the fame I on others bestow will repay.

On the same occasion, Lady Rochford, whose maiden nam Young, received a verse from the hands of the printer couch the following complimentary terms:

THE PRESS SPEAKS:
In vain from your properest name you have flown,
And exchanged lovely Cupid's for Hymen's dull throne;
By my art shall your beauties be constantly sung,
And in spite of yourself you shall ever be *young*.

We gather these particulars from a letter which Walpole wrc his friend George Montague, on August 25, 1757, descriptive of he calls "les amusements des eaux de Strawberri," and whic

concludes by saying, "You may imagine, whatever the poetry was, that the gallantry of it succeeded."[1]

It may be of interest to mention that between the years 1759 and 1763 Horace Walpole enlarged his château by the erection of a gallery, a great cloister, and a cabinet or tribune. In the month of May 1763 he informed his antiquarian friend, the Rev. William Cole, that the gallery was rapidly approaching completion; and two months later that it was almost "in the critical minute of consummation." Four weeks afterwards he wrote to another correspondent (Conway) telling him that he was "keeping an inn: the sign, the 'Gothic Castle';" and in August that "all the earth was begging to come and see it." In June of the following year Walpole gave a grand entertainment at Strawberry Hill, and wrote an account of the festivities to George Montague on the same day. "Strawberry," he wrote, "whose glories, perhaps, verge towards their setting, has been more sumptuous to-day than ordinary, and banquetted their representative Majesties of France and Spain. I had Monsieur and Madame de Guerchy, Mademoiselle de Nangis, their daughter, two other French gentlemen, the Prince of Masserano, his brother and secretary, Lord March, George Selwyn, Mrs. Ann Pitt, and my niece Waldegrave. . The refectory never was so crowded; nor have any foreigners been here before that comprehended Strawberry. Indeed, everything succeeded to a hair. A violent shower in the morning laid the dust, brightened the green, refreshed the roses, pinks, orange flowers, and the blossoms with which the acacias are covered. A rich storm of thunder and lightning gave a dignity of colour to the heavens; and the sun appeared enough to illuminate the landscape without basking himself over it at his length. During dinner there were French horns and clarionets in the cloister, and after coffee I treated them with an English syllabub. Thence they went to the printing-house, and saw a new fashionable French song printed. They drank tea in the gallery, and at eight went away to Vauxhall."

Early in the autumn of the year 1788, Horace Walpole, who was then in the seventy-first year of his age, met a family who had recently returned from the Continent with a high reputation for social graces and accomplishments. "The first night I met them," wrote he to the Countess of Ossory, "I would not be acquainted with them, having heard so much in their praise, that I concluded they would be all pretension. The second time, in a very small company, I sat next to Mary, and found her an angel both inside and out. Now, I do not know which I like best, except Mary's

[1] Walpole's *Letters*, Ed. Cunningham, iii. pp. 99–100.

face, which is formed for a sentimental novel; but i is ten
fitter for a fifty times better thing, genteel comedy." The
young damsels who are here alluded to were Mary and Agnes I
who formed the chief solace and interest of the life of H
Walpole until the day of his death in 1797. He had not
acquainted with them long before they became his neighbou
Twickenham, where he kept up an incessant intercourse with t
and during their frequent absence in London, or at country-ho
he corresponded with them daily. Of the two sisters, Walpole
ferred Mary, the elder, whom he wished to make his wife, more
of consideration of the advantages she would enjoy as a widow
anything else. Lord Lansdowne says that Walpole would
formally wedded either of the Misses Berry in order to secure
society, and to confer rank and fortune on their family, since i
in his power to charge the Orford estate with a jointure of
thousand pounds a year. The Misses Berry were, however,
averse from the proposal; but Walpole at his death bequeathe
little Strawberry Hill to them, and made Mary Berry his lit
executor. Associated in this manner with his memory and with
name, assuredly no insignificant title to immortality, no better i
duction could these estimable ladies have been provided with
they needed one. Their social position received recognition
confirmation rather than strength from their intimacy with Wal
From the age of seventeen or eighteen to that of nearly ninety
Mary Berry and her sister lived constantly in society, both at h
and abroad. They saw Marie Antoinette in all her pride
beauty, and they lived to see the fall of Louis Philippe. The e
sister was born in the third year after the accession of George
and died at her house in Curzon Street, Mayfair, in the wi
of 1852, not long after she had been privately presented to
Queen, having carried into the middle of the present century
ties and recollections of the last. She survived her sister A
only a few months. With them the last traditions of the lite
suburb of the Georgian era vanished. We should mention
Mary Berry attained much celebrity as an authoress in the e
decades of the present century. A play, entitled "Fashion
Friends," was unequivocally damned at Drury Lane Theatre in
1804. Seven years after she published an edition of the "Lette
Madame du Deffand," which had been bequeathed to her
Walpole. In 1819 she published a "Life of Rachel Lady Russ
and a work comparing the social condition of England and Fra
was published in 1831. This work shows great powers of conde

tion, which, perhaps, constitutes its chief merit. There is also much ability displayed in illustrating the period in which those of whom she treats lived and died.

Walpole's love for these two bright girls in their teens, whose minds were attuned to a far better state of society than that in which they lived, was very great. They lived in a frivolous age, and yet their youth had no frivolity; they lived in an artificial epoch, yet their girlhood and womanhood were alike destitute of artificiality. The old septuagenarian bachelor found the Misses Berry not merely young ladies with whom he could converse rationally, but who were fully capable of holding their own when the argument afforded them opportunities of so doing; they were as beams of golden sunshine which made warm and brilliant the evening of the life of a man who was old enough to be their grandfather.

The grave has long since passed over all those of whom we have been speaking. The Misses Berry learned the truth of the poet's lines that:

> Beauty must decay,
> Curled or uncurled, that locks will turn to grey.
> Since painted or not painted, all shall fade,
> And she who scorns at men must die a maid;
> What, then, remains but well our power to use
> And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose.

The great age in which they lived has gone away, and its society has perished with it. Of that society much has been said and written. It is now agreed on all hands that it was an age characterised by much coarseness, by many follies, by many vices, by social anomalies not a few. Its beauties and dandies were for the most part so many puppets. The men of fashion were cold, heartless, and cynical; the women were painted butterflies, the one great problem of their lives being how best to kill time, and what the poet said of them was true enough:

> With varying vanities from every part
> They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart.

All these impeachments, and many more that we might add, if it served our purpose to do so, cannot be denied, but neither can it be gainsaid that the literary circle of Twickenham in the Georgian era constituted a landmark in the social history of the land we live in.

WILLIAM CONNOR SYDNEY.

BARGIS:
A STORY OF SUPERSTITIONS.

IN the year 1890 the Rev. Jack Bland, M.A., was appointed *locum tenens* of Ashmoor—a quiet but beautiful parish on the borders of Dartmoor. He accepted his fate with resignation, tempered by a mild satisfaction that his lines were cast "in this dull Devonshire." For, after all, there's no place like home, even for growling at!

The parish was large and scattered, with outlying moorland farms, and tiny hamlets at long distances from each other. It was incumbent on him to visit them all from time to time, and once a week it was his duty to preach at Torford, a village about four miles off.

Mr. Bland was leaving Ashmoor vestry after morning service, one Sunday in early autumn, when the sexton came up to him with deep concern written on every feature of his face.

"I suppose, sir, yu'll give up they evening services to Torford now the nights be getting long?"

"Give them up? No; why should I? I know the short cut through the lanes well enough by this time to go backwards and forwards with my eyes shut."

"Well, zur, I'd a deal liefer 'twas you nor me a-trapesing about they lanes aftir nightfall."

"Why? I've a good stick for tramps, Will. I don't think any one will interfere with me," returned Mr. Bland, who was as wiry as a fox-terrier and as brave as a lion, though not a man of many inches.

"No, zur, t'idn't what I mean. Savin' your presence, I be no more afeard of mortial main than other folks, but there's *that* a-wandering twix here and Torford town that's not to be seen in the daylight."

"Can you see in the dark, Will?"

"Ah, folks may laugh from hignorance; but there's the dimmet, my dear, that's neither to zay light nor darkness, when *they* be abroad that's not living nor quite in their graves. Did 'ee never hear tell of Bargis? Now do 'ee tak an old man's warning and give up they

evening services to Torford, or yu'll be meeting more than you reckons on."

And Will Cobley ambled off, sighing dolefully, touching his white hair, which was cut in a square fringe on his forehead and fell in snowy silken locks on his shoulders after the fashion of his long-past youth.

He is a sketch from life, taken precisely as I saw him in the flesh.

He dressed in a green velveteen coat and knee-breeches, and wore most delightfully well-fitting stockings and square shoes.

His ways were as old-fashioned and quaint as his dress. He rose religiously before dawn, that he might see the sun dance "on Easter Sunday," but he hated superstitions, meaning church decorations, and gave a furious kick with those venerable legs of his to a vegetable marrow at the harvest festival, saying, as if it were an epigram—

This here
Won't take 'ee
Up there!

After leaving the vestry on the Sunday whose events I am describing, he locked up the lych gate and put the key in his pocket, muttering, "I've a warned parson so plain as iver can spake, but them as won't be warned may meet Bargis unawares," and he groaned deeply.

"Gude sakes, there's a magpie a-putch'd 'pon the lych gate. Shall have a burying afore the wick's out."

Then he looked back, shading his eyes with his hand.

"There goeth parson, a-striding over stile, paying no more heed tu thae burd than I wid tu a sparrer! He'd better take heed tu hees ways, he had, afore 'tes tu late."

And Will entered his cottage, still sighing dolefully, and attacked his Sunday dinner as pensively with his two-pronged fork as if he were digging somebody's grave.

Meantime the feckless "parson" walked carelessly on his way, and on reaching the vicarage whistled cheerily for his dog. A fine black retriever, Nep by name, tore down the lawn to meet him, in frantic glee that church was over.

Like all clergy dogs, he distinguished accurately between Sundays and week-days, and generally did his private hunting while good folks were in church. On this particular morning he had a weary but self-satisfied look which caused his master to suspect him very strongly of poaching, for, to reverse an old rhyme,

Of rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Rabbits young and rabbits old,
Rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
Nep "could never have enough."

And rabbits abounded on the edge of the moor.

After grave remonstrance with Nep, to which the dog listened uncomfortably, but with no sign of repentance, and a look which seemed to reproach his master for misunderstanding him, Mr. Bland bestowed on him a pat of forgiveness.

Then he made a good early dinner; smoked a comfortable pipe or two; did his catechising in the church; returned to take a cup of coffee, and prepared to set off for Torford in good time for evening service.

Nep made desperate appeals to be allowed to accompany him. In vain he explained that it was again a case of "Church, Nep." Finally he grew vexed, showed the dog a whip and chain, and assured him that a taste of each should be his portion if he took advantage of his master's absence to go poaching again.

Nep seemed so terribly distressed at these symbols of durance, that it appeared as if some kind of canine conscience had at length awakened, and, *pro tem.*, made a coward of him.

Mr. Bland shut him up in the dining-room, and set off alone. Old Will's warnings sat lightly enough on his mind as he swung along the lanes at a brisk pace, remembering, with a blending of pity and amusement, certain prophecies the sexton had given out months before.

Will had kept vigil at the lych gate on New Year's Eve, when, according to a well-known Devonshire superstition, he who had courage to watch would see a vision of all who were destined to die in the coming year.

On New Year's morning he assured Mr. Bland that it would be his duty before the year was out to bury a certain Mrs. Crawford and an epileptic lad named Tommy Field.

At twelve o'clock on Innocents' night Tommy Field made a pilgrimage of his own; though it may sound strange to some to know that such things happen in Protestant villages in the nineteenth century.

There was a general belief in the neighbourhood that epilepsy was curable, provided the sufferer had faith and courage to say the Lord's Prayer, alone, before the altar, at the midnight of the massacre.

Tommy's mother had tried in vain the only other local remedy,

i.e. dragging the poor lad in at one side of a thorn hedge and out at another.

So Tommy crept terrified into the church, while his mother waited and prayed outside; and old Will made a strange burial under the east window of something that was never recorded in the register.

Curiously enough, the poor lad seemed better after his act of faith.

"Autumn is here," mused Mr. Bland, as he swung across the fields, "and both Will's victims, instead of being 'under a clat,' as he prophesied, are alive and well, and seem likely to remain so. Perhaps poor Tommy's simple belief was rewarded, by the mind being allowed to influence the body for good. Strange! how people associate the presence of God with an especial place, instead of feeling that they can lift themselves up to it from any spot of earth. Association rules us too much—mere association. We scarcely know its power over every one of us."

And giving his head a little thoughtful shake, which curiously illustrated his theory, as he had unconsciously caught it from old Will, he turned his eyes with delight on the autumn sunset, which was tinting the flaming woods with brighter reds and golds. He regretted he could not watch it longer, for "Pareson's bell" was just beginning to ring, so he hurried into Torford Church.

Happening to raise his eyes during the first lesson, he saw through one of the windows, which was of plain glass, a lady, hatless, dressed in a loose kind of wrap—in fact a dressing-gown—hurrying up the path towards the church.

She reached the door, opened it timidly, and slipped into a seat beside a pillar, whence from time to time she looked at Mr. Bland with such sad but unmistakable appeal written on every feature of her face, that he resolved on speaking to her after the service, and asking if, in the absence of the Vicar of Ashmoor, he could in any way be of use to her, as his authorised representative?

He had scarcely determined on this course of action, when a second figure appeared to distract his thoughts. It was that of a stout, coarse-looking woman, in a black bonnet and shawl, panting, hurrying, and red in the face from the pace at which she was walking. On entering the church she stood for a minute glaring angrily round. Then she espied the slight figure kneeling by the pillar, and bore down straight for her pew. On reaching it, she tapped the young lady sharply on the shoulder.

"Unwarrantable impertinence!" thought Mr. Bland.

Then, taking her by the wrist, she endeavoured to persuade her —by no means gently—to leave the church.

The girl, however, shook her head, and turning away from her tormentor, hid her face in her hands, with a sound very like a stifled sob, that cut Mr. Bland to the heart.

Speak to her he would, the very instant after church, he resolved more resolutely than ever.

But, hurriedly as he changed his surplice, during the short interval the fair girl and sinister-faced woman vanished, as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up.

The only thing to be done was to inquire where the strangely assorted pair might be found, and he was informed that he had seen "Mrs. Brown to the Barton, as was Madam Crawford's housekeeper back along, but now was a-tending of a mazed young lady—the old madam's niece, who had got away to church unbeknown to Mrs. Brown."

"Mazed young lady!" said poor Mr. Bland, considerably staggered. "Why, she looked as sane as I am."

"May so be," retorted his informant. A speech which left him nothing more to say.

It was by this time dark, and he stepped briskly homeward, still pondering on the sweet face of the mazed young lady.

He had forgotten all about old Will and Bargis, when suddenly, at a most gloomy spot between two tall hedges, a low dark shape rushed past him.

"Nep, Nep—you scoundrel, here! here!" he called, thinking at once of his dog, but the shape did not return. When he began to think matters over he remembered that he had left Nep safely shut up in the dining-room.

"Merely a stray sheep-dog," he assured himself roundly, and plodded on.

When he reached the Vicarage, there was Nep—sound asleep on the hearth-rug.

He welcomed his master by opening one eye languidly, giving the floor a gratified thump with his tail, and going to sleep again.

Sunday night was not a time of unmixed happiness to one good bachelor. The servants used to lay a cold supper for him, and go to see their friends.

Mr. Bland abominated cold suppers. He looked round the room and noticed, with some irritation, that the door-window, though shut, was not latched. He clicked the latch sharply into its place. Nep opened both eyes and rapidly shut them again.

"The value of a dog's companionship is overrated: there is that brute asleep as selfishly as any man." This was Mr. Bland's way of repining for a wife and a hot supper.

"He'll wake up fast enough for his food. Lovely bone," he remarked presently. Nep took it with avidity, and made for the window.

"No, no, old fellow, you'll keep in bounds to-night. Be off to the back kitchen. I am sorry your bone is not high enough for you, but you must wait till morning to bury it."

And Nep retired disconsolate.

Monday was a very busy day; ghosts, dogs, and mazed young ladies could not be thought of, for a gentleman came down to Ashmoor to give a technical lecture under the auspices of the County Council—and Mr. Bland was busy entertaining him and many of the clergy of the neighbourhood. The lecture was very well attended, and old Will was there, shaking his white locks most attentively.

On Tuesday morning he came up to the Vicarage.

Parson (loq.): "Well, Will, so you went to the lecture yesterday?"

Will: "Ees, zur, a ded" (I did.)

P.: "And what did you think about it?"

W.: "Well, zur, I dedn't thenk about it at all, that I know by."

P.: "But did you not *learn* anything?"

W.: "Noa, zur, I didn't *larn* nothin'."

P.: "But what did the lecturer talk about; did he speak well?"

W.: "Au, ees, zur—the man spoked very well, and told up a mazin' sight."

P.: "And what did he tell about?"

W.: "Au, well, zur, a told about the constituency of watter and telled about hoxy gin, and hider gin. But there! zur—a glass of Old Tom is gude enough for me!"

"Oh, Will, Will, you are a tru Ceonservative," laughed his reverence, "but perhaps you won't object to some lunch and a glass of beer in the kitchen at this early hour?"

Mr. Bland had only just breakfasted. Will graciously intimated that he entertained no particular objection to lunch, but he stood still a minute and shook his white locks about his broad shoulders, in their green velveteen, as winter shakes the snow over the ivied boss of some sturdy tower, and remarked that he had not come up at that hour in the morning to discuss any sort of gin nor beer naythur—but he had matters of importance to communicate. Then, with a kind of doleful exultation in his face, he broke out:

"There, zur, I told 'ee, so as how old Madam Crawford was bound to die before the year was out. Old cat! her went off sudden, at six this morning, and the next to follow will be Tommy Field, you mark my word! You didn't meet nothing low and black on Friday as you comed back-along from Torford Church, did 'ee, now?"

"Well—yes—now you remind me, something did pass quickly in a lane—a stray sheep-dog, I expect."

"Ship-dug!" cried Will incredulously. "Ded you zee the head of un?"

"See his head? why, it was too dark to tell head from tail."

"Ah-h-h—you dedn't see hees head, for why? Bargis is a black hell-hound, with no head belonging tu um, and he've bin about the country a terrible deal of late. There'll be a sight of things happen before this wick be gone by. Now, zur, ef you plaze, I'll goo and drink my beer."

"Would you prefer cider, or are you afraid of rheumatism?" asked Mr. Bland.

"Rheumatiz?" said Will contemptuously. "I never ails that way. Knowed the cure for years before you was appointed to these here parish."

"Ah! now that *is* something worth knowing. It would be of great use to your neighbours in a climate like this," and Mr. Bland pulled out his tablets to set it down, expecting a list of herbs whose local names might escape his memory.

"Why, 'tis so easy as sinning; no need of writing up a sermon about a poor twoad."

"Poor toad?"

"Ees, zur, twoad I zed, and twoad I sticketh tu. First time I felt a tich of rheumatiz I went down along to Bloody Pule where there was a gurt fight between the English and the Danes —not this century but last—and there I catched so fine a twoad as iver cude see—a gashly gurt wan he was, sure enough—but mortial well zet up for a twoad, the eyes of un so bright, and he so plum (stout) as any old squire. There's a butiful prayer belongeth to a twoad."

"But what has the toad got to do with rheumatism?" broke in the listener.

"Heverything, sir; you've only got for to stick thiccy twoad upon a thorn, and leave un bide. And that's the sure cure for rheumatiz."

"You don't mean to say you were brute enough to do such a thing?"

"I sticked that there twoad upon th' old thorn by the logganstone,

Went tu look at un five days later, and he was 'live and looking up so piert as may be; and I've never had no rheumatics sence."

"It's a lucky thing for you, Will, I was not in the parish. I belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Good-morning!"

"Fust time ever I heerd a twoad were a hanimal, and the gentry be mostly mazed with their prevaintions of twoads, and county councils, and hoxy gin," grumbled Will, toddling off to the kitchen.

Mrs. Crawford's funeral was fixed for three o'clock on the ensuing Saturday. The hour struck; Mr. Bland and Will waited and waited in vain: no funeral neared the lych gate. At last a breathless messenger came to say that demons were holding the wheels of the funeral car, and no efforts of horses or men could avail to stir it. Would the parson please for to go and drive away the devils?

"What next!" cried Mr. Bland. "I can't deal in humbug like an African witch doctor."

"'Tis your dutay, sir," cried Will severely, "to take a gude buke and go fore a bit to meet the funeral, and then you must plaze for tu walk backsefore, radeing upon your buke, and the funeral will follow after 'ee. I'll fetch along the buke for 'ee," and Will rushed into his cottage and returned with a Greek Testament.

A curious scene met Mr. Bland's eyes when he reached the spot where the hearse was aground.

The scared horses tugged and pulled fitfully, steaming at every pore, while the attendants and mourners, who had arranged themselves in a line along one of the hedges, stood shivering and staring helplessly. The funeral feathers nodded and jerked as if imps were at play with their plumes.

"Turn the wheels here. You won't help matters by standing still," cried Mr. Bland after a rapid glance at the scene.

"Us have turned and turned till us be weary, but 'tisn't no manner of use," retorted one of them.

"Plaize for tu rade upon your buke, sir," said Will, thrusting the Testament into his hand.

The parson looked attentively at the horses. A young one, evidently only half broken, was trembling violently, his fears had communicated themselves to the others, so that all four had come to a standstill.

Shouting and whipping had served only to augment their terrors.

Before opening his book, Mr. Bland went up to the fretting, fuming colt, soothed him a little, and then finding his place, began

in Greek, "Which was the son of Noah," in a tone which soothed the three-year-old, new to his work, scared by the slow pace he had been compelled to keep, and the ghastly burden he knew was behind him.

"Come along, old fellow; I'll take care that nothing hurts you!"

The reader soon became aware that four pairs of trustful eyes and four pairs of pricked ears were becoming every minute quieter as he read. So, keeping just in front of the horses' noses, that they might see him in spite of their hideous black blinkers, he ordered the men to turn the wheels; they turned with a will.

The blacks stepped out, the funeral train was once more in motion.

"'Tis a powerful gude buke, very powerful 'gainst evil. Be thankful you've a-druved the devils from the wheels, zur," moralised old Will.

Mrs. Crawford was laid in the family vault without further let or hindrance, but Will shook his head more dolefully than ever, and said "fifty coffins nor a hunder vaults would never hold the likes of she. She were an old cat if ever there was a cat in the world; and she'd walk o' nights, as old catzes always ded."

And in this belief no arguments in favour of charity that Mr. Bland brought to bear could shake him.

On Sunday morning the whole village was in a ferment. Strange versions of still stranger events were flying from mouth to mouth before the morning service.

Will was, as usual, the fountain-head of information and the oracle of the country-side.

It seemed that late on Saturday afternoon he had been about some small piece of dusting in the church, accompanied by little Tommy Field, when he saw "a gurt black bird, with a forky tail, and a frill round the neck of un, to pitch upon the reading-desk. He clapped his hands, cried 'shoo,' and started in chase; the bird hopped round the church with the utmost deliberation, just a few paces in front of him, a lukein' up despert devilish, and so like the old Mrs. Crawford, with a train to her gound and a lace frill round her wicked old neck, as tu pays."

The poor little Tommy Field gripped on to his hand hard with fright, but came along with him round the church, and out to the door, then "the gashly gurt bird gived a gashly gurt croak, and vanished into Mrs. Crawford's vault!" Poor little Tommy Field fell on his face in a fit—and died in it.

Perhaps another time, folks who had not seen the New Year's visions at the lych gate would believe them as had." Will further announced that there was no doubt old Mrs. Crawford had left some evil still working above-ground; and it was Mr. Bland's duty to find out what it was, and put a stop to it, or she would always be "a-walking and a-scaring of folks to death. Bargis was quite bad enough, rampaging about the lanes hevery night, nowadays."

In vain Mr. Bland, finding his story crude and hard of digestion, tried to reason with him. Tommy Field was dead beyond dispute, but he stoutly maintained that epilepsy would have carried off its victim, quite independently of the "gashly bird."

Will, as spokesman for the parish in general, assured him that it was his bounden duty "to lay" the old Mrs. Crawford in the same manner as he had quieted the horses, by reading the "gude book" in every room in her house, and along the road from Crawford Hall to the church.

Mr. Bland grew indignant, and declared "he would not make such an exhibition of himself to please all the old women in Ashmoor and Torford together."

Then Mr. William Cobley lost his temper, shook his white locks about like a perfect blizzard, and declared oracularly that "parsons who paid no heed to old women might find they been the death of young ones, and that some *dogs* were better Christians than their masters, for they'd been seen to carry food to the hungry and visit the afflicted, while some clergymen only cared to bide at home upon the fat of the land."

"What do you mean by such impertinence, Cobley? you must be taking leave of your senses!" cried Mr. Bland, too vexed to see that there was a grain of meaning underlying the old man's extraordinary speech.

Will shuffled away, muttering to himself "that young men nowadays was so stuffed up with book-learning, they were good for nothing else, but mocked at the counsels of their elders. His own sister had seen the 'laying' of Lord Ryll, and he could have told parson how to lay Madam Crawford 'proper,' but he wouldn't heed."

The only effect of Will's strictures on his pastor's mind was to recall to his memory, somewhat irrelevantly as it seemed, the sweet pleading face of the "young lady to Torford." The dragon who guarded her was earthly and substantial enough in all conscience; he assured himself that the sight of Mrs. Brown's coarse red face would be quite a healthy tonic to his mind, which was acquiring a melancholy tinge from the superstitious atmosphere surrounding him.

He would certainly walk over to see her, inquire for her charge, and, if possible, obtain an interview with her.

He found something marvellously exhilarating in the walk to Torford, and assured himself that it was the oxygen in the air; it was a glorious day—a perfectly glorious day!

When he reached the farm the place seemed unusually still. No sound of pig, dog, or poultry in the yard, or low of cattle from the buildings. Nep, who had been getting somewhat self-asserting in his manners of late, lay down outside the gate, refusing to go further.

Mr. Bland glanced up at the windows; they told their own story: the blinds were down, the house empty.

He walked on to the nearest cottage, and was there informed that "the mazed young lady had a-been taken so cruel bad on Monday week, that Mrs. Brown had been forced to take her away to a doctor in London. Her hadn't left no direction."

Baffled in more ways than one, poor Mr. Bland turned homewards again; he no longer felt that the air was inspiriting; the English, and more especially the Devonshire climate, he stigmatised as "beastly." There was no doubt about it, the weather was *extremely* depressing.

As for Nep, the dog seemed bewitched; when half-way home he darted off to the field leading in the direction of Crawford Hall, then returning, barked and tugged at his master's coat, to entice him in the same direction; but he was sternly ordered to "heel," and promised the whip before long if he persisted in such unruly ways, as sure as he was a living dog.

Mr. Bland's troubles with the supernatural were not yet over. Just as he was about to refresh himself with a cup of afternoon tea, Will strutted in, "just as if he were the archdeacon," thought the exasperated pastor.

He explained that he appeared as a "deputation" from the servants at Crawford Hall, who besought Mr. Bland to go over there, and "lay" the spirit of their late mistress. "Deputation be—— (anything you liked)," thought this unlucky Oxford M.A., who, in every respect matter of fact, and the outcome of the enlightened nineteenth century, had by his tact with horses gained himself a reputation for power over spirits, and was firmly believed to have the power of casting out devils and quieting ghosts at will!

"The cook to Crawford, her saith to me: Mr. Cobley, saith she, them as can rade upon bukes, that schulemissis from London can't make no head nor tail on, can du a dale more, if theym minded. But then, Mr. Cobley, he bain't our own parson, but only the

local demons, you see. But, tell 'ee what 'tes, zur; they maids 'ill niver bide to the Hall till the old madam's son cometh home from Hindia, for madam a-walking the house, and Bargis a yipping an' yowling hevery night houtside, be more than flesh and blood can a-bear."

"You told me Bargis was a dog without a head, didn't you?"

"Ees, zur, a ded."

"Then how on earth can he contrive to howl? Tell me that."

"Divil knoweth, as made un," quoth Will, impressively.

"You can tell the servants that I will go over to the Hall and have a rat-hunt, to-morrow. That will stop the noises, I expect."

Will departed grumbling.

"Rats, Nep, old man; come along, you shall have a good turn at them," said master to dog next day, as they neared Crawford Hall on their mundane errand.

"Bless the dog, he seems ready to jump out of his skin with delight."

Nep had entirely departed from his usual serene gravity of manner; he ran round his master, jumped, barked, and generally conducted himself more like a puppy than a retriever of his years and position. Rats did not seem abundant at the Hall, and they had but poor sport, until Nep stopped and scratched at a red door, which opened outward from a shut dark staircase. Then he bolted up the stair and sniffed frantically under another door. Mr. Bland followed.

The footman, who had been his assiduous ally hitherto, came to a dead standstill at the foot of the stairs.

"Better not venture there, sir, 'tis where all the noises come from."

"Then depend upon it there's a rat's nest; my dog knows it; just look at him." Nep was making redoubled efforts to get in. Mr. Bland turned the handle, but the door did not open; then he stooped down and examined the lock; he perceived that there was a key on the inside, and at the same time heard muffled footsteps, made by heavier bodies than rats. Thereupon he withdrew from the door, remarking nonchalantly that they might as well go further on, the game was not worth the candle, and calling off Nep, who obeyed with the greatest reluctance and every protest a dog was capable of making.

Arrived at the foot of the stairs, Mr. Bland shut the red door, and calling one of the boys in attendance, gave him a shilling,

and bid him run and fetch the Ashmoor policeman, without speaking to a soul, and the gift should be doubled; then he took the footman aside, feeling sure from the man's face that he was trustworthy.

"I am going to prise open that door, and I shall require you to help me; send the rest about their business—to the ricks, or somewhere—I don't want a crowd at my heels—and the minute you have got rid of them come back to me."

As soon as the man had carried out his instructions he returned, and at the obstinate door the two began to work; there were no muffled footsteps this time. Nep squatted outside on his haunches, whining and shivering with anxiety, his whole body quivering with excitement, and as the door gave way he was the first to push into the room.

Mr. Bland quickly followed, expecting he knew not what. He saw "the mazed young lady," leaning back as white as a ghost, in a common wooden chair and Nep energetically licking her hands.

To explain the situation in a few words, Miss Crawford had, on her father's death, been left in charge of "old Madam Crawford," her uncle's widow. The young lady inherited the property, but there had been a hope in the mind both of her father during his lifetime, and of her aunt for some time after his death, that she might eventually marry her cousin Theobald—Madam Crawford's only son.

This hope was frustrated when his mother received the news that he had married out in India.

Her disappointment was intense, and took the not uncommon form of strong hatred to the girl, whom she now considered simply as a barrier between her son and the estate. From disliking her, she began to seek in Miss Crawford herself some grounds to justify her dislike; and soon decided that the girl was eccentric, and unlike other people (as, thank Heaven, we all are, more or less!).

Finally she persuaded herself that her niece's singularity amounted to slight derangement of intellect, and she procured the services of one Mrs. Brown, from a lunatic asylum, as companion and protector to the highly sensitive, delicate-minded lady, whose objection to the person thus thrust upon her was thought another symptom of mental aberration.

By degrees it became evident to Mrs. Crawford that "Dear Lily was quite unfitted for the duties of her station. A quiet life, under strict surveillance, was the only thing possible for her. She should be well looked after, not kept out of sight and out of mind, by the vigilant Mrs. Brown, and then Theobald would inherit Crawford Hall."

Mrs. Brown had been much alarmed at the possible consequences of her charge's visit to Torford Church, and had removed her the same night into the safe keeping of her aunt. On her arrival at the Hall she was placed in a room supposed to be haunted; the servants complained loudly of "noises," but did not care to explore it.

From this room, as in many Devonshire houses, you could step from the upstairs window on to a little hill behind the house. No other windows or doors opened on it. From this opening Mrs. Brown made her escape.

It had been her intention to have kept her prisoner there until Theobald Crawford's return, and there to have blackmailed him for her care of his interests.

The parson's rat-hunt had frustrated all her plans.

As for Nep, he had long been devoted to the mazed young lady, and spent half his time, when she was at the Barton, in dodging Mrs. Brown, and carrying her his choicest bones, with well-meant though misplaced devotion.

"Bargis," whom Mr. Bland met in the lane, had been Nep flying guiltily homewards. He had pushed up the latch of the dining-room window with his paw, but never thought of pushing it down again.

There is little more to tell. The "mazed young lady" proved, according to Mr. Bland's own verdict on first seeing her, to be "as sane as he was."

The old vicar died at Mentone, and the "local demons" succeeded him as parson, and in course of time became also squar'son on his marriage with Miss Crawford of Crawford Hall.

Will made a strange burial of three brass nails, nine needles, and a horse-shoe, under the window of Ashmoor Church, on their wedding evening, whereby he felt he had secured for them unclouded happiness in the future.

Anyone who had cared to dig would have found the whole gutter full of charms, nearly all in threes, or multiples of three.

Nep was called "Bargis" to the end of his days, but not from want of head. He accepted the title, as he did everything, with an air of perfect urbanity and distinction.

SYBIL MAXWELL.

BIRDS OF A SEA MARSH.

I KNOW a spot where the cliffs fall and the sea rolls in along the shore, where the vessels drop their pilots and sail forth upon the wide Atlantic. Softly the fringe of the deep that covers the earth's foundations as with a garment rests upon the shingle; the ripples, sighing as they go, creep up towards the low-lying fields. The sea lies far, far along, and the grass grows over endless flats, standing at twilight on the narrow ridge of cobbles that divides them; it is hard to tell which is which. Under-currents stir the face of the deep, and clouds go by and dapple it with purple and blue, and here and there shoals lie dark beneath, and wavelets rise and catch gleams of light, the young winds of summer ruffle the waters as they come in to play in the fields. Water-channels run across the grass, and lines of tender blue and grey, beds of rushes and flags, follow their course, small hillocks make light and shade, tussocks and hummocks of rank growth come up in patches, and cloud shadows fall here too; the grass is broken and coloured and shaded like the water. On the one hand the water spreads till it reaches a solid bank of clouds; on the other the grass runs out to the foot of shadowy downs. It is weird, this twofold waste; it has thoughts and fancies of its own, its own joys and griefs, its own tales to tell and songs to sing; its songs are murmured low, and its tales are such as wring the heart; they tell of the strife of waters and the war of winds when man's strength is vain and human life goes out like the flame of a candle in the blast. It is sad, this wide wide waste; yet an indescribable charm dwells here, vague, indefinite, changing with shifting lights, varying with sun and wind and rain as they come and go. A poet's words could hardly draw the picture, nor the artist's brush catch the fleeting colour of the beauty ineffable that comes with the sunset, the joy that gleams when daylight runs in on the silver watercourses, or the mystery that rests on the quiet line of sea horizon and in the mists of distant grasslands.

Scattered farms lie a few miles apart, lonely and poor, struggling against the winds that sweep the plain, drowned every twenty years

or so by an inrush of the sea when it surmounts the slight barrier of pebble and flows on, on, on, without let or hindrance, for miles and miles and miles. Yonder in that low cottage lives a woman who remembers the last flood. It came, she says, because the sluice-gates, which let the water of the ditch drip slowly into the canal, broke, and the sea found it out and ran the thin edge of the wedge in between its high banks. She points to the stream bridged at her gate by a narrow plank, and tells how the thread of water rose in a few moments to a roaring torrent and then swiftly the sea ran foaming over the plain. "'Twere soon come and 'twere soon gone," but roofless rotting huts still show sign of the havoc it wrought.

It looks harmless enough, this ditch where the swallows are hawking for water-flies and the yellow-hammer sits and sings, and the branching reeds grow stiffly like designs on a Japanese fan. These reeds grow thick and crowded, and here an alder bush and there a willow, but the fragrant peppermint, the forget-me-not, the tall "highland laddies," may not creep up from the canal, for the ditch has a strong flavour of salt that few plants like.

Trees here suffer as much as farms. Their wind-blown limbs are tortured and twisted, their heads are all bowed one way, their growth is stunted; all the character is beaten out of them by the pitiless lashing of the wind, their spirit is broken. Oak and ash and thorn, they are mere brushmarks in the distance, and near at hand they are stunted and dwarfed. Tree-loving birds do not make their home here but pass on to the upland woods beyond, where the trees are wide and sheltering and cast a gracious shade; nevertheless they are not missed, for the marshes have a fulness of bird-life of their own that is very remarkable.

In summer the wheatears in hundreds make merry over the grass, showing the brilliant white patch that marks them clearly among other little brown birds in their restless fluttering, and call cheerfully from their perch on the old-time wattled hurdles or the new-fangled barbed wires that meet here. Red-backed shrikes come here in most unusual numbers and hang their larders in the thorn trees; I have seen no fewer than seven at a time dodging ahead of my trespassing footsteps as I trod their preserves by a thorny hedge. The pale gold head of the yellow-hammer shines out from the banks of each dyke, and its own little tune is heard from every clump of willow; "a little bit of bread and no cheese," "a very little bit of bread and no cheese," it sings again, and again, and again; the "no" is on a high note and drops to "cheese"; there could be no mistaking this song, even were the singer less conspicuous. Now and then,

by one of the ponds where the water is half salt and the curious rushes grow whose flower is like a tuft of pine cones, the beautiful purple sandpiper slips out of the grass and goes floating over the water, flapping its well-shaped wings as it goes. Herons fly overhead with their long legs dangling behind; they come from many miles away, from where the steep cliffs of Hastings begin to rise out of sight from here. Black-headed gulls come from a breeding colony in some pits near the point. Ducks pass across the sky overhead in the well-kept wedge formation in which they always make their journeys. Swallows skim over the pools, ten, twenty, thirty threading the intricate figures of a mazy dance; it makes one dizzy to watch them; they have come down from the church-towers on the hills, and from the light-towers the Romans built when the sea flowed in to the foot of the downs, and galleys sailed over the marshes here just as they did at Pevensey and many other flat stretches where land has been reclaimed from the sea. Larks rise singing, and, falling, hide in the grass. Rooks assemble daily in the fields, starlings come chuckling and settle in black patches near the farmsteads, and sometimes a pair of crows come seeking solitude, but the birds are too many here to please them. Travellers' tales of the bird-life of the marshes are no myths, and the unsociable black crows, who belong to a family where a taste for such low-lying wastes is hereditary, find this to their cost. The sparrows alone would overpopulate any other bird-haunts, but food seems unlimited here, and after all that is the one problem of animal life. No wonder the hawks and the owls come this way! Four handsome falcons may be seen hawking—the kestrel, the sparrow-hawk, the rarer hobby, and the scarce peregrine falcon. The latter has an eyrie not very far off where it has bred regularly for many many years, but unfortunately it has been discovered, and this year thirteen of the young peregrines were taken. When will the labours of our birds of prey be fully appreciated and their importance recognised? They are shot, trapped, poisoned, and the lesser birds and the smaller beasts multiply apace, and steal the grain, and mow down the springing grass-fields; owl and falcon and harrier are persecuted, some to the verge of extinction, and the results are such plagues of voles and mice as that which ravages the southern farms of Scotland to-day, and great losses of grain which the sparrows in unwarrantable numbers take from the fields of standing wheat. At night when the falcon sleeps the barn owls come out to the marsh for mice and frogs and lizards. Kentish folk call these "white owls," but they bear no resemblance whatever to the real white owl, the "snowy owl" of polar regions.

These are the birds of summer when the marsh is dry, and only the horsetails springing here and there tell of the waters that lie long in winter. Strange old-world weed, out of date and out of fashion altogether among the pink flowers of the mallow, the yellow bedstraw, and the clumps of blue bugle. Strange primeval plant, growing primly still in its antediluvian way, out of touch with the free and easy growths of this era ; the only living link in any country with the fossil flora of the most remote geological periods ; the one relic of another world which grew where ours grows to-day ; left alone, asbolutely alone, to face a new order of plants, of animals, may be of men, who knows? The theologian has his theories, the geologist thinks he can tell, but only the horsetail really knows the story of prehistoric man.

The latter-day flowers grow beside the ancient horsetails in summer, and the birds come and go, but the more characteristic bird-life of the marshes is seen in winter. In the autumn, when the swallows and the wheatears follow the sun southwards, the birds that we associate with damp lowlands and wave-washed strands, the birds we rarely see except during their winter visit to our shores, migrate from the countries bordering on the Arctic Circle, and from the mountains and moors of North Britain, to find food and shelter in this elysium. Flocks of dunlin come from Scotch hillsides, where the ptarmigan wears its white feathers in the snow. Trim little birds, brisk and active and quite at home on the marsh, though in summer they dwell on the high uplands. Flocks of starlings from the chimney-tops of our towns ; flights of thrushes from the fields, and finches from the hedgerows ; wild-duck and water-fowl of many kinds from our inland waters ; wild-geese and swans ; these are the English visitors from overland, but they, though many, are in the minority. It is the great migrations of arctic birds and the wild sea-fowl that are driven hither by stress of weather that make the sea-marshes so interesting to the ornithologist in the winter months. Great numbers of sea-birds are blown in during storms from the further seas, as well as gulls of many kinds from the nearer waters, many half dead from starvation, mere skeletons. It is the old birds that suffer most from the buffetings of storms and from lack of food ; the struggle for life is hard among the birds who live together in large flocks, and too often the old ones fail to get a livelihood. Migration is a pathetic chapter in the story of the solan-geese, for the wandering flocks of gannets that come south are mainly composed of aged creatures who have found it impossible to make both ends meet in the rough North seas where they have left their younger brethren. Some of

these come to the marsh, and on the wings of the storm true seafaring birds are brought in. These do not love to be on shore, except during the short season, when they congregate for breeding purposes. "Any port in a storm," so the sea-fowl come to flat shores in winter: but when they seek *terra firma* of their own sweet will, the birds of the wild wave choose steep crags of sea-girt rock and dizzy heights, at the foot of which ocean waters lie dark and deep, and not such spots as this. Puffins, guillemots, kittiwakes, and razorbills must shelter here when winds are very contrary out at sea. One year, when a ship laden with petroleum went to pieces on the shore, five miles to the west, immense numbers of razorbills, the only living representatives of the renowned great auk, were washed up, some dead and some quite helpless from the weight of oil which had soaked into their feathers. Water may roll off a duck's back, but not oil.

Of the arctic birds it is mostly water-fowl that come here, true waders and divers, tern and geese and ducks of many kinds from the Orkneys, the Shetlands, and the Outer Hebrides, from Greenland and Iceland, from all the northern borders of Scandinavian countries, from Nova Zembla and Siberia. In that great home of water-birds, the Petchora district, strange sights are seen when the geese and ducks start off on their winter migrations. They gather like a great army, and regiment after regiment passes down the rivers and streams, the birds marching steadily in serried ranks, the sight of which is as comic as it is surprising. For the water-fowl do not travel in long swift flights like the land birds, but marching thus by day and flying by night, follow straitly the direction of the watercourses that lie on their way. The ducks, widgeon, teal, shel-drake, and sometimes even the rare king-duck, merganser, and smew, are all seen at their best during their visit to us; for, unlike nearly all other bird families, the ducks of all lands and tribes wear their finest liveries in the winter, and when they come to our sea marshes they are dressed in the finest of fine feathers. Hooded crows come hither from the wooded shores of Norway in large numbers—"dun crows" is the local name for them—and a small local industry yearly thrives in the making and selling of hats and muffs made of their skins, on the pattern of the once popular sea-gull millinery, now fortunately in a measure prohibited. With the grey crows come large migrations of sweet-voiced redwings, and of the fieldfares, who alone of the musical family to which they belong, cannot sing.

The great numbers of sand-loving birds who fly from the icebound rivers and shores of polar regions do not come to the marshes, for a barrier of loosely-piled cobbles lies between land and water here; it

is where dead gold sands stretch far out to the waves at ebb-tide and the sunset colours stain the water in shallow pools, where wind-blown and wave-washed atoms drift up to be caught by the land-winning grass, the sea-sand marram, that the sanderlings and godwits and turnstones settle when they arrive, where the oyster-catcher keeps open house and the ringed plover is a fellow-guest.

There is yet another phase of bird-life to be seen on the marshes. In the spring, when the first marsh flowers catch the eye of the bird refugees and celandine and daisy bring to their mind some vague remembrance of the richly-flowered meads of their own short summer, their thoughts turn homeward, and they take wing to return. By the time the reeds in the marsh ditches are as tenderly green as the ice-floes of the North and the forget-me-not is blue as the streams that run wider and wider through fields of ice, the winter migrants who found broad sanctuary here are on their way home again, and our migrant singers are returning to us. All along the south coast the travelling birds land in spring. Vast numbers of nightingales, blackcaps, warblers, winchats, wheatears, cuckoos, wrynecks, chiffchaffs, redstarts, white throats, corncrakes, turtle-doves, and other migratory birds alight in flocks all through the months of April and May. Some of these are bound for districts east, and west, north, and south of our own land; some are on their way to homes further afield and have another long journey overland, another of those sea passages so dangerous to little frail birds, still before them ere they reach their fatherland in France, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, or regions still further distant, for each bird returns always to the spot where it was born and bred. When these little travellers began to sing they turned homewards, and during their brief halt by the way the marsh is musical with bird song, particularly when the first flocks of nightingales arrive, for they are composed entirely of cock-birds, who sing their very best to guide the hens to their whereabouts. Of all the travelling birds, only the swallows never tarry; with one long flight they go straight from point to point; any we may see among the birds of passage who dally here are those who belong to the neighbourhood; swallow, and swift, and martin know no half-way house high up on their swift fly-line.

When winter comes over the brow of the hills few birds stay there to brave its blasts; when the berries are eaten and the acorns spent even the jays desert the woods, but in spring, summer, autumn, winter, there always are birds on this marsh by the sea.

F. A. FULCHER.

"KING LEAR" AT THE LYCEUM.

WHEN I rashly undertook (in the last number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*) to compare Mr. Irving's Lear with that of some other notable actors I had seen in the part, I was hardly aware of the scope of my self-imposed task. Mr. Irving is so entirely different in some vital particulars from all these others—so unique and solitary both in his methods and his execution—that even a superficial comparison would be a work of well nigh endless and microscopic labour. Nor, on reconsideration, does such labour seem to promise any really instructive results. The better plan would certainly be to judge Mr. Irving solely on his own merits, without reference to predecessors, illustrious or otherwise; to measure him frankly and reverently by Shakespearean requirements; to see wherein he fulfils, and wherein he may possibly fall short of, the inexorable demands of the text. It would have been more satisfactory if a longer time had been at my disposal for this duty. It is not altogether consistent with the leisurely and thoughtful criticism which a monthly periodical suggests to be formulating a decisive and final judgment almost as soon as the curtain has dropped on the first necessarily somewhat immature performance. There is about a Lyceum *première* a certain electrically over-charged atmosphere—an indefinable enthusiasm of personal regard—which is rather apt to take one's independence captive, and drag it in chains in the procession of a popular triumph. On the other hand, that first essay, regarded as a work of art, has rarely the smoothness, the *abandon* of movement, and the dexterous concealment of unsightly gaps, which come as the result of perfected practice and acquired self-control. When a great play has been running for a fortnight, both audiences and actors have a much clearer and correcter appreciation of its proportion. I have no doubt whatever, for instance, that Mr. Irving, by the time these lines appear in print, will have rubbed off some of the angularities and softened some of the crudities which marred his "Lear" in the opening [illegible] of the production, before his foothold became firm and [illegible] of emotion unerring; and will have quick[illegible]ion

position to halt by excess of conscientious effort. The exigencies of publication compel me, however, to ignore these probable improvements, and to deal with the performance as I saw it on the memorable night of November 10.

In all likelihood not more than a fifth of that audience, or of any subsequent audience, ever saw "Lear" acted before under any sort of conditions. The other four-fifths are, therefore, not troubled by comparative criticism obtruding itself as an alloy to their enjoyment. Ten years or more have passed since Edwin Booth played Lear in London; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, two of the best Lears of their day—Charles Dillon and Charles Calvert—never played the character in London at all. This is distinctly in favour of Mr. Irving. First impressions count for a good deal, even with people of more than ordinary taste and culture. It cannot but be an advantage to the actor to face audiences who for the most part have no old and cherished memories holding them in bondage, no stored-up ideals by which they incessantly swear. He is able, in such case, the more easily to mould them to his own purpose; he has not to melt the ice of already crystallised conceptions before he begins to boil the water of their admiration. With the recollections of several Lears thick upon me—one at least of which lives in vivid freshness as an ever-to-be-remembered picture—I ask myself the question, Is Mr. Irving's greater or is it less than the best of these? Does his performance, taken as a whole, stand out with the distinct and unchallengeable mark of superiority, or has the impression it creates to strive for the mastery with other and earlier impressions?

Before I attempt to indicate, necessarily in a somewhat hurried and perfunctory sort of way, what was the measure of the effect produced by this unquestionably striking and most worthy performance, let me say one word about the general production. Mr. Irving's stage edition is such a condensation as must win unanimous approval. The tragedy would not bear verbatim representation: primarily, because it would exhaust the patience of the most robust devotee; and, in the second place, because there are passages and incidents no longer suitable for mixed audiences of refined tastes. A "Bowdlerized" Shakespeare is not a thing which any of the poet's vast legion of worshippers can profess to admire, but if the limitations of time require that a play should be shortened, there is no reason why the beauties should be expunged and the coarsenesses of a former age retained to offend the ear and jar upon the sense of propriety. There are very few passages cut out of "Lear" that one could have any ardent desire to see restored; and although the part

of the Fool suffers somewhat in the process of compression, it cannot be said that the knife has been injudiciously applied. The net result is that we have an acting version which is certainly as practical, and most likely as loyal, as any acting version possibly could be. "Lear" itself is a most difficult play for the stage, on account of its disconnected and at times jerky arrangement. No amount of careful editorship or stage management can remove this disadvantage; condensation, indeed, as in the present case, helps to increase it. One has to be familiar with the complete "Lear" in order to bridge over the gaps in the abridged "Lear;" without that full knowledge the action has a tendency to seem fitful, spasmodic, and only dimly intelligible.

The mounting of the play is worthy of the traditions of the Lyceum. Every scene is meritorious; the stage is always a well-ordered and beautiful picture. If Charles Lamb were alive now he would have to admit that storm effects can be artificially produced so as not to inspire a feeling of contempt. Science has advanced since his day in the matter of stage lightning, and if stage thunder still bears a suspicious resemblance to the rolling of skittle balls overhead, and the "swish" of the rain too obviously suggests the friction of extended silk, the general result is sufficiently in harmony with the genius of the representation to inspire admiration rather than provoke ridicule. There is nothing in "Lear" equal to the Brocken scene in "Faust;" there is no elaborate pageantry as in "Henry VIII.," but all the scenes are of solid artistic merit. The period chosen (shortly after the departure of the Romans from Britain) is not inappropriate and is sufficiently picturesque, and the highest standard of Lyceum stage management is fully maintained in every detail. Apart from any question of acting, "Lear" is right worthily put upon the stage. As a mere scenic display it has claims upon the artistic imagination. From the rise to the fall of the curtain it delights the eye with harmonious colouring, admirable costumes, and clever groupings and arrangements of the *dramatis personæ*. Yet, although Mr. Irving has thus loyally rendered the tribute of conscientious and even liberal outlay to the perfecting of Lear's environments, there is no attempt to subordinate acting to stage carpentry. The storm effects, realistic though they are, are never allowed to dominate the situation of which Lear's storm-toss'd mind is the central pivot. It is but bare justice to the famous actor-manager to admit that he has only employed his artists and costumiers and property-men for the limited and legitimate purpose of providing a proper framework for Shakespeare's colossal picture of filial ingratitude, and its

cruel shattering work. Lear, throughout, is the central figure, as he should be. All other interests lead up to, and merge in, this greater interest. His woes absorb us so completely that we lose sight of stage accessories, or recognise them only as the natural and fitting aids to the actor's interpretation.

Unquestionably Irving's Lear fixes itself indelibly on the mind as a piece of elaborate and picturesque characterisation. It has touches, frequent touches, of surpassing beauty. It conceives and realises a perfect idea. It would be altogether impossible to find a more adequate expression of pathos than is presented in the later acts. For exquisite tenderness, indeed, there has probably never been a Lear like it—never one even distantly approaching it. Calvert's resources in this direction were moving, but they were marred by a certain metallic quality of voice. Irving gives you the perfect artistic luxury of an agonised heart; in spite of much that is (or was) hopelessly inarticulate—mouthings and moanings which seem hardly human until we remember the conjunction of extreme old age with terrible intellectual disturbance—he sweeps with a master-hand the chords of subtlest and most profound emotion. I am not sure, however, if this key-note of infinite tenderness, upon which stress has been laid, is at all the true key-note of Lear's character. Mr. Irving, it must be admitted, is not suited physically to the robuster mood which the earlier part of the play apparently imposes, and he seems therefore to have intentionally pitched the whole representation in a lower key, and to have performed it with somewhat muted strings. But however admirable these subdued effects may be when the finale is approached, we are apt to lose a good deal in dramatic contrast by their premature introduction. Now, I venture very respectfully to think that Mr. Irving's opening scene errs in want of breadth. He presents us, to start with, with a feeble old man, tottering in gait and mumbling in delivery. Lear, if the text is to go for anything, although "four score and upward," was still a hale horseman and a participator in the pleasures of the chase. Men of eighty do not go hunting now, and probably did not in the mythical period of Lear's reign, unless they were of rude bodily vigour. If Lear was anything he was a man of exceptional strength, robust in fibre, capable of sustained vehemence without exhaustion; impetuous, violent, irascible; a figure rendered no less majestic by his proud imperious absolutism than by the well-preserved strenuousness of his physical frame. A great deal of the dignity and the ultimate power of any successful assumption of Lear must, it seems to me, lie in this initial indication of force. There are some charming details in the opening scene as Mr. Irving does it,

but, charming though they are, I cannot bring myself to recognise in all cases their strict appropriateness. For instance, when Cordelia refuses to do him fulsome service he steals his arm round her waist, as he says—not threateningly, but almost coaxingly—"Mend your speech a little, lest it may mar your fortunes." Am I making a hypercritical suggestion if I submit that this fierce, autocratic, irresistible, half-savage Lear would have hurled out the words with all the vehemence of his angry disappointment? Does it seem likely that he would condescend to wheedle in the face of the whole court when the whole court had just been auditors of the answer which of all answers, in the vexation it wrought to his proud and fiery spirit, he would rather they had not heard?

This is a small matter in itself, no doubt, but it serves to illustrate how, as I think, Mr. Irving has fitted the piece, so to speak, to the limitations of his own physique. Probably he could not under any circumstances have played Lear with that volcanic outburst of indignant wrath, sweeping aside all opposition, which finds its climax in the impassioned maledictions showered on the head of Goneril. His anger is the anger of any testy old gentleman, not the fierce, overwhelming tornado which directed at first against the hapless Cordelia, and then against Kent, gathered volume and fury when his ungrateful daughters turned against the old king and made him the target of their unfilial and disloyal malice. Granted that of the two faults, under-acting and over-acting, the former is by far the more excusable; granted that there is nothing so sinful on the stage as to tear a passion to tatters; granted that Mr. Irving has never been able to scold with dignity—note the scene with Tubal in the "Merchant of Venice," which came perilously near to provoking laughter, and was in fact a blot on what was otherwise a very interesting and dignified performance—yet all this does not get rid of the fact, if fact it be, that Lear demands, at least in the first and second acts, a vigour of denunciatory power, and a tempest of wrathful invective, for which no tame compromise, designed to harmonise with a later tenderness, can fully compensate us, no matter with what artistic dexterity it is presented.

That passage with Kent, for instance, is charged with such an intensity of haughty, scornful, indignant passion that it should sweep on like an impetuous torrent. There is a fierce menace in the words, "The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft." Lear, in his barbarous conception of the divinity of kingship, will brook no interference. He has never been accustomed to have his lightest word questioned; his very wishes have hitherto been absolute law.

When Kent chivalrously remonstrates with him for the unreasoning cruelty of his treatment of Cordelia, it only lashes the old lion into a grander fury :

> Hear me, recreant !
> On thine allegiance hear me !

and the succeeding passage should be hissed out in the white-hot fury of an offended dignity with which no man has hitherto dared to make free. It is this mood of seething, cataract-like passion that makes Lear the Titanic stage-figure he is. Whether in the outbursts of tumultuous wrath, or in the subsequent grimness of that bitter, sardonic humour with which he questions Burgundy, he is like some mighty human volcano, full of bellowing rage and lurid with the fierce glow of emitted fires. There is nothing in Mr. Irving's performance which suggests this conception of the character.

Possibly his quieter reading may be more consistent, truer to art, and sounder in principle. So reverent a student of Shakespeare, so earnest and scholarly a disciple, so conscientious an artist cannot have deliberately cut himself away from tradition without some plausible show of justification. His view, in whatsoever plea its warrant may be found, necessitates the accentuation of the softer side of Lear's character. No doubt in the purely domestic aspect of the case, it appeals to our emotions more effectually to regard Lear as a feeble, fond old father, whose physical decrepitude only serves to make his daughters' ingratitude appear ten times blacker, and to invest his sufferings with larger claims on our sympathies. At the same time what is gained in purely domestic sentiment is lost in the sacrifice of dramatic contrast. Lear's feebleness is the result of ingratitude, not of years. It is the wreck of Lear—the picture of that grand old derelict, storm-toss'd in his lonely sorrow—that makes the Shakspearean conception, to my thinking, so stupendous in its awful tragedy. And I venture very diffidently to maintain that no inconsiderable part of the effect is dissipated if that note of dominant, over-mastering, tremendous, and scorching anger be not put in the very fore-front of the undertaking. "Lear" is unlike all other plays in this, that the passion instead of rising in a *crescendo* falls in a *diminuendo.* It begins in a whirlwind ; it goes out in a zephyr. The tragedy of the whole thing lies in the shattering, the mental and physical shattering, of one who begins as a fierce, wrathful, and ungovernable despot. The death of Lear is the most pathetic incident in the whole range of the British drama. As acted by Mr. Irving, it is ineffably sweet—one of those bits which make strong men feel a lump in their throats. But exquisite as that *finis* is, may we not say that its artistic completeness would be heightened by a fuller accept-

ance on the actor's part of the theory which I have very imperfectly endeavoured to set forth?

There is one other point on which, before I turn to the most congenial part of my task—that of praising—I should like to say a good-natured word. Mr. Irving has, as we all know, a peculiar mannerism—a mannerism so marked as to become in some people's eyes a serious affront. Now, I do not think that this mannerism, so far as it is connected with his method of speech, is altogether unsuited to the character of Lear, at any rate in the third and subsequent acts. Old men, especially old men who have lost their wits, do mumble, and make strange snarling sounds, which to them have an unquestionable meaning or no-meaning. The realism of the acting is in no way weakened by these fitful noises—these indistinct rumblings. At the same time Mr. Irving, in his anxiety to depict a decrepit and witless octogenarian to the very life, should be careful to avoid that point where simulated incoherence becomes a drag on the action. A good deal of what he said on the eventful first night was inaudible in the stalls, simply because his articulation in the cultivated and accentuated mannerism which he judged to be a helpmeet to his art, was indistinct. If any other actor were to speak on the stage as Mr. Irving speaks in "Lear," the critics would with one consent tell him to go and learn the elements of elocution. But Mr. Irving is not an everyday actor. It is a strong proof of his genius that he can triumph over defects which would ruin any other man's histrionic career; that he can hold us by the transcendent witchery of his consummate powers in spite of faults which are only too obviously evident. In the domain of romantic art he has no living rival; and there is about "Lear," with its mediæval flavour (the supposed period of the real Lear notwithstanding) and its passionate human interest, a strong tinge of romanticism. As a mere study in "make-up," Irving's Lear is more than excellent. The picture of that sallow-faced old king, with his white locks and long tangled beard, fastens itself on the memory—glues itself there, and refuses to be displaced. Authority is stamped upon his features; in looks, at any rate, he is "every inch a king." Nor would it be possible for the greatest actor who ever lived to present with a closer and more painful fidelity the vacant look, the lack-lustre eye, and all those little meaningless ways which indicate dethroned reason. Shakespeare has given in broad but accurate outline the symptoms of insanity produced by violent mental shock. Lear's mental disturbance is the result, not of senile decay, but of exposure to the inclemency of a wild night, after his feelings have been strained to the snapping point

unfilial behaviour of Goneril and Regan. It has none of the -teristics of extreme dotage. Lear's faculties are not paralysed, are only distraught. The precise moment when his reason way it might be difficult to determine, for up to a certain point action of the disturbing influences is subtle and gradual. Mr. ng appears to indicate the end of the second act as the turning- nt. Immediately after the passage,

> O, let not women's weapons, water drops,
> Stain my man's cheeks !

ae bursts into a violent fit of convulsive sobbing, and flinging himself on the Fool's neck, exclaims, in an agony of suffering, "O, fool, I shall go mad !" The opening part of the third act, however, seems to negative this as the crucial moment. The earlier speeches at all events suggest only a mind beginning to wander—to show its weakness in wild apostrophe and a bitter vein of exaggerated irony. He realises what is hanging over him. The tempest in his mind renders him indifferent to the pouring rain without.

> In such a night
> To shut me out ! Pour on ; I will endure :
> In such a night as this ! O Regan ! Goneril !—
> Your old, kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
> *O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;*
> *No more of that—*

indicates the dread that fills his thoughts, the consciousness that his reason is tottering in the balance.

Then that touching speech beginning "Poor naked wretches," is full of thoughtfulness, humanity, self-reproach, and is instinct with sanity. Yet only a few moments later the mischief is done. The sudden appearance of Edgar, disguised as a Tom o' Bedlam, is the last straw to Lear's overburdened mind. "Didst thou give all to thy two daughters ?" he says to him, and this is the first clear note of disaster. From this point onwards Mr. Irving rises to the highest attainable level. If his Lear be not a shattered Titan, it is still a very noble and most moving wreck. Both in the farmhouse scene—where the mad king, the pretended madman, and the fool take shelter from the pitiless storm—the sufferings of an oppressed nature, wounded to death, are depicted with unerring skill.

> The little dogs and all ;
> Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me—

exclaims Lear, and the disconsolate note of sadness never had a truer utterance. Then, again, in the fourth act, where Lear comes in with his crown of straw and poppies, the wandering speech, largely incoherent, and the interview with Gloster, are on the highest plane

of mimetic art. There is an unutterable pathos in these wonderful touches of mental pathology. Yet, though the witless talk of the old man becomes grotesque in its garrulous irrelevance—there Shakespeare's marvellous knowledge of disease comes in—he never ceases, in Mr. Irving's hands, to have the majestic bearing of a king. There is dignity even in this broken, vacuous, drivelling old ruin.

The gems of the whole performance, however, are Lear's later scenes with Cordelia, and in these Miss Terry is entitled to divide the laurels of a superb artistic triumph. There is not much dialogue to be spoken—it amounts to only a few lines all told—but for truthfulness to nature and heart-probing pathos, those few lines burn themselves into the memory. Mr. Irving is here at his greatest. His slow recognition of Cordelia (in the fourth act), as his reason begins to come back, his humble admission that she at least may have had some cause for doing him wrong, and his soft, heart-broken plea, "Pray you now, forget and forgive: I'm old and foolish," are as beautiful in their wholesome tenderness as acting can make them. The final scene of all, too, the vacant toying with the rope with which Cordelia has been strangled, the pitiful wail, "Cordelia! Cordelia! stay a little," the senile eagerness to catch the sound of the voice that is gone, the inexpressible anguish of almost the last words he speaks,

> Thou'lt come no more.
> Never! never! never! never! never!

and the gradual fading out of the vital spark in the act of kissing the beloved corpse—all this is in the region of an art far too high for words.

On the whole, I should be inclined to say of Mr. Irving's "Lear," that it is a somewhat unequal performance. It succeeds just where he might be expected to succeed; and it falls short just where he might be expected to fall short. It is not one's ideal "Lear"—it lacks the fibre and the fierceness, the raging, tempestuous nature which had never brooked resistance. Yet, both as a pictorial conception, and as an acted embodiment of heart-stirring mental distress and suffering of infinite pathos, it will take its place proudly in the Pantheon of dramatic triumphs. How much the play owes to the slight part of Cordelia, as represented by Miss Ellen Terry, I have already said. Her acting pulsates with filial tenderness and solicitude; every look, every gesture in the fourth act are charged with a wistful and exquisite regard.

H. J. JENNINGS.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

"THE DUCHESS OF MALFI."

UNDOUBTEDLY the most interesting event of the past four weeks has been the production of "The Duchess of Malfi," under the auspices of the Independent Theatre. Even "Lear," at the Lyceum, yields place to it. There was a greater charm about the presentation of the masterpiece of Webster than the masterpiece of Shakespeare. Most people have seen "Lear" played in some form or other; no one in this generation has seen "The Duchess of Malfi" played. And while the plays of Shakespeare, with "Lear" high amongst them, are supposed to be as familiar and as dear to every Englishman as the epics of Homer were to the Athenians of old, no such assumption is made concerning the plays of Webster. Probably for every hundred persons who know, or profess to know, the plays of Shakespeare, not one knows, or even professes to know, the plays of Webster.

It has been contended, ably but I think unreasonably, that "The Duchess of Malfi" is not the kind of play which we expect to see upon the stage of an Independent Theatre. It is not the business, we are told, of the Independent Theatre to revive antique tragedy, but to create modern tragedy. It is within its right when it produces "Thérèse Raquin;" it passes beyond its province when it produces "The Duchess of Malfi." With this criticism I cannot agree. The business of the Independent Theatre is to do what other theatres have not the courage, the enterprise, or the artistic feeling to do. There is no other theatre in London which could, or would, give students of the Elizabethan drama the opportunity of seeing how "The Duchess of Malfi" would show upon the stage. In doing this the Independent Theatre has earned much gratitude—although the text was badly arranged, although the parts were for the most part badly played. In spite of disadvantages that were almost inevitable in the present position of the Independent Theatre, struggling as it is

gallantly to hold its own and do the drama service, the performance left behind some very pleasing memories.

The most agreeable of these was the Bosola of Mr. Murray Carson. Bosola is a most difficult part to play. It is not easy to follow his shifting mood, his alternations of villainy and pity; the good and the bad are blent in him after a fashion that it seems hard to interpret logicaliy upon the stage. He is no persistent fiend like Iago. It is possible and even probable that Mr. Carson would make a fine Iago. He certainly made a very fine Bosola. He spoke the splendid, stately words of Webster as they should be spoken; he carried himself with the dignity due to the ruined scoundrel who might under happier stars have been a gentleman, and who at his basest was never wholly bad. So long as Mr. Carson was on the stage so long was "The Duchess of Malfi" worthily interpreted. Miss Mary Rorke as the Duchess was, it must be admitted, a little overparted. An actress who combined in her proper person all the varied gifts of an Ada Rehan, a Sarah Bernhardt, and an Ellen Terry might hope, not without misgivings, to render something of the exquisite charm, humour, and womanhood of that most delightful creation of Elizabethan drama outside the gallery of Shakespeare's women. But we have no such woman on the stage, and it would be difficult to say under the circumstances who could have done it much better than Miss Rorke. She was gracious, tender, courageous, a very charming woman.

"LEAR."

THE first question that came to my mind as the curtain fell upon the last scene of "Lear," and the first night audience raved applause was, "What did the Man in the Gallery make of it all?" There must have been, I assume, some one in the gallery who had never seen "Lear" played before, who had never read "Lear." Doubtless there were plenty of people in other parts of the house, in pit or dress circle, in stalls or boxes, who were in like case—who had never seen "Lear" played before, who had never read "Lear." But I prefer to take the case of the Man in the Gallery, whose knowledge was thus limited, because to his limitation of knowledge he added the disadvantage of greatest distance from the stage. And I asked myself, in amazement, while the House reeled with rapture, what the state of that man's mind was, as to the performance which he had just been witnessing. For, in the first place, the play was so curtailed, so abridged, in obedience to the necessities of our modern stage, and especially of a stage with such traditions as the traditions

of the Lyceum Theatre, that the story of the piece became after a certain point wholly inexplicable and incomprehensible except to the initiated. "Lear" as represented at the Lyceum is really a series of beautiful stage episodes from a play that Mr. Irving, with exceptional felicity of epithet, termed Titanic in his final speech before the fallen curtain. Those who were in the secret knew why Cordelia reappeared in England, and restored her father from the rags and anguish of his madness to splendour and repose, and something like sanity; knew too, why, a little later, she and her father were led in captives after a battle of which there were no tokens. But to the uninitiated it must have been as bewildering, if perchance as pleasing, as the transformation scene in a pantomime.

And there were other causes to add to the perplexity of the Man in the Gallery. It pleased what may be called the "New Humour" of scenic effect to play the terrible scenes on and about the heath in almost total darkness. Those who were close to the stage could distinguish little; fancy staggers at the thought of how much or how little the more remote spectator could have seen. There was yet another cause of perplexity, and with regard to this cause at least one representative of the Man in the Gallery spoke his mind not impertinently, not unaptly. Mr. Irving unhappily allowed himself to accentuate certain mannerisms of voice, certain eccentricities of utterance which have always harassed his acting, with the result that it was often very hard for those who were near to the stage to follow what the actor was saying. That it was hard for those placed more aloof was shown by the frank and honest expression of opinion which came from the gallery as Mr. Irving made his habitual speech of thanks. That speech Mr. Irving made with perfect clearness and distinctness; it was unmannered, simply spoken, perfectly intelligible. The critic in the gallery assured Mr. Irving, with rough good-humoured pertinence, that if he had spoken so clearly during the progress of the piece he would have been more agreeable to follow. Mr. Irving ought to welcome that friendly utterance, for it should recall to him sharply, but sincerely, one of the dangers which beset his fine conceptions and fine interpretations of great parts. His conception of Lear is careful, his interpretation consistent. It is not a conception or a presentation with which I can agree. Miss Terry made a very beautiful, very sympathetic Cordelia. The scenery was simpler than we have been accustomed to for some time on the Lyceum stage, but it was only the more effective for its simplicity, its unextravagant beauty. The designs of Mr. Ford Madox Brown have done much to make this revival memorable on our stage.

"DAVID." "A CAPRICE."

THE career of Mr. Louis N. Parker has hitherto been characterised first by promise, then by pertinacity without promise; now it has touched at something closely approaching to performance. Those who saw the "Sequel" spoke highly of its merits. I did not see it; but, spurred by these praises, I made a point of seeing several successive plays of Mr. Parker's, all of which disappointed me deeply. They certainly were not well done, and they did not seem to me to hold much hope of good work to come. It is, therefore, with the more satisfaction that I can avouch that "David" interested me, pleased me largely, and that it deserves a very large measure of praise. It is not a very great work; it is not a very perfect work, even in its degree; but it has a great deal of ability, it is thoughtful, painstaking, at moments almost profound. It really has the promise which, so far, I have sought for in vain in the plays of Mr. Parker.

"David" is, as it were, a collection of grim medical, psychological, and ethnological problems, focussed within the narrow circle of English country life. It suggests the inspiration of Wilkie Collins; it suggests especially the inspiration of Mr. Grant Allen. The author of "The Woman in White" need not have been ashamed of the central idea of "David;" the author of "Strange Stories" might rejoice in the study of crime, in the study of racial hatreds, which "David" represents. If "David" resembles a novel, it resembles a very interesting novel—a novel that the reader is eager to follow out to the final chapter. The more is the pity, therefore, that the final chapter should be the less successful.

For, unhappily, the interest awakened in the first act, and kept alive during the second, wanes in the third, to wither in the fourth. The authors—for there is another name associated with Mr. Parker's on the playbill—either had not the courage of their opinions or had no clearly-defined opinions. They started with what seemed to be a new story in the most modern spirit, but it drifted away at the end into conventional situations, conventional episodes. But, with all its faults, it is by far the best piece of work that has thus far been associated with the name of Mr. Parker; and if his next piece is as marked an advance upon "David" as "David" is upon its predecessors, we may hope for a very good play indeed.

There is a small error that must be commented upon. The play was originally to be called "The Bar Sinister," and the central figure of the piece, Dr. Wendover, speaks of Da Silva as bearing the bar

sinister. Now this of course is absolute nonsense, and nonsense that one imagined had been exposed long ago. There is not the slightest harm in a man's not knowing heraldry; he has even the authority of Mr. Herbert Spencer and of the late Lord Sherbrooke for thinking there is positive harm in knowing it. But when he does not know it he will do well not to write about it without consulting some one who does. There is no such phrase in heraldry, there is no such phrase possible to heraldry, as a "bar sinister." A bar sinister is as impossible as a crooked straight line. A bend sinister is a possibility, though the assumption that a bend sinister must denote illegitimacy is an erroneous assumption. The blunder is a trifling blunder, but it makes one a little doubtful of the accuracy of the author's other studies. How if his psychology is as bad as his heraldry; how about his science; how about his knowledge of racial peculiarities and racial antipathies? I speak with some slight knowledge of heraldry; my library includes more than a score of books on heraldry, from Guillim yesterday to Woodward and Burnett to-day, as well as text-books of foreign heraldry. I can only hope that in those sciences with which I have less acquaintance I may rely more implicitly upon Mr. Parker's authority.

But whether his science be right or be as wrong as his heraldry, Mr. Parker has written a play that is in its major part exceedingly interesting. It had the advantage of being exceedingly well played. I praised Mr. Murray Carson's Bosola; I can praise as unreservedly his Dr. Wendover. From the first moment to the last this was a remarkable piece of acting, carefully pondered, largely conceived, daringly executed. Scene by scene and act by act the wretched man's mania grew upon him. He suggested admirably the few, the insignificant, yet how significant, signs that marked the overwrought mind, the twitching lip that disturbed the physical composure of the face, the slight impatience that disturbed the intellectual urbanity of the bearing. These signs deepened as the drama moved, deepened into persistent fretfulness, irritation, almost ferocity as the intellect clouded and the temperament warped under the spell of the dominant idea. No finer piece of acting has been seen on the stage for some time. Indeed, for the matter of that, no piece of acting so fine has been seen on the stage for some time.

Mr. Carson was well supported. Miss Bateman recalled and renewed her triumph of "Karin" in her presentation of the stately, stern old lady, in whose bosom race-hatred against the Jews and passionate love for her son are the two most living emotions. The part was not a part like that of the mother in "Karin," it was not

sketched with so firm, so unfaltering a hand, it did not dominate with the same tragic horror. But within its limited range the figure was impressive enough to give a far less gifted actress than Miss Bateman a good opportunity; an actress as gifted as Miss Bateman gave it all the grim intensity that it needed, and made it a commanding figure. Miss Burney, as the daughter of Dr. Wendover, played a part of a kind that has not hitherto been associated with her name, and played it with a grace and charm that shows that her artistic powers are wide and varied. To be able to play with success in the one evening two such widely differing parts as those of a young English girl of a more or less conventional kind, and the subtle, wily, imperious heroine of one of Alfred de Musset's daintiest comedies, shows that Miss Burney is not only willing to work hard at her art, but that it is very well worth her while that she should work hard.

For before appearing in the *ingénue* part in "David" she had played the part of Madame de Lery in a rendering of Alfred de Musset's "Un Caprice." And between a part like that of Madame de Lery and an *ingénue* part there is a very great gulf fixed indeed. Madame de Lery is a very exquisite, very human woman. *Grande dame de par le monde*, she is the peer of these gracious, brilliant women whom Balzac loved, the Princesse de Cadignan, the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, Madame de Cerizy, and the rest of that splendid sisterhood. But she is in some ways more fascinating than they, for the eternal melancholy of De Musset is intimately blended in her composition; her brightest laughter seems to be answered by echo with a sigh; her mirth comes from her head rather than from her heart, where we suspect that an eternal ache lingers. She is exquisite womanhood, and such the world often crucifies; she has loved and suffered, and she is brave, and sweet, and deeply sad, and no one suspects her sorrow. Not an easy part to play, but Miss Burney played it very well, played it delightfully, beyond my hopes. It is by far the best thing that Miss Burney has yet done; it suggests a power of emotional expression, a variety of emotional expression which I had not expected from what I had previously seen her do. Miss Burney can and will learn; she is of the stuff that succeeds. I think she ought to go far.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

Concerning Dictionaries.

IF the present generation does not know thoroughly the language it speaks, the fault will not rest with its teachers. Every form of assistance that can be desired is supplied, and dictionaries of every class multiply with alarming rapidity. When Johnson, in 1755, published his monumental work the world drew breath and contented itself for well on to a century with multiplying editions. Richardson, a schoolmaster, then hit upon the ingenious idea of setting his pupils to extract quotations from Chaucer and other early writers. Unhappy in arrangement, and equally far from correctness and completeness, Richardson's Dictionary has remained a work of much interest, and—what a good dictionary ought to be—a delightful book to read. Philology has made giant strides since Richardson's time, and his book is out of date. The student, unless he possesses the great American dictionary known as the "Century," turns now to Professor Skeat, and waits, without much hope of living to profit by it, for the completion of the gigantic task undertaken by Dr. Murray and his allies, of seeing through the press the huge dictionary of the Philological Society. To aid him, however, he has dictionaries and glossaries innumerable, from the works of Wright, Halliwell, and Nares to the latest compilation of the Dialect Society. If his studies be more profound he will find a Dictionary of Middle English near to his hand. Should he be disposed to investigate folk-speech, a Dictionary of Slang and its Analogues is making rapid strides towards completion.

The Stanford Bequest.

OF recent dictionaries intended specially for the student—for I do not deal with the innumerable works intended for casual reference—I am inclined to regard as the most important the Stanford "Dictionary of Anglicised Words and Phrases."[1] Two years ago the University of Cambridge accepted a bequest of £5,000, left

[1] Cambridge University Press.

by the late Mr. J. F. Stanford for the express purpose of publishing a dictionary of this class. Mr. Stanford had himself made notes and collections towards this end. With a view to drawing up a scheme a committee was appointed by the syndics of the University Press, including the best scholars the University could boast—Professors Mayor, Skeat, Bensly, Mr. Aldis Wright, and Dr. J. B. Postgate; Dr. C. A. M. Fennell, the editor of Pindar, was appointed editor, and the result of their associated labours now sees the light. It is difficult to over-estimate the value and importance of what has been accomplished; and as space will not permit of my supplying particulars of the scheme, my assertions must be taken on trust. From how many sources our language has enriched itself is evident upon the most cursory glance. Putting on one side the rapidly increasing scientific terminology, let me take a few words from Dr. Fennell's first list. Here are *bulbul*, redolent of Persia and Arabia; *bungalow*, from the Hindoo and Mahratta; *coffee*, coming through French from the Turkish; *gobang*, from the Japanese; *pah*, from the Maori; *proa*, from the Malay, and so forth. Almost innumerable are the languages from which we have borrowed. The list includes Aramaic, Ethiopic, Dravidian, Russian, Chinese, African, and Red Indian. Many of these words are, naturally, to be found in dictionaries easy of access. Many others, however, are given in no book which the scholar can easily consult. One more merit of the book is that it is a complete guide to those French phrases which Englishmen continually misquote; and that *coûte que coûte*, and other misused expressions, are given in their correct form. A tremendous range of reading is shown in the quotations, and the book, to a man of scholarly taste, is stimulating reading.

The Tilden Library.

ENGLAND is not alone in owing to the munificence of a citizen the possession of a magnificent library. What Mrs. Rylands is doing for some great centre, Manchester or elsewhere, the late Samuel J. Tilden has sought to do for America. By will he left in the hands of trustees a fortune amounting to some millions of dollars for the purpose of founding in New York a library worthy of the first of American cities. Less fortunate, however, than ourselves, the Americans will benefit only to a limited extent by the bequest. Mrs. Rylands takes the means of avoiding all possibility of dispute, and makes in her own lifetime an absolute gift of the great Althorp library, the noblest, assumably, of purely private collections. Mr.

Tilden left a fortune with which a library was to be bought, confiding to his trustees full discretion as to the manner in which the money was to be employed. When so large a sum is at stake it is natural that legal difficulties should arise. As the result of a lawsuit, accordingly, it has been decided, as I learn from the Honourable John Bigelow, one of the trustees, writing in *Scribner's Magazine*, that the discretion was too general and that the will is void. Fortunately for New York, however, something in the nature of a compromise has been made with one of the successful heirs, and a sum of money, still considerable, though much less than was anticipated, is left with which the trustees will carry out a portion of the design. The decision of the court has created much dissatisfaction. It will, under existing conditions, be necessary for the Mayor and Corporation of New York to supply a building capable of containing it. Such a condition, if past experience may be trusted, would not easily be fulfilled in this country. I shall watch with some interest to see whether our Transatlantic kinsmen are more public-spirited than ourselves.

Tennyson's Latest Verses.

FOLLOWING closely upon the death of the late Laureate comes the appearance of his latest, it may be even his last, volume of poems.[1] With the solitary exception of "Riflemen, Form," republished by request from the *Times* of May 9, 1859—"before the Volunteer movement began," as it is claimed in a note—the whole of the poems are those of latest life. That no falling off in executory power is visible will scarcely be maintained by the most enthusiastic admirer. The lyric experiments, in particular, are not always successful. What a mass of genuine poetry is none the less given, and what a marvellous product of an octogenarian source the whole constitutes! Here are experiments in all the well-known directions: a new "Northern Farmer" in the shape of "The Churchwarden and the Curate;" a new "Passing of Arthur" in the "Death of Œnone;" a new introduction to Maud in "The Dawn." Altogether marvellous are some of the lines:—

> Anon from out the long ravine below
> She heard a wailing cry, that seem'd at first
> Thin as the bat-like shrillings of the Dead
> When driven to Hades.

And, again—

> But when the white fog vanish'd like a ghost
> Before the day.

[1] *The Death of Œnone, Akbar's Dream, and other Poems.* By Alfred Lord Tennyson. Macmillan & Co.

The whole of the poem, "The Death of Œnone," from which these extracts are taken, seems equal to anything that Tennyson has done. "St. Telemachus" is full of spirit and fire. More than one of the poems, moreover, has tenderness that enforces a homage of tears. "The Death of Œnone" is dedicated to the Master of Balliol. The entire volume is inscribed, in verses that confer immortality, to an elderly and anonymous friend, in whom it is permissible to recognise the poet's close companion and friend, Lady Tennyson.

Country Theatres and Circuits.

OF the country theatres or circuits that acted as training schools for London, Bath was the most convenient and the most celebrated. During a short period, under the management of Roger Kemble and his wife, whose maiden name was Ward, and from whom the family appears to have inherited its genius, the Western circuit, comprising Staffordshire, Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, &c., blazed up into a species of glory, every part in successive performances being taken by a Kemble or a Siddons. The Norwich circuit sent many a good actor to London, including all the Fishers. Tate Wilkinson's management of the York circuit is historic; and Birmingham, associated as it is with Macready, Manchester, and Liverpool put in claims for consideration. Higher, perhaps, than any of these was the stage of Edinburgh, which reached its apogee under the management of Mr. W. H. Murray in the first half of the present century, and that of Dublin, which stood high in public esteem through successive managements of Elrington, Sheridan, Woodward, and others. Edinburgh and Dublin are, however, capital cities, their theatres are, in a measure, independent, and histories of both, if neither so ample nor so trustworthy as is to be desired, are accessible. Other stages have attained a certain amount of eminence; abundance of anecdotes, many of them likely to be lost, cling to the theatre at Portsmouth. At one or two seaports in England and Scotland stock companies of a sort still linger; and a history of the Dundee Theatre has been written.

The Bath Stage.

IN England, however, the supremacy of the Bath Stage among country stages will not be disputed. Bath is, in a sense, a circuit, if we can fancy a circuit of two, Bristol having during very many years been under the same management. Alone among

country houses it established a species of contest with London, and there has been more than one epoch when the Bath Theatre could challenge comparison with either Covent Garden or Drury Lane. These were of course the periods when Bath itself was the home of Fashion, and when its season was only less celebrated than that of London. One element of weakness there always was. So soon as a Bath actor attained a certain amount of reputation, he was subject to temptation from London. London has always been the goal of an actor's ambition, and the dream of a success at Drury Lane or Covent Garden buoyed up a Kean and a Kemble, to mention only the highest, through difficulty and all but despair. When a London manager set his eye upon an actor, the Bath management was powerless to retain him. Palmer, or Dimond and Keasebury, could afford no such salaries as the London manager could offer, and it was rarely indeed that an actor of high powers remained in Bath more than a few years. The only man of note who did this, Charles Murray, the father of the famous manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, stayed too long and fronted the risks of a London season at "too late a week."

A History of the Bath Stage.

THE history of the Bath stage has long been in a sense accessible. Genest, whose "Account of the English Stage" is a work of unparalleled labour and of most creditable accuracy, supplies a record of the performances in Bath during the period of its highest interest. A memoir of the Bristol stage was begun so long ago as 1826, though no great progress was made with it. Now, however, Mr. Penley supplies what is practically the best record of the performances in Bath that we possess.[1] It is indexless—which I am disposed to regard less as a misfortune than as a literary crime—but supplies a vivacious and fairly ample chronicle of the doings in Bath. At three or four epochs Bath is seen at its best. The first is the period of Henderson, long known as the Bath Roscius. After Garrick had been dubbed Roscius his rivals became the "Infant Roscius," the "Bath Roscius," the "York Roscius," and so forth.

Henderson, an actor of highest rank, was recommended by Garrick, who did not at first, and would not in the end, believe in him, to the Bath management. At the time when he was playing to delighted audiences Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Romeo, Lear, Archer, Bobadil, and Sir John Brute, Edwin, a comedian of high genius, was playing Grave-

[1] *The Bath Stage: A History of Dramatic Representations in Bath.* By Belville S. Penley. *Bath Herald* Office.